PHOTOPLAY

15¢

August

June Allyson
By Paul Hesse

Dark Hour

Opening A Cl

46
BROOKLINE MASS
7 CLEVELAND RD
MRS C SLOSBERG
●M-M 2/47 3Y R

Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N.

by *Helen Neushaefer*

Color authority... stylist

...miracle ingredient — PLASTEEN*— gives new brilliance, longer wear to her exciting nail colors

Helen Neushaefer, originator of the Creme nail polishes millions loved, now creates one so shining smooth, so refreshingly colorful your nails seem ovals of rare porcelain! So tightly welded to the nail, so well shockproofed against chipping*—you count all others old-fashioned and prewar. Look for your loveliest color in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle at chain store cosmetic counters.

Finger Tips
by *Helen Neushae*

Too many thous
of lovely women
forget how ofte
hand-gestures a
near the face.
Wise hands we
complexion-mat

*Helen Neushaefer's new postwar ingredient — Plasteen — gives extra days of unretouched wear to your nail make-up.

Hey, Sugar... don't make a mis-step now!

Your bath took care of the past—but for future freshness, make Mum your next step

OUT OF YOUR TUB and into your clothes—you're off to a fresh new start. But wait! What are you doing to give that bath-freshness a *future?*

Remember, after your bath washes away *past* perspiration, you still need to guard against risk of underarm odor *to come.* A risk many a smart girl avoids by topping off each bath with Mum.

Half a minute for Mum. A fingertipful of snowy-white Mum—and you're safe for the day or evening. No chance of underarm odor playing traitor to your charm.

Mum's the word for safe, sure, gentle protection. Won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. And creamy Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get a jar of Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.*

Mum—

— takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We can dream, can't we? Our favorite daydream goes something like this . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rhumba with the lovely star in our arms . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, Van Johnson actually does all that and *more* in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"!

Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with *two* of Hollywood's glamour-girls —Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laughfest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

★ ★ ★ ★

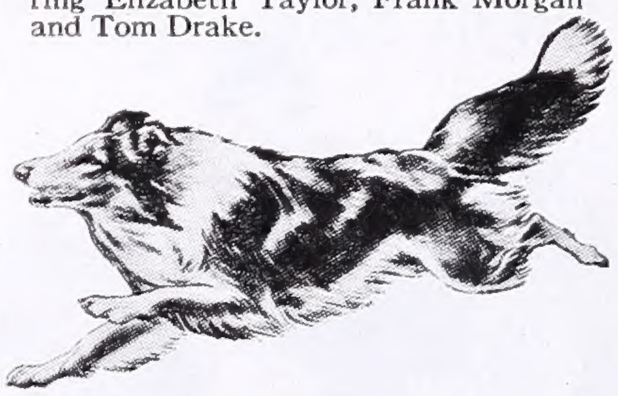
It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

★ ★ ★ ★

But "Easy" does it!

—*Leo*

BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Allyson's costume by Irene, Executive Designer of M-G-M

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THROUGHOUT HOLLYWOOD

the talk today is about an M-G-M picture that will probably win prizes and trophies and acclaim for its very sincere, warm and human story. It's called THREE WISE FOOLS and it tells of a little Irish-girl-with-a-brogue (played by Margaret O'Brien) who brings a flood of sunshine into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors. It is so rich with laughter and tears that for years to come it will be enjoyed again and again by millions of Americans.

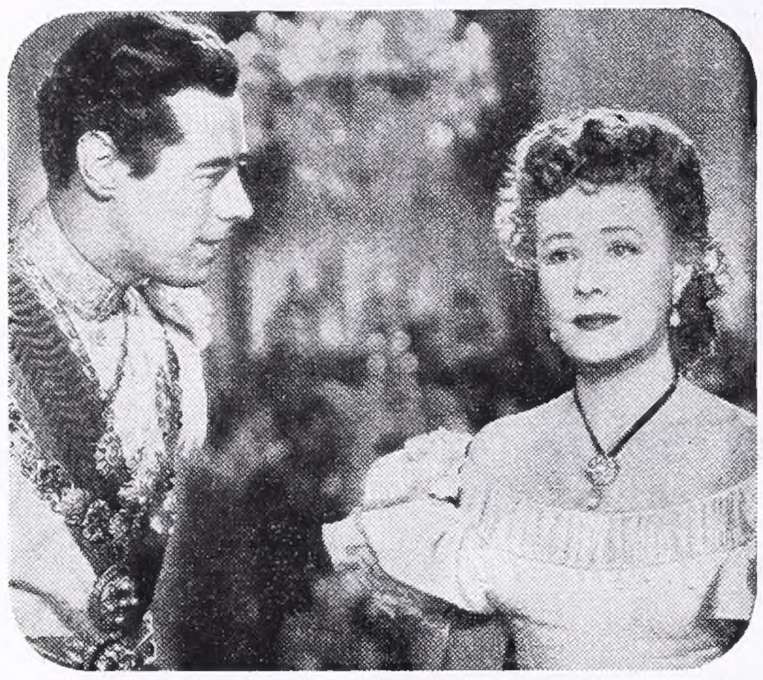
"Three Wise Fools"

IS ONE OF THE GREAT COMING M-G-M PICTURES!

M-G-M presents "THREE WISE FOOLS" with Margaret O'BRIEN • Lionel BARRYMORE • Lewis STONE • Edward ARNOLD • Ray Collins
Jane Darwell • Charles Dingle • Cyd Charisse • Harry Davenport and Thomas MITCHELL • Screen Play by John McDERMOTT and James O'HANLON • Story by John McDermott
Based Upon the Play by Austin Strong • Staged by Winchell Smith • Presented by John Golden • Directed by Edward Buzzell • Produced by William H. Wright • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Royal excitement for Rex Harrison and Irene Dunne in this vivid drama

✓✓ Anna and the King of Siam (20th Century-Fox)

AS individual a motion picture as it was a book, this fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century will completely satisfy your desire for a "good movie."

Irene Dunne plays the English schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the world outside. The King, a fabulous personality portrayed by Rex Harrison, aware that progress must come to his backward country, is constantly fighting himself and his background with its barbarian brutalities. It is the Englishwoman who, by the dedication of her life, helps him in the winning.

After the initial strangeness one feels at the appearance of Rex Harrison as a Siamese king, the picture takes you under its spell to give you a delightful glimpse of an exotic life in the long ago. Harrison turns in an excellent performance in a very exacting role which in other hands might have been a strain on the credulity; Miss Dunne is warm, sympathetic and, as always, finished; Gale Sondergaard plays with a fine restraint.

Your Reviewer Says: An unusual picture.

Romantic antics for Charles Boyer and Jennifer Jones in this fun film

✓✓ Cluny Brown (20th Century-Fox)

WELL, it's just a lamb of a picture with mint-sauce dialogue and spiced-pear action. Charles Boyer steps right out of his heavy-lover role to play a refugee with a love of life, an abhorrence of stuffiness and a humorous disdain for England's caste system. In Jennifer Jones, the housemaid with a flair for plumbing and a spirit of honest impulsiveness, he finds interest, pleasure and even romance.

Jennifer is positively fancy as the maid in the home of *Sir Henry Carmel,* played by Reginald Owen. She couldn't be cuter. Nor could Richard Haydn be more typical as the small-town English chemist and Jennifer's suitor. He all but killed us. Him and his organ playing!

Peter Lawford as the son of Reginald Owen and Helen Walker (who sits her horse well) are the romantic pair who quarrel, make up, quarrel and get together again. And Pete, we may add, is appropriately stuffy.

Sara Allgood and Ernest Cossart, housekeeper and butler, Margaret Bannermann as *Lady Alice Carmel* and Una O'Connor as Haydn's mother are simply delightful. In fact, the whole affair is a satisfying and delicious treat.

Your Reviewer Says: It tickles like champagne bubbles.

Twin trouble for Glenn Ford and Bette Davis in this modern fairy tale

✓✓ A Stolen Life (Warners)

BASED on the simple elemental story of the good and bad sisters that people all good fairy-tale books, "A Stolen Life" provides Bette Davis with opportunity to display her talent to double advantage, for Bette plays both sisters with clever shadings and astute perception. Bette knows, for instance, that *Kate* the good sister would be shy, slow to action, incapable of caprices. *Pat* is her antithesis. Even the tone pitch of the voices are marked. Miss Davis is subdued, forceful when necessary, never hysterical but still the craftsman whose every move suggests intelligent foresight.

Glenn Ford is the victim of the good and evil forces who succumbs to the charms of conniving *Pat* only to discover that *Kate,* after all, is his real love. One is almost impatient with the character Glenn plays for his shortsightedness. Ford, incidentally, steps out of the Marines into big-league movie acting and should go right on big league-ing.

Dane Clark as the artist injects a few forceful punchy moments that almost knock the picture off balance—he's that good. But his presence seems almost unaccounted for in the story.

The photography, and especially Warner's process department that conceived the double shots, deserves whoops and hollers for achievement. The script writers, however, might have cut down on some of the everlasting traveling the characters had to do. Made you feel as if you were on a scenic merry-go-round.

Charles Ruggles as the cousin and Walter Brennan as the lighthouse keeper are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A woman's treat.

(*Continued on page* 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 126

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 119

Barbara Stanwyck
Van Heflin
Lizabeth Scott

FATE DREW THEM TOGETHER AND ONLY MURDER COULD PART THEM!

There's a tender side to this drama, too, and lovely Lizabeth Scott is it!

Hal Wallis'
Production

"The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"

(whisper HER NAME...)

with
Kirk Douglas
A brilliant new find
Judith Anderson

Directed by Lewis Milestone
Screenplay by Robert Rossen
A Paramount Picture

"Lucky me... different me... thanks to Midol!"

Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered *especially* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps —Soothe Headache — Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue".*

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. N-86, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(*Continued from page* 4)

✓✓ Till the End of Time (RKO)

THE word "adjustment" had been bandied about in veteran family circles since VJ Day; now RKO provides a candid celluloid picture of what this adjustment can mean to three young men home from the wars. They are Guy Madison, an ex-college freshman who comes back to a loving mother and father; Bob Mitchum, a self-sufficient buddy with a subconscious yearning to find some roots; and Bill Williams, an ex-fighter who, without his legs, thinks he can find no path to walk. This is their story—and it is the story, too, of a woman casualty of the war—Dorothy McGuire, the young widow whose world has been taken from her.

The three male characters are well played—Madison with open-faced candor; Mitchum with true professional ability; Bill Williams with intense sincerity. Dorothy McGuire lends a touch of true art, lifts the woman's role, especially in the love scenes, to the focusing point of the film. One of the strongest episodes is the moral rescue of a veteran with the "shakes"; during this the audience feels a touch of true horror at what war can do to a strong, normal young man.

This story belongs to everyone today; it may well bring the "happy ending" that many spiritually displaced veterans and their disheartened families are seeking.

Your Reviewer Says: "Welcome Home" in an off-key tune.

✓ A Scandal in Paris (Pressburger—UA)

YOU may or may not know that Vidocq was in life the colorful French rogue who decided there was an easier and more profitable living to be made by operating on the side of the law. So he offered his brand of black genius to the French Surete which was the granddaddy of Scotland Yard and our own F.B.I., and materially increased its fame as well as his own. This is history. What happens in "A Scandal in Paris" is something else again, though its central figure is Vidocq, played with the dash and verve of George Sanders at his best.

The devastating George and his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures that range from stealing the ruby garter of Carole Landis to planning a clean sweep of the Bank of Paris. Love, however, in the form of Signe Hasso, rears her pretty head and the seasoned Sanders abandons his seasoning for gentler paths. Even the bloodless ghost of Vidocq must have blushed at this piece of romantic license. Nevertheless, the film is highly entertaining for those of sufficiently sophisticated taste to relish it. It is richly mounted and the camera work is better than we have seen in black and white for lo these many moons.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantically scandalous.

✓✓ Make Mine Music (Disney—RKO)

NOT since "Fantasia" has there been such a rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. Divided into separate sequences, the artist elaborately illustrates the songs with cartoon characters or scenic drawings that tend to heighten every emotional value of the melodies without once detracting. From the opening number, "The Martins and the Coys" as sung by the King's Men, through Andy Russell's singing of "Without You," Benny Goodman's playing of "All the Cats Join In" and "After You're Gone," the Andrews Sisters' warbling of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," Jerry Colonna's rendition of "Casey at the Bat," a ballet number performed by Lichine and Riabouchinska and "Blue Bayou" sung by the Ken Darby chorus—the Disney artist displays the perfect blending of technical perfection with artistic imaginings. In "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing" episode and in the "Peter and the Wolf" fantasy Disney reaches new imaginative heights.

There is no story, remember, and no attempts made at a continuity whole. It is simply a ten-part musical offering with music and draw- (*Continued on page* 126)

Murder in the snowdrifts with Helen Mowery and Bruce Cabot in "Avalanche"

FLASH TO ALL FANS!
The world premiere has broken every record at the Hollywood Theatre on Broadway!

THIS IS PATRICIA WHO WAS TROUBLE

THIS IS KATE WHO WAS TRUE

BETTE DAVIS

TWICE AS THRILLING IN HER DOUBLE ROLE!

Twin Sisters so alike in looks... so different in heart!

WARNERS'

"A STOLEN LIFE"

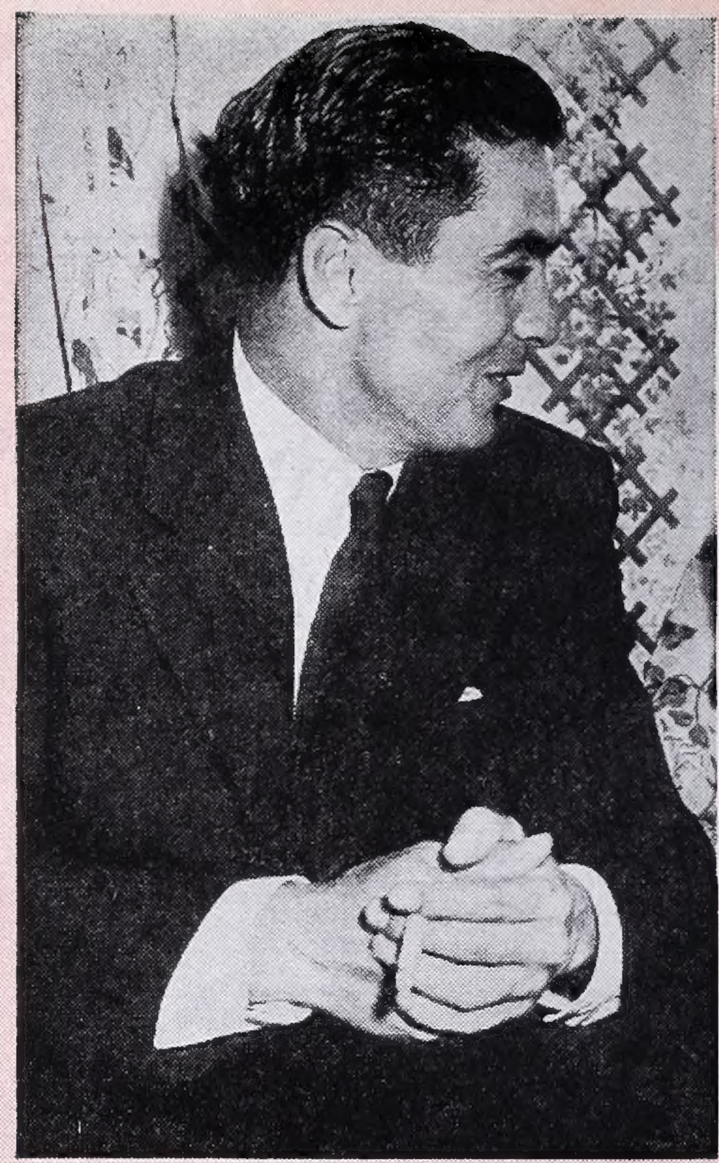
WITH GLENN FORD · DANE CLARK · WALTER BRENNAN · CHARLIE RUGGLES

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES Warners

SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTED BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER
FROM A NOVEL BY KAREL J. BENES • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Ciro's showtime means laughtime for Lauren Bacall and her Humphrey Bogart



Sideline smile sequence for Ty Power

INSIDE STUFF

"Cloak and Dagger" stars, Gary Cooper and Lilli Palmer, who's Mrs. Rex Harrison, roll out the barrels for a chat

Photographs by

TOWN JOTTINGS: When the Agars' almost completed home, Shirley Temple's former playhouse, caught fire, the firemen put it out in time to prevent much damage. Incidentally, Shirley and John will soon take a belated honeymoon in Honolulu . . . Since John Dall's return to New York, after his release from Warner Brothers, Jane Withers has been seeing handsome Farley Granger . . . Joan Fontaine had no desire to return to the home she and Brian Aherne shared after her recent marriage to producer Bill Dozier, so she and her bridegroom have taken a new house and Joan will rent the other . . . Louise Allbritton, who left all in a flutter to marry radio commentator Charles Collingwood in New York, took time to write Cal a thank-you note and contribute this piece of information: "I want a family right away." . . . Clark Gable is lending his new neighbor, Mickey Rooney, enough nails to build a chicken coop, and to hear those two discuss ranching is really something . . . Herbert Marshall would like to marry Boots Mallory, ex-wife of Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother),

and Gene Tierney of "Razor's Edge"

Paul Henreid's most loyal fan, his wife, watches this autographic bout

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Fink and Smith

only Lee Marshall, his wife, isn't so sure . . . Tom Brown, former captain in the Army, is out of uniform and dating his former wife, Natalie Draper, who has just divorced Merrill Pye. Could be a reconciliation between Tom and Natalie . . . Josephine Wayne, John's former wife, is one of the prettiest and most popular women in town despite the fact she's the mother of four children. At the opening of the Hollywood race track, Josie shared with Betty Grable most of the male attention.

Round-ups: The town was shocked to hear the Jack Carsons are having marital trouble, as Jack has always been regarded the original "solid citizen" of movieland and very much in love with his wife, pretty Kay St. Germaine, who used to be a singer on his radio show . . . It was the difference in religion that broke up the marriage plans of Bob Hutton and June Haver, who looked so cute together. But isn't it good news that Bob goes into three Warner pictures one right after the other after a year's idleness?

On set of "Where There's Life," there's Hope—teaching Signe Hasso indoor rod-and-reel technique

Is your shampoo SAFE?

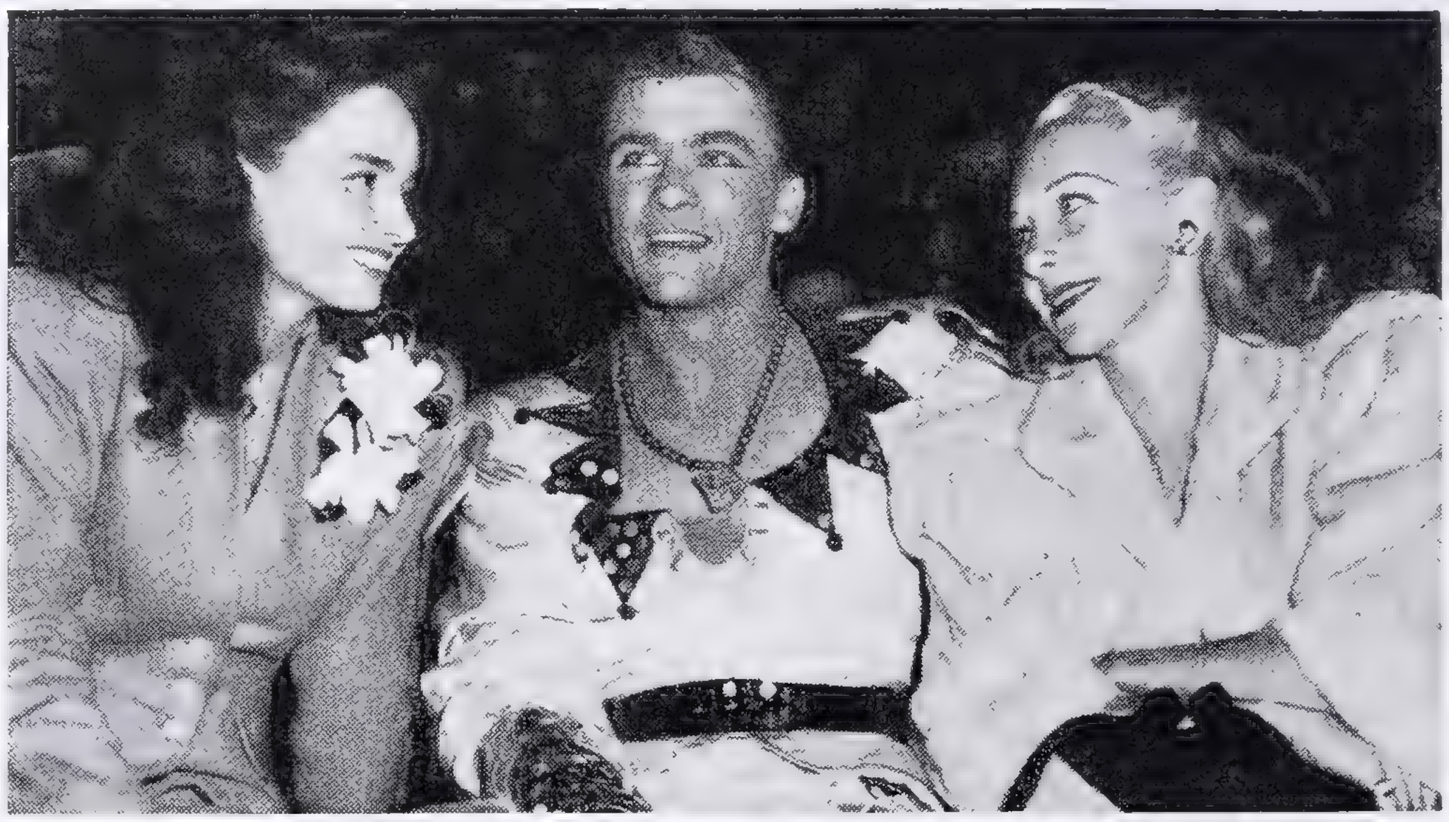
DERMATOLOGISTS say the shampoo a woman uses is vitally important to a healthy scalp and beautiful, luxuriant hair. They warn against harsh, cleansing irritants that may dry the scalp and cause hair to break off, making it look *thin* and shaggy.

A *dependable* name in shampoo is PACKER'S! Year after year, it stands . . . a symbol of tried-and-true purity, gentle, thorough cleansing that leaves hair soft and fresh, effectively cleansed with safe medicated ingredients.

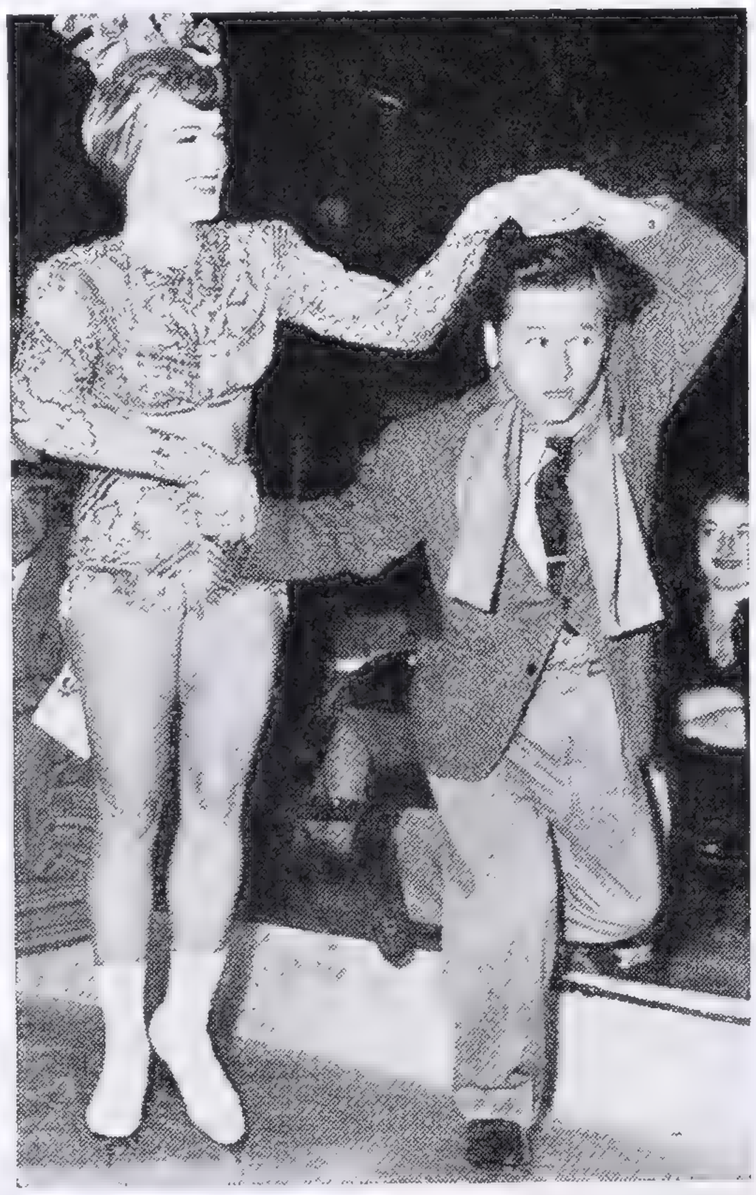
For PURITY, SAFETY *and* ECONOMY, use PACKER'S Pine Tar Shampoo and Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. A symbol of *finer* hair care for 75 years. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Get a bottle today!

INSIDE STUFF

Topknot topic: Janet Blair and Margaret O'Brien inspect the hair-do on Al Surette, capering clown of the Ice Capades of 1946



Center of attraction is Bobby Specht, star of Ice Capades of 1946, for admiring audience Ann Blyth and Belita, who knows a gay blade when she sees one



Added attraction: Mickey Rooney cuts a caper with the help of lovely Ice Capades star, Donna Atwood, who cuts a figure!

. . . The report that Freddie Bartholomew is to become a father takes Cal's memory back to the time Freddie arrived here from England with his Aunt Cissie to play the lead in "David Copperfield." Seems only yesterday and now Freddie is due to become a father. He and his Aunt Cissie, who together weathered so many legal storms, have quarreled and she is going into movies herself to augment her income.

Neighbors: Calling to Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens as they drove out of their garage a few doors away, reminded us of our many star neighbors. Two doors down lives Bob Walker and his man servant, and well do we know it when Bob goes clipping through our alley in his sleek low roadster sending everyone scurrying for safety.

In the building owned by Lloyd Nolan directly across the alley, lived John Hodiak in his bachelor days. John shared a daily cleaning maid with Cal. "Hmm!" she'd say of a morning, "that nice Mr. Hodiak never leaves *his* things around. Neatest man I ever worked for."

Edna Skelton, who owns Cal's building, drops in to call every once in a while and Red himself can be seen every so often tearing up and down the stairs that (*Continued on page* 12)

Deep their love!

Great the risk!

CARY GRANT
INGRID BERGMAN

in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

Notorious!

with

CLAUDE RAINS

LOUIS CALHERN
MADAME LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Written by BEN HECT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

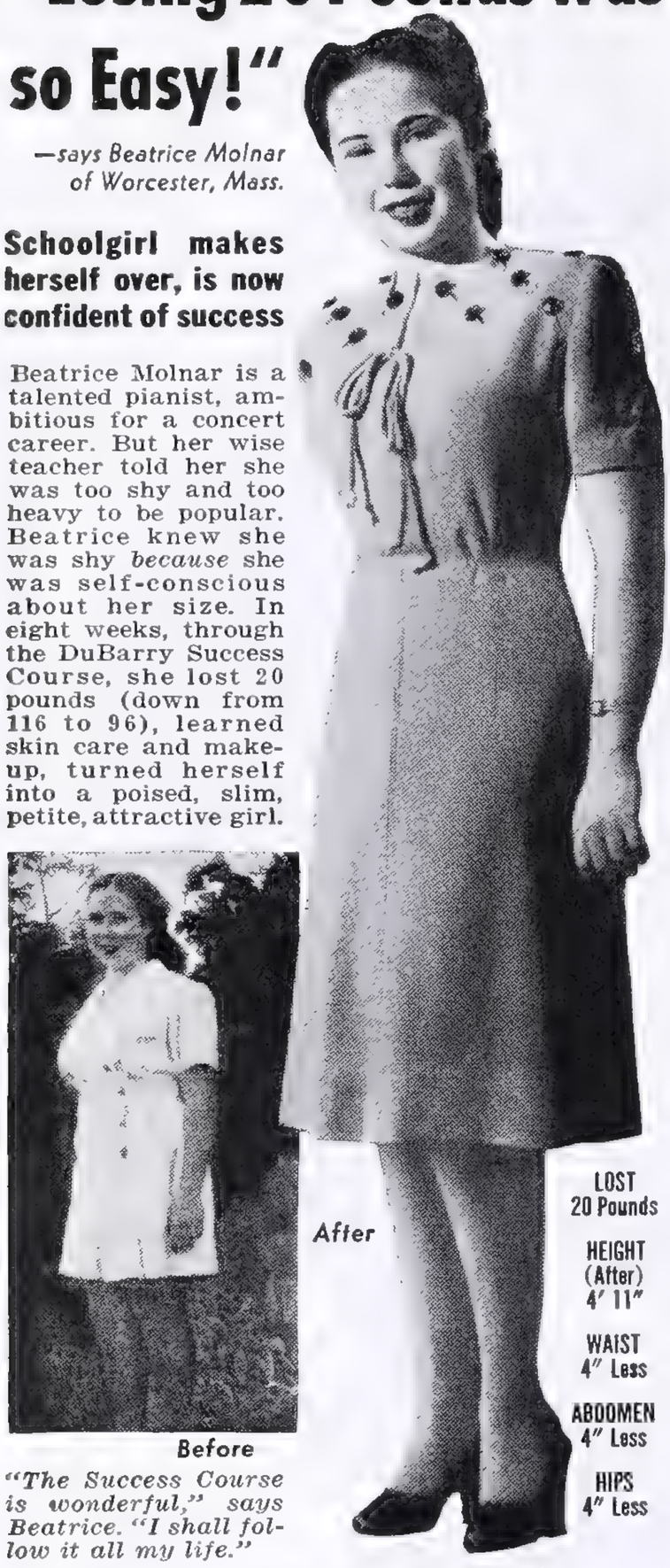
World Premiere
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
NEW YORK

"Losing 20 Pounds was so Easy!"

—says Beatrice Molnar of Worcester, Mass.

Schoolgirl makes herself over, is now confident of success

Beatrice Molnar is a talented pianist, ambitious for a concert career. But her wise teacher told her she was too shy and too heavy to be popular. Beatrice knew she was shy *because* she was self-conscious about her size. In eight weeks, through the DuBarry Success Course, she lost 20 pounds (down from 116 to 96), learned skin care and make-up, turned herself into a poised, slim, petite, attractive girl.



"The Success Course is wonderful," says Beatrice. "I shall follow it all my life."

How about You? You are neither too young nor too old to enjoy, right in your own home, the benefits of this simple, successful, inexpensive plan. Schoolgirls, business girls, mothers and grandmothers — more than a quarter of a million of them — have found it a practical way to make the most of themselves. The Success Course is individual. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. And it works! You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Avenue, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without obligation, what it can do for you?

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With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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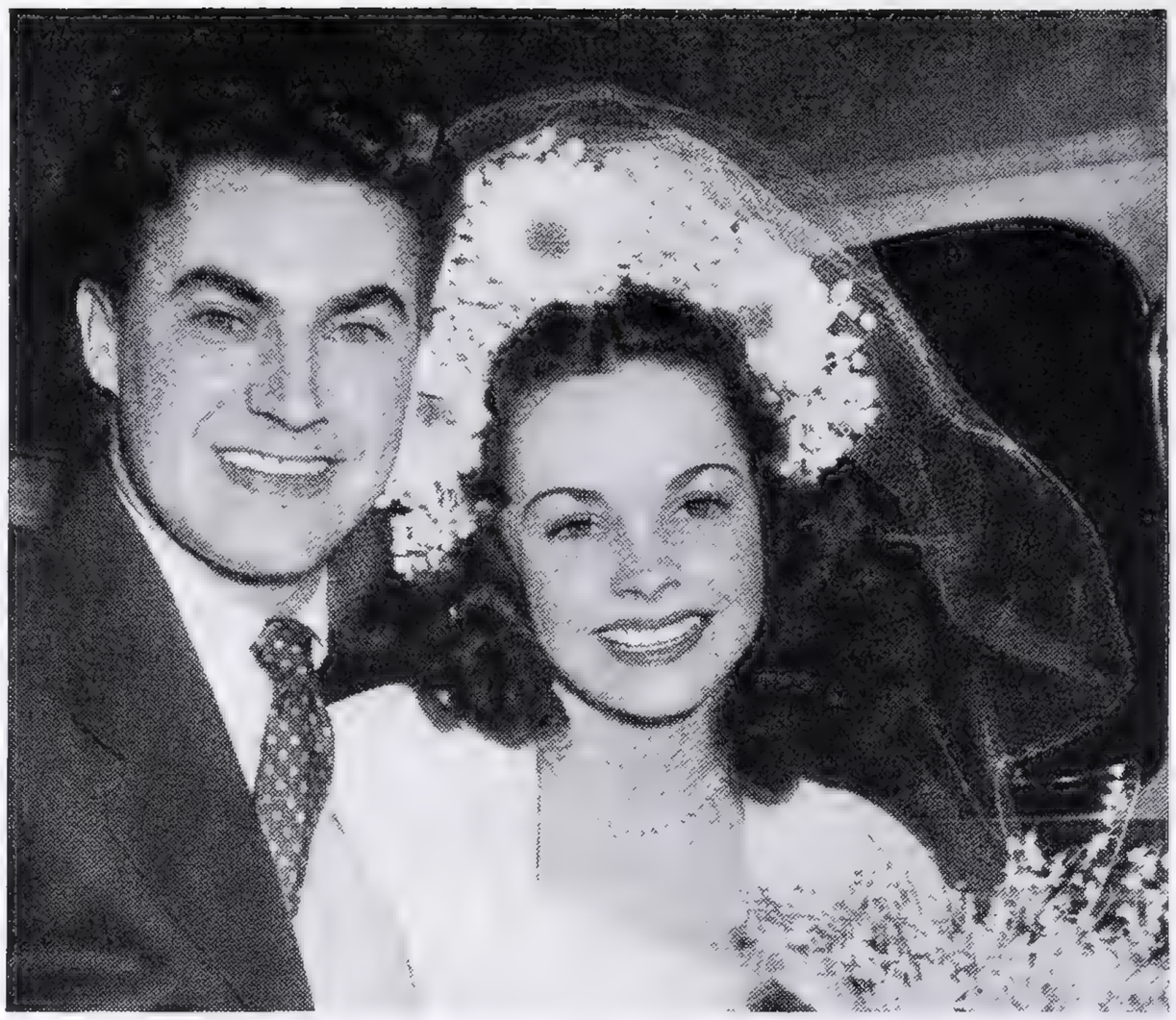

He is her man: It's wedding bells for Johnny Coy and dancing partner, Dorothy Babb, together in Paramount's "Ladies' Man"

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 10) lead to Edna's mother's apartment next to ours.

Directly across the way in the apartment owned by Fred MacMurray live Dorothy McGuire and her husband John Swope. Used to see them out walking around the block occasionally, or sitting on their tiny back porch.

You see, having stars as neighbors is just like having the Joneses and Smiths next door which makes Hollywood the nice little town it really is.

The Coys: Johnny Coy wanted to choose his own dancing partner for "Ladies' Man," so Paramount told him to go right ahead. At the end of a week, after trying out fifteen girls, Johnny selected a cute little five-foot brunette, Dorothy Babb, and not only danced with her in the picture but asked her to marry him.

They planned on going to Las Vegas but finally decided on "The Littl Church Around the Corner" in Nev York. Bill Eythe as best man and Bu Cobb as maid of honor flew on to Nev York with them. The only drawbac was that Johnny was violently ill o the plane and had to take a four-hou stopover before going on.

After the ceremony Johnny took hi bride to meet his family in Montrea

Fan-minded Van: Hollywood got a wal lop out of Van Johnson at "The Spira Staircase" premiere. Van drove up t the theater, got out of his car, bowe waved and grinned for several minute and then got into his car and drov away. The customers looked curiousl at each other and shook their head but Van's bosses shook a scolding fin ger. It is all right to receive acclaim they suggested, but to go about invitin it is something else again. Several star who made a trip east with Van wer bewildered when he refused to go t bed lest some (*Continued on page* 14

Corner on concentration—John and Gloria Payne at Ciro's

He'll steal anything!

Women lose their heads . . . their hearts . . . their treasures when master-thief, master-tempter Vidocq comes calling. What a vandal! What a scandal!

Arnold Pressburger presents

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SIGNE HASSO
CAROLE LANDIS

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with

AKIM TAMIROFF
GENE LOCKHART

Alma Kruger · Alan Napier · Jo Ann Marlowe
Vladimir Sokoloff · Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK
Screenplay by ELLIS ST. JOSEPH
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Oh, that sensational Flame Dance! It's torrid!

P

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INSIDE STUFF

Charmful little armful—June Allyson, all set for stormy weather in matching raincoat and umbrella, caught with Ray McDonald on the set of "Till the Clouds Roll By"

(*Continued from page* 12) fans might be waiting at the stops made during the night. And to their amazement he drove through the city of Washington at night with the lights on *inside* his car. "They want to see me," he explained.

Trailing the Sherrys: The trailer Bette Davis acquired for that trip she and her husband William Sherry will take across country to New Hampshire was hauled onto the set of "Deception" the day Cal went visiting. We were lucky enough to get a grand tour of the three-room beauty-on-wheels and you never saw a more complete and compact house anywhere. There's a complete kitchen with an electric stove, refrigerator, sink, table, cupboards, a neat bath with lavatory, shower and toilet, a clever living room and bedroom combination which Bette is using as a dressing room on the picture. For his birthday Bette gave her husband a complete set of paints, easel and brushes. They will stop en route wherever they choose and Bill will paint to his heart's content. When Bette's birthday rolled around recently, Bill gave her a party with only their Laguna Beach friends present. He is rather adamant on his "no movie colony" ban and Bette, who never was active socially in the Hollywood crowd, doesn't in the least mind. Knowing garnets are her favorite stone, Bill gave Bette a beautiful garnet necklace.

Holiday in Disguise: Ray and Mel Milland arrived back from their New York jaunt so weary with crowds, parties and excitement they decided to postpone their South American jaunt until next year. Instead they bought a house in Newport, halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego and are deep in the throes of decorating.

Mel and her market basket are a familiar sight in the village, as the Millands are "housekeeping" themselves with no servants, no anybody to disturb the peace and quiet of Ray's three-months vacation. In the evening they sit out on the sun deck and watch their neighbors, the Bogarts, who live on their boat not far away. Across the cove in private waters, they can glimpse Errol Flynn's yacht with Nora Eddington Flynn and daughter Dierdre entertaining Errol's former wife Lili Damita and the Flynn son, Sean. And that's as near to Hollywood as the exhausted Millands care to come right now. And to make very, very sure it is, *Ray has clipped off all his hair* and can hardly be recognized with his shorn head and old dungarees.

Solid Comfort: In a small and unpretentious white frame bungalow in an unfashionable section of Hollywood live the Zachary Scotts. Zach in a bright shirt, Elaine, his wife, in trim slacks, meet the guests out on the porch with friendly neighborliness. There is no formality, for the Scotts see to the comfort of the visitor. Elaine spreads the crackers with caviar and chopped onions and Zach hands them around before dinner. The conversation with Waverly their ten-year-old daughter is reminiscent of conversation in thousands of homes everywhere. After dinner Zach proudly shows off the Christmas poster Waverly made for him the time she was ill with measles and after unsuccessfully persuading Jingo, the French poodle, to perform Zach quietly takes him off for a walk. They're a good staunch American family in the midst of glamour and somehow Cal thinks they always will be.

Remembering: The fog had come up suddenly, like an accommodating prop, lending a (*Continued on page* 16)

ALAN LADD

At his romantic best in the screen's most dangerous adventure!

ALAN LADD

and GERALDINE

FITZGERALD

IN

"O.S.S."

He never lived so dangerously *never loved so desperately!*

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Directed by Irving Pichel · A Paramount Picture

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They know this silverplate stays lovelier longer because it's inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks with two blocks of sterling. 52 piece set 68.50 with chest.

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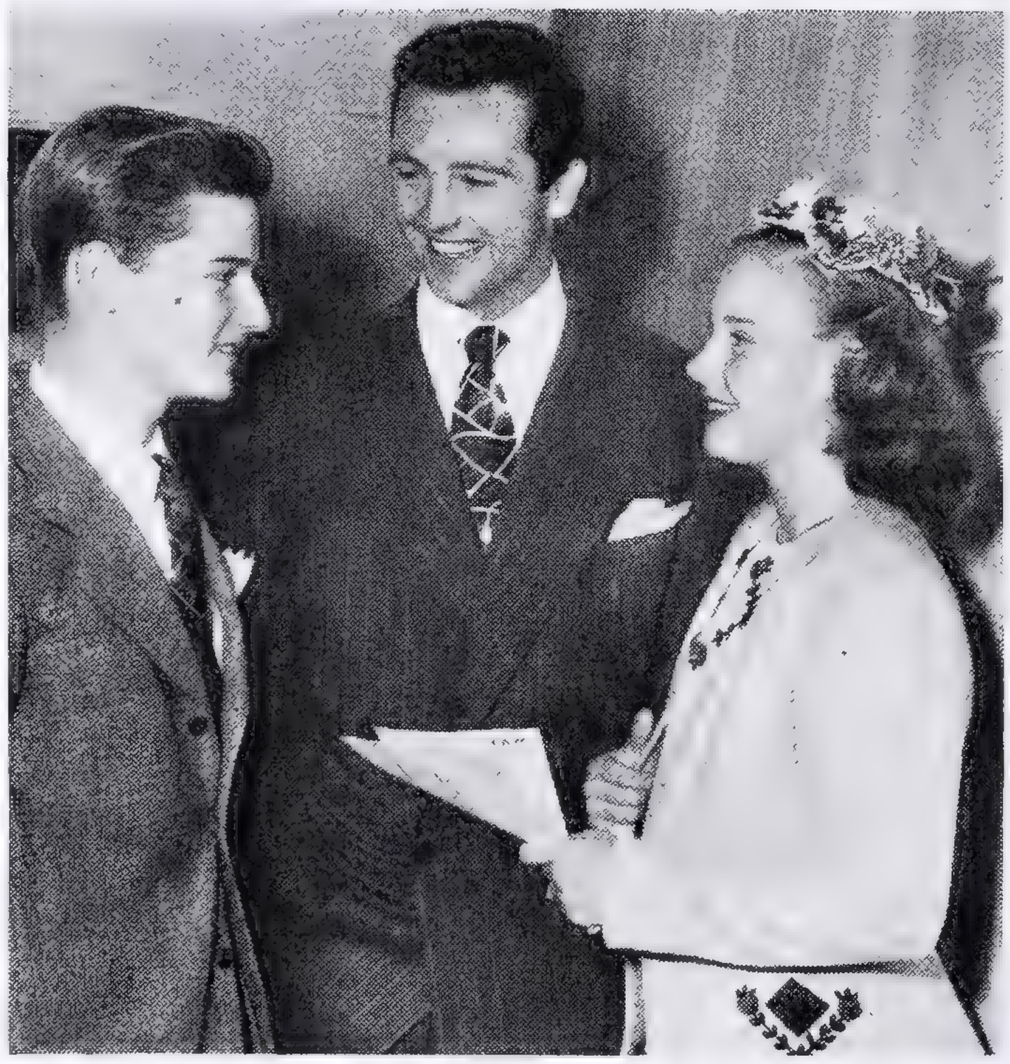
Your time is my time now . . . Barbara Stanwyck shakes a gay finger at husband Robert Taylor while dining at Ciro's

INSIDE STUFF



Patriots all—Roddy McDowall, David Street and Peggy Ann Garner backstage at Hollywood Bowl for the "I Am an American" Day show

(*Continued from page* 14) mysterious eeriness, the night we traveled up the twisting, winding roadway that leads to Falcon's Lair, Valentino's home.

It was nearly midnight when our friend, who now lives there quite alone, turned the car through the entrance gate. We paused at the massively carved doors, stepped into the wide foyer and on, into the living room. The heavy black drapes, black velvet carpets, dark beams across the ceiling were gone. The house had been redecorated and the tiny seance room where Valentino and his friends held their mysterious rites was bare and empty.

We remembered his amours, his first heartbreaking efforts to crash movies, his flashing smile as he drove down Sunset Boulevard after "The Sheik," and the headlines when he died suddenly nearly twenty years ago.

From his bedroom downstairs, we stepped out onto the landscaped terrace that leads down to the garden shrine, which was now shrouded in heavy fog, and we shivered. With a sigh of relief we drove back to Beverly Hills, still remembering, still bemoaning an idol that passed too soon.

Claudette Colbert and Natalie Wood air "Tomorrow Is Forever" for Lux Show

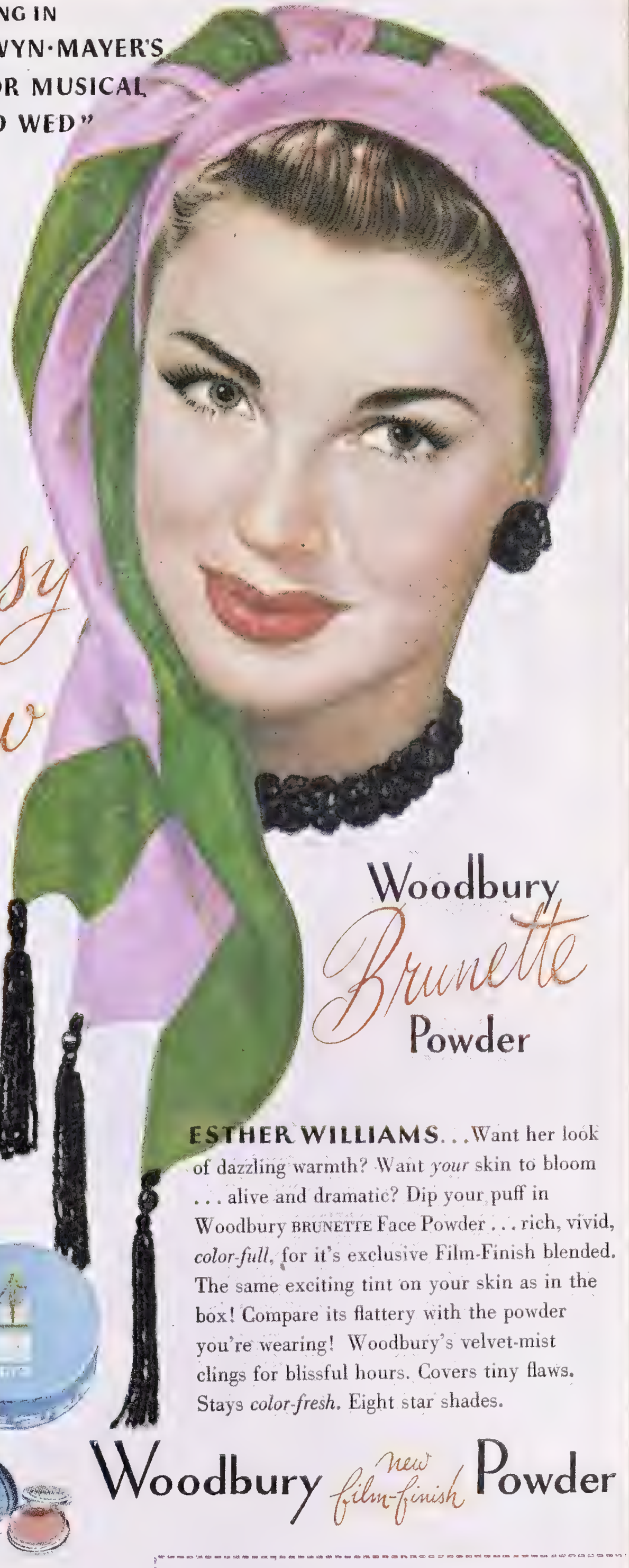
INSIDE STUFF

Stork Dept: Zorina, of the gorgeous torso, and her wealthy bridegroom Goddard Lieberson have a date with the stork this winter . . . And Virginia Gilmore, who deserted movies for stage plays in New York temporarily, will be rocking a cradle soon . . . Trudy Marshall and her husband, Phil Raffin, will be ma and pa by the time this reaches you, as will the Richard Cranes . . . And sympathy goes to little Dorothy McGuire and John Swope whose blessed event turned sad. And they wanted the baby so much . . . The Robert Cummings baby is the "spittin' image" of his pa, as any of their pals will tell you. But when Jack Benny acted as godfather to the child at its christening, he pulled the prize crack on the resemblance. He said, "Looking at that infant is just like looking at Bob through the wrong end of a telescope!"

You Should Know: Don't want to depress you but there's a possibility that you won't be seeing Humphrey Bogart on the screen after the end of this summer —for maybe two years! Reason? That suspension he's been taking at Warners after many arguments there now has him in the mood to sit out the remainder of his contract. He'll accept a loanout to Columbia in the meantime because of a prior understanding—but after that—it's a fifty-fifty bet whether or not he'll do any movies until he's free to pick and choose. After all—he has his "Baby" Bacall—and his boat (to say nothing of that bank account) and those are all he really cares about . . . James Mason is still the "big talk" around Hollywood. Many fan clubs have sprung up for him in this country even though he hasn't set foot on Hollywood soil yet. There's a slight possibility that the new company that Joan Crawford is going to make two pictures for in the fall may snag him for her leading man. What a coup that would be! . . . Dave Rose, whether through sentiment or just good business sense, has just bought back the lovely Bel-Air house that he and Judy Garland honeymooned in—and sold at the time of their divorce. And don't be surprised if when he moves in, Jane Nigh, his really best gal, moves in with him as the missus. Think these two are doing a lot of outside dating lately just to throw snoopers off the track.

Ether News: We have a secret about Bing's fall radio plans. He'll switch sponsors—but he's not deserting the ether (we can hear the cheers now!) though just what lucky concern will tie him up is the unknown quantity in our little story. But his "package" show is all set—signed and tied up—between Bing and those who'll be with him. John Scott Trotter and his band; the Charioteers; that wonderful croonstress Peggy Lee (her record-breaking record of "Baby, You Were Sooo Right" slayed you—remember?) and "Skitch" Henderson, who really massages a piano, round out Der Bingle's show.

ESTHER WILLIAMS,
STARRING IN
METRO·GOLDWYN·MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"EASY TO WED"



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NEW CUTEX "PLAY RED" . . . brilliant, sun-sparkle color that glows in daylight—moonlight, too . . . spice for the browned-butter shade of your skin. When you like a sweeter flavor, try new Cutex "Confection Pink" . . . bonbon color, full of sentiment. Remember, now Cutex contains a new wear-ingredient to make it the longest-wearing polish Cutex ever had!

INSIDE STUFF

Checkmates—William Eythe ties in with Andrea King's jacket at a recent gay party

'rofiled at the same arty; Helen Walker tresses the point to lasé Kurt Kreuger

(*Continued from page* 17)

ragedy: The tragedy of the month was ıe sudden death of Mrs. David Niven s a result of an accident at the home f the Tyrone Powers'. Every Sunday ıe same group of friends, including the ,ex Harrisons, Richard Greenes, Arıur Little Jr., Cesar Romero, Gene ierney and Oleg Cassini, and the Nivns, gathered at Tyrone's for an afteroon of croquet, tennis or swimming nd an evening of parlor games. Time nd again someone in the group had eported how glowingly happy the Nivns were and how deeply David loved is wife whom he had met during an ir raid in England.

When she was due to arrive, David 'as on hand to meet her. "She's had wretched time of it during the war ithout fun or new clothes," David ıid, "and this eighteen-day crossing ith the two babies has been hazardıs. Certainly I want to be here to ıeet her." So David stayed east, flew p to Maine to meet the boat from ngland when it landed there and back New York arranged with the Rayond Masseys to care for the two small ıildren while he and his "Primmie," as he affectionately called her, did the New York shops, the shows and the town.

Hollywood instantly liked the tall, blonde Englishwoman who served as a British WAAF during the war.

At the dinner table at Tyrone's that fatal evening, when they began playing the whispering game, where one tells a tale to his dinner partner who repeats it to his partner and so on until the last person repeats the garbled version, Mrs. Niven called across the table to David, "You're beginning the game counter clockwise, David. That's such bad luck." An hour later while playing "Sardines," a game in which one person secretes himself in a corner and the players attempt to locate him in the dark, Mrs. Niven opened the cellar door by mistake and plunged twenty feet down. At first they all thought it was merely a concussion but as the hours wore on it became apparent her injury was serious.

Never have hearts been so torn with emotion as they have for the popular David. Hollywood knows this will always be a great tragedy in his life and is waiting to help him bear it as best the town can.

M-G-M Star on the Cover

★ We don't care what your calendar says—it's June on the cover! And the sunny June Allyson has a lot of the attributes her name implies. She's got sky-blue eyes, hair as blond as a daffodil, and a warmth and brightness that's reminiscent of the loveliest month in the year. For you statistic hounds, we will also state that she's five-feet-one and weighs in at exactly 99. There's no way to measure charm, but she's got oodles.

★ And speaking of charm, M-G-M was looking for exactly that when they needed a star to play the part of Julia Sanderson in "Till The Clouds Roll By". When Miss Sanderson, the famed musical comedy star, was commencing her career, she was small, blue-eyed, blonde, with a sweet voice and a delightful dancing style, so it was as if they'd found her all over again when they cast June Allyson in the role. It's a performance —and a picture— you mustn't miss.

★ June was as delighted as the studio with her role in "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's the life story of Jerome Kern, and to anyone as fond of the theater as June, playing a part in it has strong sentimental inducement. You'll remember June got her start in musicals on Broadway, first as a chorus girl in "Sing Out The News", and then graduating to specialties in other song-and-dance shows. It was in one of those that M-G-M spotted her, and since then she's become as delightful an actress as she is an entertainer.

★ If you saw June in her early pictures, then you realize how ably she fulfilled her promise in "Two Girls And A Sailor", "Music For Millions", "Two Sisters From Boston" and other hits. But the ardent Miss Allyson was never more excited than now. She's like that about her work—and "Till The Clouds Roll By" has her as exuberant as a kid with a sugar-plum.

★ That sparkling enthusiasm is one of June's characteristics. She's that way about everything—her home, her hobbies, her career! June is avid about swimming, sailing, horse-back riding. She collects records and loves planes. But her greatest interest right now is her new home—and her neighbors feel just the way her fans do—she's a lot of fun and their favorite person!

Watch for her next **M·G·M** *film hit*

☆ TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY ☆

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

P Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody memorandums of the songs you remember from your favorite motion pictures

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA: Somewhere between all the mad Marx mirthquakes there's a pretty tune called "Who's Sorry Now?" and Bing Crosby (Decca) and Harry James (Columbia) weave it on the waxworks for you.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS: Again Paramount called upon composer Miklos Rozsa of "The Lost Weekend" and "Spellbound" fame to compose a theme melody for its new dramatic hit. This time it's the haunting "Strange Love." Tex Beneke and the splendid Glenn Miller orchestra give it sympathetic treatment. (Victor)

HOODLUM SAINT: Connie Boswell ably records this film's theme, "Sweetheart," which is a nostalgic favorite of a few years ago. For good measure Miss B. slips in another movie tune, "If I Had a Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast in Hollywood." (Decca)

ONE MORE TOMORROW: Warner Brothers' hopeful drama has a fine title song and the serviceable Glen Gray Casa Loma orchestra platter it for Decca.

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE: M-G-M's forthcoming musical has two potential hits in "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time." The current joy of the jukes, Vaughn Monroe, sings and plays them (Victor) with vocal assists from the Norton Sisters.

JUDY GARLAND: Teaches the newcomers a few vocal tricks with her rendition of the plaintive "Carousel" hymn, "You'll Never Walk Alone." (Decca)

BOB HOPE—SHIRLEY ROSS: A tuneful twosome platter two oldies, "Two Sleepy People" and "When We're Alone" that is great for fireside listening. (Decca)

GILDA: Leo Reisman spins the Rita Hayworth beguine, "Amado Mio," and uses the other side for a dance treatment of the "Spellbound" score. (Decca)

TALK ABOUT A LADY: This Columbia film has a tune dedicated to California's favorite fruit "Avocado" and Decca has the Andrews Sisters singing it affectionately.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Fritz Kreisler records for Victor an album of his own compositions and arrangements of best-loved melodies, including the familiar "Old Refrain" that is tops in violin virtuosity . . . Beethoven's Sonata No. 7 in C Minor for Violin and Piano is a Columbia album classic, played by violinist Isaac Stern and pianist Alexander Kakin . . . Helen Traubel, majestic Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, sings the great Bridal Chamber Scene from "Lohengrin" with fine assistance given by tenor Kurt Baum and Artur Rodzinski's N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia) . . . A perfect combination is found in Andre Kostelanetz conducting a potpourri of Tschaikovsky music, played by the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. Highlight of this Columbia album is the beautiful "None But the Lonely Heart" . . . For sheer piano magic, don't miss the Franz Liszt Columbia Masterworks album, featuring Gyorgy Sandor, highlighted by a thrilling keyboard rendition of "Hungarian Rhapsody." Columbia has just issued an album of the complete "Showboat" score sung by the original company, including Carol Bruce, Jan Clayton, and Kenneth Spencer. . . . A single twelve-inch record treasure is James Melton's tenoring of "Soliloquy" from "Carousel" recorded on Victor Red Seal.

Boy! Was I glad to get rid of her!

So I'm looney? So I'm off my rocker? But photos do lie, Eddie. If she is here next week when you come up you'll know what I mean.

It's kind of a shame, too. She's such a swell gal otherwise, and she isn't having any fun on her vacation.

If gals only knew how guys back away from halitosis (bad breath) they wouldn't be without Listerine Antiseptic... not even for a minute.* See you next week.

Al.

***RIGHT YOU ARE, AL.** It's only good common sense to use Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. You may not know when you may be troubled this way. And Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against halitosis of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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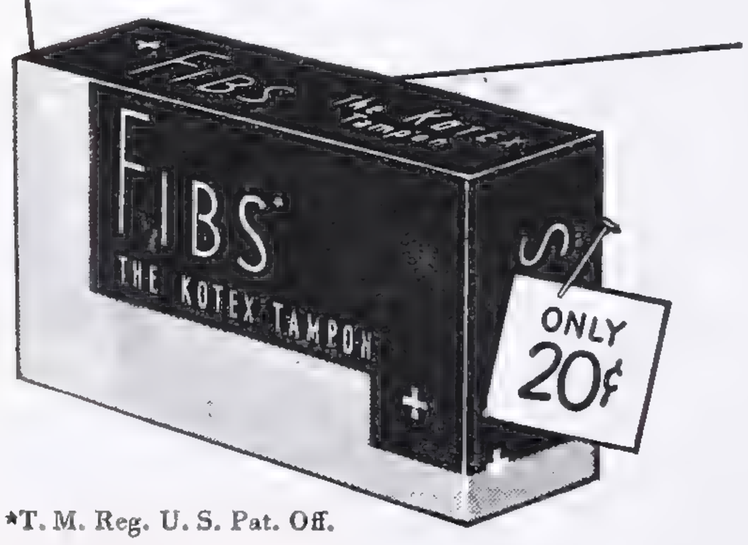
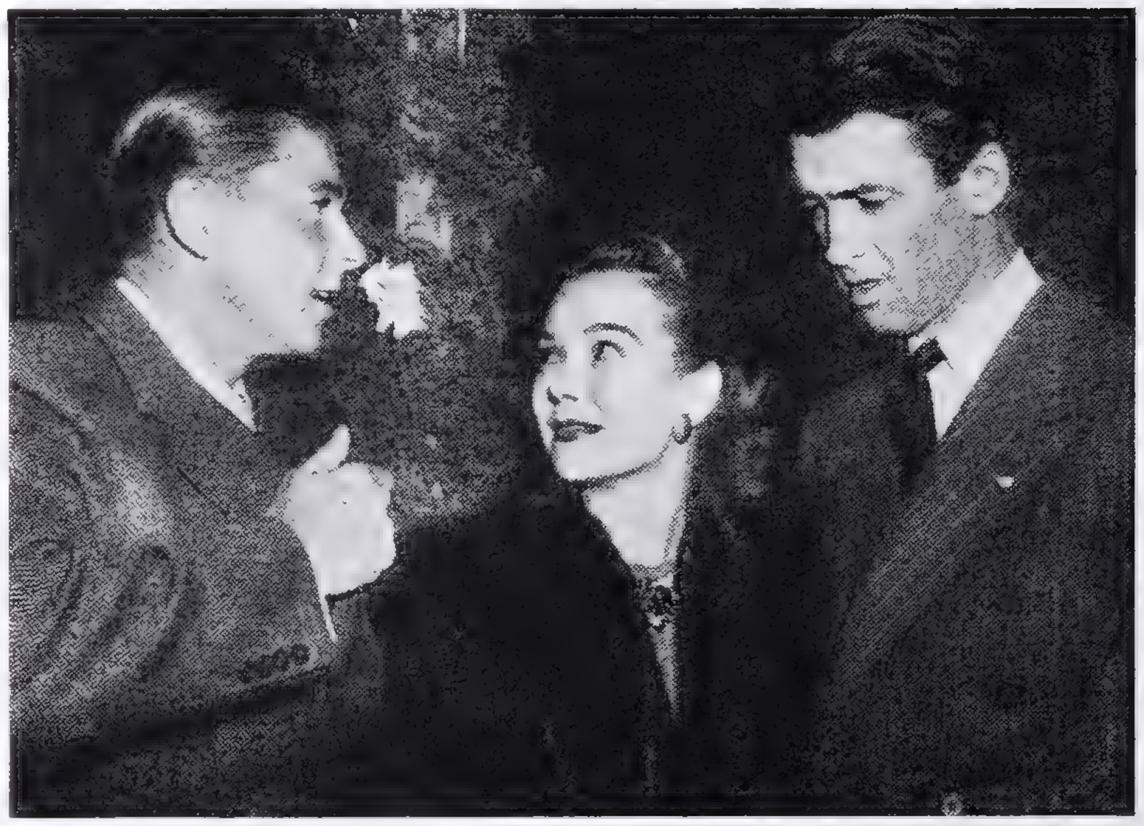


*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SKOAL! It's "Welcome, friend" in any language as Joan Crawford fetes Swedish actress Viveca Lindfors

A kiss for the doctor—Joan's personal physician, Dr. William Branch, arrives at outdoor party which was given under two tents

The guest of honor Viveca Lindfors, under contract to Warners, gets who's-who tips from hostess Joan Crawford



Glitter guest, Jane Wyman, with Ronald Reagan and Jim Stewart. Party started in smaller tent where there was a bar and tables

Ida Lupino and Billy Daniels find table and time for tidbit exchanging. The party began early and lasted late

Happy hello between Van Johnson and Ann Blyth. A band played in the big tent for the guests in a dancing mood

Lew Ayres, serving Dick Quine, was so food-minded he didn't even notice when Hymie Fink's camera caught up with him

Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband, follows Betty Hutton and her mate Ted Briskin on the buffet round

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Gay Elopement

. . . to Mexico with Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier stepping from the clouds to say "I do!"

Joan, of "From This Day Forward," and groom, Bill Dozier, spent second half of honeymoon in New York

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

IN a graceful old house with a tar roof and grilled gates, Joan Fontaine and William Dozier said "I do" to each other last May second . . . the only English words spoken in a Spanish ceremony. But in any language the marriage ceremony makes the same sweet pledges.

They had eloped in the modern spirit—in a great American World Airways transport plane that left Lockheed Airport late one afternoon and set them down in Mexico City the next day. Once there, they had gone straight to the house of Joan's old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Conway, and with them had gone Bill Dozier's long-time friend Colonel Max Felix, who was best man. And now, several hours later, they were being married—with Joan looking the way every eloping bride longs to look.

She wore a natural-colored shantung two-piece suit, with a hat of the same shade trimmed in brown and green orchids. On her right arm swung a dark green handbag which she carried open—to show that it was filled with fresh brown and green orchids which she herself had rushed out to buy from a greenhouse only an hour earlier. This was her bridal bouquet, the real orchids in the bag matching exactly the artificial ones on her hat. Beside her stood Bill Dozier, the blue-eyed, brown-haired, thirty-nine-year-old studio executive who was becoming her husband.

There was quiet in the sunlit living room as the flow of Spanish words from the judge came to a stop. Everyone waited, including Joan's attendant, Mrs. Conway; Mr. Conway; and the best man, Colonel Felix. Even the Mexican judge seemed to (*Continued on page* 26)

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HEDY LAMARR
The seductive and lovely film star, plays the title role in the $1,000,000.00 motion picture version of the sensational best-seller, **The Strange Woman**, produced by Hunt Stromberg (Photo: United Artists, Inc.)

THE STRANGE WOMAN
by Ben Ames Williams

The astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra" as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager, soon to be portrayed on the screen by Hedy Lamarr—an amazing woman who turned the face of a saint to the world, but was ruthless to the men who loved her.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN
by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

He knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring . . . but no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! This is the prize-winning novel of the year—winner of the publisher's $20,000 award and the annual $125,000 prize awarded by M-G-M.

THE FOXES OF HARROW
by Frank Yerby

From the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world" —the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. He loved danger and intrigue, and women loved him. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! A gripping 600,000-copy best-seller—soon to be made into a spectacular movie!

THE RAZOR'S EDGE
by W. Somerset Maugham

This was a hunger no earthly love could satisfy—one which tore Larry Darrell from the embraces of lovely Isabel and drove him on a quest around the world! And the story of what he wanted, and in what strange form it came to him, will hold you as though it were your own living experiences. A fascinating novel by "the greatest storyteller of them all."

Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power headline Darryl Zanuck's forthcoming 20th Century-Fox production of **The Razor's Edge**, supported by Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb and others.

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P

(*Continued from page* 24) be waiting—bewildered.

Finally Joan and Bill spoke simultaneously, laughing and impatient: "What about the ring—and the kiss?" they said.

With that Mrs. Conway and the judge exchanged a few words in Spanish and then Colonel Felix handed Bill the ring and he slipped it on Joan's finger . . . and then they were kissing each other to seal the union. A few minutes later they were leaving for their first night together as man and wife.

Every elopement has a story behind it. Behind Joan's and Bill's are several stories. Bill had just been divorced by his wife of seventeen years' standing, a wife he had married in his boyhood home of Omaha, Nebraska. In the ten years he had lived in Hollywood, he had come a long way—from a business adviser of the Berg-Allenberg Agency to its top story salesman; from that to story head of Paramount; then to assistant to the president of RKO. His forceful personality is known only to the inner circle of Hollywoodia—whereas Joan is famous all over the world. People everywhere know the Fontaine vital statistics: That she was born in Japan; that she was divorced from Brian Aherne two years ago.

But behind this Mexican elopement lay a far different romance to the one Joan had had with Aherne. That first courtship had begun with the time Joan walked up to Brian at a cocktail party and told the amused Englishman: "A fortuneteller told me you and I would be married in a month. I'm Joan Fontaine." There followed a rapid courtship in every night club, at every restaurant—and a month later, marriage.

But this romance had been rooted as deeply in business as the Aherne romance had been rooted in flirtatious fun.

It began one evening last October, when RKO executive William Dozier asked RKO star Joan Fontaine to have a business dinner with him at Lucey's, directly opposite RKO. This meeting was to discuss "Christabel Cain," in which Joan was to star—a picture that was finally postponed completely.

THAT dinner was the start of many business meetings, most of them at the studio, some of them at the same handy-to-the-studio restaurant. And then one night business went out the window and love came in . . . but still there were overtones of business echoing in their romance—even in Joan's exquisite wedding-ring itself.

It is a beautiful ring—a wide gold band with tiny diamonds forming a barber-pole pattern across it. It was made especially for Joan to wear in "Christabel Cain." When they were discussing a ring before they eloped, Joan told Bill how much she loved that ring.

Bill, without telling her, sent down from his office to the wardrobe department—and bought the ring from the studio! So it was that ring that he slipped on her finger in Mexico City on May second.

Their first two days together were spent in Tasco at the La Borda Hotel, while a typically Mexican wild holiday celebration was going on around them in the town—"some kind of a fourth of July celebration on May 3rd, with firecrackers and everything," the honeymooners explain vaguely . . . vaguely because they were hardly aware of the celebration or of anything else but each other. Then they went to Acapulco for three days, staying at the Los Flamingos Hotel. There Bill took two hours out to go fishing, while Joan stayed ashore and waited for him.

"Since it was his first ocean fishing, I thought he'd come back empty-handed," says she. "But no—he came back with a 150-pound marlin and two large sailfish. After two hours' fishing! That's my Bill!"

Of course honeymooners don't resemble ordinary tourists in any respect, and Joan and Bill hardly saw Mexico City while they were there. They went only once to Ciro's famous night club, and the sole Hollywood acquaintance they looked up was A. C. Blumenthal. Occasionally they visited Joan's Spanish and Mexican friends for cocktails and dinner. But most of the time Joan saw Bill, and Bill saw Joan.

Even the far-famed shopping indulged in by all tourists in Mexico City went by the board. They bought presents only for Joan's cook Augustine, her maid Mona and her new secretary Mary Simpson (who is Bill's former secretary!). Otherwise they came away from Mexico City empty-handed—but full of memories.

They were only in Hollywood two days before leaving for the second half of their honeymoon. They headed for New York. Joan's sister Olivia de Havilland met them at dawn at the airport, and for the next six days they were on a dizzying round of theater-going and partying—with a different cocktail party given in their honor every night of the visit. And Joan made up for the "no shopping" in Mexico City—by buying so many fluffy new hats for herself that now she owns eighty-five! "But I never dare wear one without Bill's okay," she says, laughing.

One night they were rushing out to see the play "State of the Union." In the elevator as they went down to the lobby, Bill suddenly discovered that they had four tickets instead of two. "What'll we do with the extra ones?" Joan asked as they raced through the lobby toward the taxi. She smiled in passing at two of her most faithful fans, a ten-year-old and a twelve-year-old who waited nightly at the hotel door to wave to her.

Bill saw them too, and pulled Joan to a stop just outside the taxi. "Why not take the two kids with us?" he asked, gesturing toward the small fans at the hotel door.

"Why not indeed?" said Joan—and so it was that two startled and utterly delighted kids found themselves swooped into a taxi with Joan and Bill and carried off to an evening in the theater. In the foyer of the theater, Joan telephoned their parents to tell them the children wouldn't be home until eleven. And after the theater, Joan and Bill saw the two dazzled youngsters home in a taxi.

They will have the place (if not the time) for all kinds of hospitality in their newly bought honeymoon home in Brentwood. It is a small and charming house made of flagstone and redwood, set in three and a half acres of woods. There's an orchard, too, and beside the house is a pool. In the house will live the newlyweds, plus three other people—Joan's tried-and-true servants Augustine and Mona, and her new secretary Mary Simpson. They expect Bill's sixteen-year-old son by his former marriage to come calling often, and to bring his friends for a swim.

The furnishings of the house are from Joan's recently-sold home, but all of her "formal" things she has put in storage—all her elaborate silver and linens. For Joan, famed in Hollywood as a precisely perfect hostess, now has a completely new concept of happy living.

"We're going to live in a different way, Bill and I," she says now. "We're going to live informally. Our living room will prove it. It's an enormous room, and we're going to try and make it look like the outdoors—with pottery and plants, and great glass windows overlooking the pool. And for carpeting we're going to use a huge artificial grass mat, the kind they use on a movie set for lawns. We'll have card tables scattered around it, and a built-in Capehart, and in it we hope to entertain at casual buffet dinners—and to just enjoy it when we're alone together."

This from the girl who planned the perfect bachelor girl house with no servants and no steady man in her life! But love changed her mind and heart and blueprints for the bachelor-girl house have been carefully tucked away!

THE enjoyment of their new home couldn't start for more than three weeks after their return from New York, though. They reached Hollywood again on a Saturday morning. Saturday noon they moved into their new house . . . and Saturday night Joan left for location on her new picture, "The Emperor Waltz."

But the location, Jasper National Park in Canada, was beautiful enough to almost make it seem worthwhile. Here Joan (an Academy Award winner for "Suspicion") was acting with Bing Crosby (the Academy Award winner for "Going My Way")—under the producing-directing banners of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder (Academy Award winners for "The Lost Weekend"). And to make things perfect, Bill decided to spend ten days on location with Joan. She could act, he could fish—and their honeymoon could go on.

"But we expect to honeymoon for at least ten more years," he says, looking into her eyes. "After ten years, then maybe we can settle down to being dull married people."

"And meanwhile we'll have three children," Joan says, looking into Bill's eyes.

"Yes indeed," says Bill. "One that looks like Joan—and another that looks like Joan—and another that looks like Joan!"

"You're a very lucky guy," grins Joan.

"You're a very lucky girl," grins Bill.

How can you help wishing a couple like that all the luck in the world? Even if they don't need your wishes?

THE END

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ *A hot bath*
- ☐ *A lukewarm bath*
- ☐ *A cold shower*

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant?* Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ *Smooth them with an emery board*
- ☐ *Trim them with your teeth*
- ☐ *Wear artificial nails*

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!

What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ *The Life Guard*
- ☐ *The Bloomer Girl*
- ☐ *The hamburgers*

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends:* pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Let's Celebrate!

...a summertime of joyous romance!
...a screen full of stars and spectacle!
...a story full of glorious new Kern songs!

JEANNE CRAIN
as starry-eyed JULIA!

CORNEL WILDE
as fascinating PHILIPPE!

LINDA DARNELL
as sultry EDITH!

WILLIAM EYTHE
as good old BEN!

JEROME KERN'S

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

IN TECHNICOLOR

WALTER BRENNAN
as irascible JESSE!

CONSTANCE BENNETT
as man-grabbing ZENIA!

DOROTHY GISH
as lovely HARRIET!

Songs
BY JEROME KERN

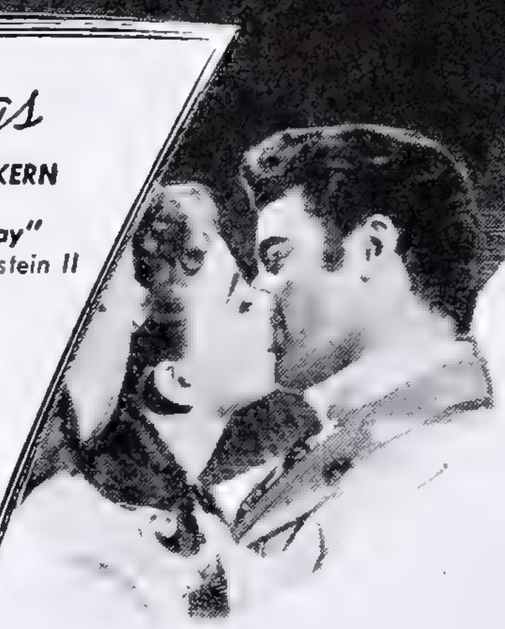
"All Through The Day"
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

•

"In Love In Vain"
"Up With The Lark"
"The Right Romance"
"Railroad Song"
Lyrics by Leo Robin

•

"Cinderella Sue"
Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg



Screen Play by Michael Kanin • Based on the Novel by Albert E. Idell • Music by Jerome Kern • Dances Staged by Dorothy Fox

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

20th CENTURY-FOX

20 Candles

BY JACK L. WARNER

TWENTY years ago, the Warner brothers stood on the threshold of a vision.

Vitaphone was ready. Sound motion pictures were a reality. Years of planning and research now were rewarded by the assurance of success.

But the extent of that success was beyond the grasp of anyone at the time.

In mid-1926, when Vitaphone was ready for its introduction, we were in the twentieth year of motion-picture business. The beginning had been a tiny theater remodeled from a storeroom in New Castle, Pa. My father had had to pawn his cherished gold watch to raise the money for our start. We had borrowed ninety-six chairs from a nearby undertaker and every time a funeral took place the audience had to stand.

By 1912, when there were five Warner theaters, we decided the only way to insure a supply of acceptable films was to make them ourselves.

From the time of our entrance into production, many factors worked in our favor. But I am sure, now, that the cohesive force in our company's progress was our earnest belief in the importance of motion pictures and the inevitability of their advancement. We attempted many developments and changes of technique, some of which today might appear trivial or obvious. But at that time, they were critical milestones.

The time came when it appeared likely that science could give substance to our dream. To go ahead would call for the staking of our entire resources.

We went ahead. And we won. It was a hard, exhausting experience. An unforeseen sacrifice was the life of my brother, Sam L. Warner, who unstintingly had given himself to the vision of progress.

Ahead of the company now spread a panorama of triumph. From every quarter came the highest praise—for the technical perfection and the artistic achievement of Vitaphone. What few of us realized then was the far more important fact that democracy was to be given a new voice. Now all the people of the world—all, at least, who were permitted to patronize the politically untrammeled screen—would be able far better to understand each other's ambitions, problems and ways of life. Unable to help in preventing war, because they were banned from the screens of the aggressor nations, American films did help to awaken democratic countries to the dangers ahead.

In war, motion pictures served spectacularly in conveying government messages to the home front. And in the preparation of troops, they were credited with a reduction in training time of as much as forty per cent.

Our company is proud of having brought into reality its original dream of giving a voice to the screen. But we are prouder still of having met, in full measure, the great responsibilities and opportunities presented by the medium we created.

My Hollywood Friends Give a

Baby Shower

Timothy Richard Quine, Susan's new inspiration, is already "Casey" to dad Dick

I want you to know two people in my life. One is Timothy Quine whom Dick and I have just adopted; the other is Laraine Day who started the whole thing . .

Susan Peters

Susan opens packages, Laraine Day, June Allyson, Ann Rutherford, Donna Reed and many others watch

I'M glad it's Laraine I'm writing about this month. She'll understand if I should digress a bit. You see, I don't become a mother in every issue. I must watch myself in the future, too, or this series will switch from "My Hollywood Friends" to "My Baby's Diary," or "The Life and Loves of Timothy Quine." We adopted Tim, (it was a mutual agreement—he likes us, too!) when he was ten days old. He weighed nine pounds, two ounces at birth and he has the prettiest blue eyes you ever—there, you see!

The reason I'm so sure Daisy (that's Laraine) will understand my motherly one-track is that we are both in the same bassinet, so to speak. She, too, is an adopted mother—but on a mass production basis. What Henry Kaiser was to wartime shipbuilding, Daisy is to post-war baby adopting. The Hendricks family grew larger by three little people within seven months! That's a family, son!

Laraine just naturally does things in a big way. If it's worth doing, it's worth doing—colossally. No matter if it's a job of acting to be done, a home to run, a dress to wear, or a party to give. For instance, the shower she gave for Timothy last Sunday. Tim looked so cute. He was dressed in a blue knitted—well, I'll tell you about that (*Continued on page* 103)

Hostess Laraine Day and Susan inspect shower-ings

Complete in this issue—

condensation of the book

published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

"We all tried to kill him but we couldn't corner him".

Twinkle & Nibbles playing together

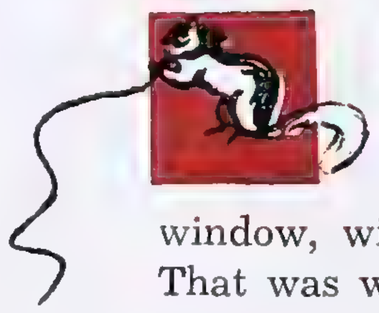
E.T.

Nibbles

He would sit balancing on one daisy while he ate the others apart

E.T.

A Hollywood princess has written a book the smiles and tears in the life of a



EVER since I was a little girl I have had all sorts of pets. I remember in England at our house in the country there was a nest under the eaves, just outside my bedroom window, with a darling little family of swallows in it. That was why we named our house Little Swallows.

It was such fun down there. You see we lived in London on Wildwood Road, and we went down to Little Swallows for the summer and weekends. The days were so busy and so exciting with all our pets. My brother Howard (who is two years and eight months older than I am) always had a lot of pets too.

We had rabbits, turtles, snakes, baby lambs, guinea pigs. Then we always had kittens all over the place and dogs of all kinds.

But—we never had a Chipmunk!

Now if you have never had a chipmunk, you won't know what you have missed. I think a chipmunk is the

Young author Elizabeth with her pet Nibbles

and me

BY Elizabeth Taylor

—every word her own. It tells of chipmunk. It tells of Elizabeth, too

nicest *little* pet and companion anyone could possibly have. I caught twenty-five when we were on location and they were all different. Some were shy and timid, some more daring and bold. But the point of it is they were *all little individuals,* and then! there was—

NIBBLES.

TO introduce you properly to Nibbles, I'll have to tell you first of all *how* and where he came into my life. It was a year ago this August when we went to Lake Chelan, Washington, on location for "The Courage of Lassie." When I read the manuscript, I could hardly wait to get started. The first part of the picture is like a wonderful symphony acted out by all sorts of animals. And when I heard we were going to Lake Chelan for three months—three months outdoors—it just seemed too good to be true.

Mummie was afraid I would be lonesome without any other children to play with, but (*Continued on page* 68)

One Dream For Two

Dream, it says here. But what do you call a dream that comes true?

"Symphony of love," chorus Jeanne and Paul

Climax of three years—a kiss in the kitchen

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

THIS is to give you the present Crossley on Hollywood's "madcap" marriage. To tell you what manner of girl she is, this very lovely, very young Jeanne Crain who had the courage to take what she wanted in her two slim hands. To get you further acquainted with the man who carried off the sought-after beauty against formidable odds.

Looking at Jeanne Crain you find yourself thinking of New York in May, after a clean spring rain. It seems almost impudent to ask this fresh, dewy-eyed girl how her marriage is working out. When, not fifteen minutes later, her darkly handsome young husband joins her, the answer is all too obvious.

Paul Brinkman arrives early to pick up his wife. You sense immediately that they don't like to be separated for very long. He offers to go away and come back later—but by that time Jeanne has made room for him and is pulling him down beside her.

What do they talk to each other about, this supposedly madcap pair? They talk of floor plans, of blueprints, of the progress of the home they are building. Of plumbing, and gravel, and the cost of trees. Good sound stuff! With an African safari thrown in to hep it up a bit.

Looking at Paul Brinkman carefully, curiously, you like what you see. It seems good and right to trust the happiness of the much-loved young star to this particular young man. His manner is impressive. He has a dashing quality in his good looks, his tanned face, his casual clothes, which he wears with the complete assurance attributed to well-dressed Englishmen. With his girl wife he exhibits a deep sweetness.

Love's tender vision—travel, the house they're building

Jeanne Crain

Breakfast at the Brinkmans—who just get used to one kitchen when it's time to move again

In the Brinkman family it's Paul who's the boss

It is hard to look at them now and remember that their wedding on the last day of 1945 unleashed a storm of speculation about their chances for lasting happiness. But the surface facts seemed to indicate that they had several counts against them.

In the first place, Jeanne was very young and of the Catholic faith and personal conviction which meant that her marriage would be "for keeps." Her sophisticated husband was not of the motion-picture world which claimed so much of his bride's love and interest. Most important, Jeanne's mother had not been able, at a given moment on Christmas Eve, to say the words that would encourage this beloved young daughter to take such a final step.

Jeanne Crain left her home that Christmas Eve and remained in seclusion until, by special dispensation from her church, setting aside the publishing of the last two bans, she was able to wed the man of her choice. It all added up, in the dramatic searchlight of publicity, to a "madcap" marriage.

But the true story is something very far removed from the hasty or thoughtless act of two infatuated people. The happiness and success of their union, evidenced by their real serenity and contentment, by their far-reaching plans for a rich full future, is the result of their strict adherence to what they consider the most important thing in (*Continued on page* 107)

Hazel-eyed heartbeat: Jeanne Crain of "Centennial Summer"

Color portrait by Powolny

Carpenter

King of his valley: Ranch hand Clark Gable in his happiest role

The Score On Gable

He rang the bell in "Adventure"—against his own judgment. He does all right in the romance handicaps, too. But there's another score that Clark Gable has yet to settle

"GABLE'S back and Garson's got him," screamed the nation's billboards this spring. "Adventure greatest smash in years," proclaimed the movie trade papers. "That Gable! What a star!" murmurs Hollywood.

But—

"How bad does a picture have to be to make a fortune?" asks Mr. Gable himself. "Am I as lousy as I appeared to be to be in that one?"

Clark Gable is gratified at the success of "Adventure" and feels a deep sense of satisfaction and humility over the fact that his public did not forget him. But he's not fooled by this hit. He's not fooled by many things. Not that he is a great thinker. But he instinctively arrives at the right answers.

Now that he's back, now that he's returned to civilian life—and now that neither Garson nor any other lovely has got him—he is trying to find a lot of right answers to many things. The most popular man in the world, he's desperately lonely. He dashes around from place to place—in any one of his five high-powered cars, or by plane, or by motorcycle, or on horseback—but he doesn't remain anywhere.

Recently he was at the Arizona Biltmore, that luxury hotel in Phoenix, having a bout of hunting, golfing and riding. There the name in the Gable news was blonde and gracious Mrs. Betty Chisholm, widow of iron magnate Archie Chisholm. She has a home in the Biltmore Estates not far from the hotel and Clark spent a good deal of time with her, for she fits the Gable formula of being a good sport. Also, it is possible they had something in common in the memory of a love taken away by death. (*Continued on page* 110)

Tee-off: Clark's a persistent and excellent golfer

Bachrach

Appeal in tweeds: Guy Madison, starred in "Till the End of Time"

THE thing I like best about Guy Madison is his frankness.

I let other people swoon over his tall and terrific looks. What I go for is the way Guy gives you a straight answer. He'll level with you even when he knows his answer may hurt.

Take hats, for instance. He hates them. I do too. But sometimes I've got to wear them. I put one on and I ask in what I hope is a very persuasive voice, "How do I look?"

"Gruesome," says Guy.

He's like that about everything. He thinks if people ask his opinion they really want it. So he gives it. That's personal integrity, a wonderful quality anywhere, a practically unique quality in Hollywood. Maybe it's even a stern quality, but I like it because you know where you stand with Guy.

Not, you understand, that it bores me that he's handsome—but I've always sort of disregarded looks in a man—and so does Guy. He's not such a goon that he's unaware of the total effect of his height, his face and his eyes combined, but he has no conceit about it. I suppose one of the things I admire most about him is that he refuses to wear any make-up whatsoever for the camera, and I've never yet caught him in that comb-through-the-wavy-hair routine. He's always sneaking away to comb it because people are forever kidding him about it. He always comes back with it plastered down.

All I've ever required of a man is that he should look rugged.

Another sharp thing about him is his having so many (*Continued on page* 74)

"Kicks!" That's Guy's word—the one he and Gail use to describe their friendship because it sums up all their fun and excitement

BY GAIL RUSSELL

Gail, of "The Angel and the Outlaw," made Guy learn to rumba

my kind of Guy!

Days to remember from an ace director about a redhead the marquees call Rita Hayworth and whom he calls "all emotion"

RITA HAYWORTH has to work with other directors. I have to work with other stars. Therefore it is, I suppose, very indiscreet of me to say that she is my favorite star—and I hope I am her favorite director. But that is what she is and that is what I hope I am.

I regard Rita as one of the most beautiful, one of the most talented, and one of the sweetest of human beings. We have made three pictures together so far—her first essay into real acting, "The Lady in Question" in 1940, and her two top hits, "Cover Girl" and "Gilda." Personally, I wish we were going to make another thirty together.

Do not decide from this that I am a Pollyanna who feels admiringly about all stars. I would undoubtedly be a much nicer person if I did and perhaps a much better director. But since I'm trying to tell the truth about Rita, I might as well go the whole way and tell the truth about me, too.

There are, alas, some stars whom I can't abide—and probably they return the feeling. Once I made a picture with a star to whom I never spoke—off the set. That's how terribly we were on one another's nerves.

A director's job is to get from his players a greater performance than they know they are (*Continued on page* 86)

Rita Hayworth of "Down to Earth"
Color picture by Coburn

Exciting Woman—

BY CHARLES VIDOR

As told to Ruth Waterbury

Dark Hour

It was the blackest night of his life as he walked alone, a three-time failure, fighting the will to die

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Greg, at twenty-one, on his first trip east to Ithaca, where he rowed stroke for U. of C. junior varsity crew

IT WAS a black night, but a soft one. Breathing was like a deep drink of mimosa and jasmine syrup with a stir of Pacific salt-breeze for seasoning. All the sharp noises of the day had muffled themselves in dusk. Tires hummed instead of sang on the pavement now and the radios along the California campus row had taken on a wooing tone. Even the trees held their ceaseless conversation down to a gentle whispering. . . .

A soft night for most, but for the tall boy walking alone it was only a black one. Gregory Peck's fists were clenched in his pockets and his face strained upward to the stars. Perhaps no one abroad this night was so acutely conscious of how close those stars seemed, or so agonizingly aware of how unattainable they actually were. His long legs that had no clear idea of where they were going quickened their desperate stride.

Not mimosa, but a stale odor of cookery drifted from a sorority house window as he passed. "Phi Beta Cabbage" house, the fellows called it who "hashed" there for their meals. Under their breaths, they called it that because the girls in the house were pretty and pert, and even running down to breakfast in flannel robes and with their curlers still tied up under scarves, they smelled quite pleasant. There was one girl, with green eyes, who used an especially nice brand of soap or cold cream or something. The trouble was that the green eyes could turn so mocking and the lips under them could take on such a quick, amused curve, if a fellow proved a bit awkward in setting the coffee or scrambled eggs on the table. The mocking green eyes and the amused smile had been there in the student theater workshop tonight—along with all the other mocking eyes and smiles. . . .

Gregory knew, as he (*Continued on page* 94)

Engstead

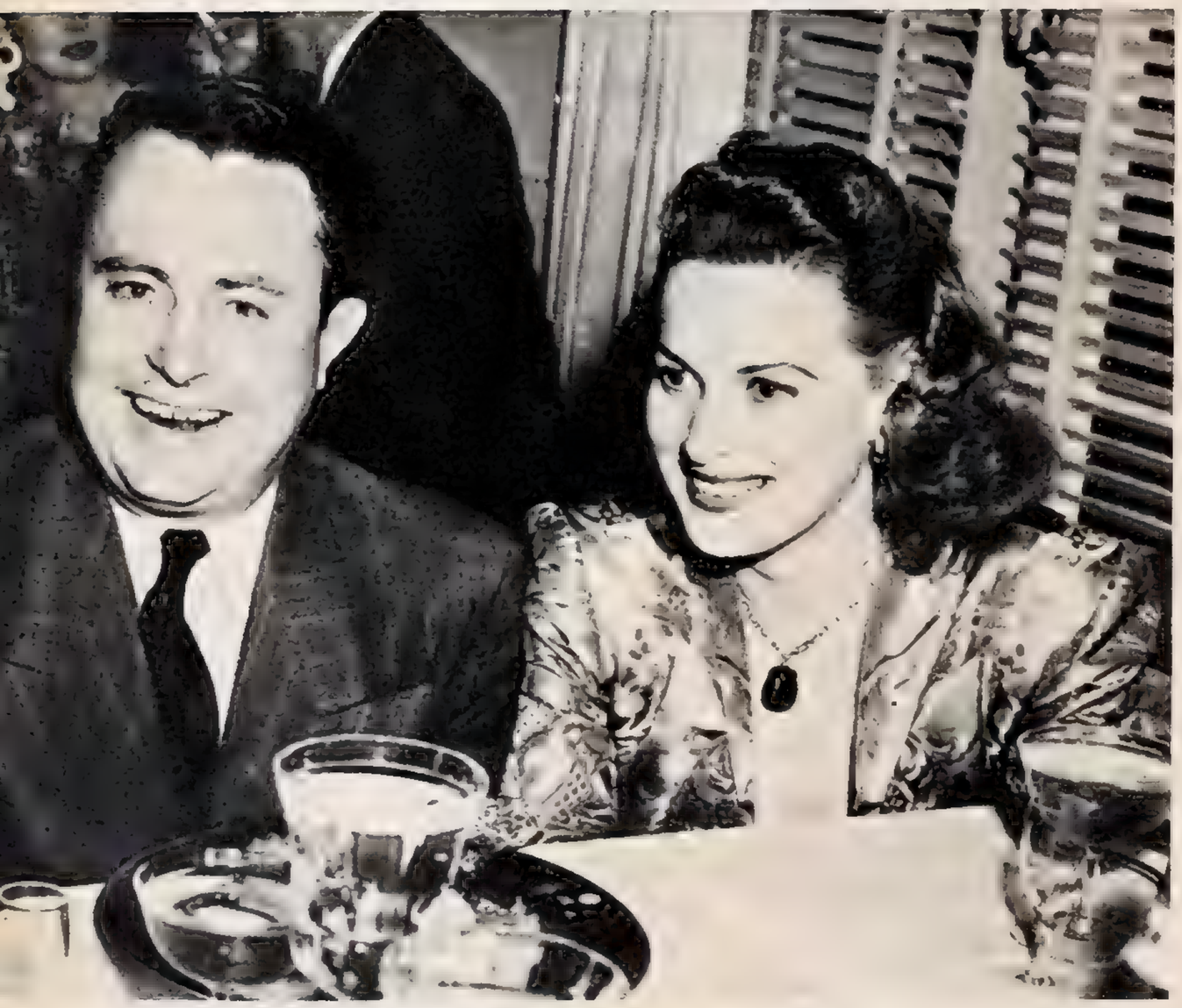
Friends in profile: Gregory Peck, of "The Yearling," and his dog Perry

Oh, O'Hara!

She rates whistles on the street, but feels more like a queen when a man doffs his hat in the elevator

By BEN MADDOX

Maureen O'Hara's tiny daughter doesn't have a tiny name—she's Bronwyn Bridget FitzSimons Price!



Maureen of "Do You Love Me?" and Will dine out Mondays, by-passing swank cafes for little restaurants with good food

YOU can't understand Maureen O'Hara unless you meet her. Then it doesn't take long, for she is no poseur, this girl who, after weathering years in Hollywood as a mere beauty, is now coming spectacularly into her own.

You sense instantly she's not cold or haughty, as the scripts of the swashbuckling tales she's decorated have made her. There's a clear, fresh warmth to her smile and the grasp of her hand. As you talk to her you know she would never be attracted by a super-dashing, flamboyantly adventurous hero, for great gestures strike no spark in her.

Almost the only thing she has in common with what you have seen on the screen is her beauty. Yet there is a surprise quality even in this. For she hasn't a vestige of vanity. Good looks run in her Irish family, so she takes them for granted. Her share she regards as nothing but a professional asset, never to be used as a snare for others or as a substitute for qualities that count.

Blithely she violates many a touted Hollywood rule; for instance, the one about being seen with the right people. Maureen herself would be the first to tell you she's not in with the society pace-setters.

"I've rarely been asked to a glittery Hollywood party," she admits frankly. And adds, under her breath, "My life with my husband is simple and complete." Thus she proves you don't have to buzz about with the gay whirlers to be rated as one of the top actresses (*Continued on page* 71)

Miehle

Taking Drake Apart...

. . . and putting him together again

through a revealing friend's-eye view

BY HOWARD SHARPE

A must-be-alone moment to catch up on books

IF YOU want to know what Tom Drake is doing these days—what he thinks, how he feels about things, what gets his goat, what doesn't, what he does and with what fervor he does it—you would be well advised to go out to M-G-M and look up, first, a writer named Morton Thompson. Thompson has two great enthusiasms, one old, one new. The first: Horses. The second: Tom.

They first met one morning when the young man came hesitantly into Morton's office carrying a book. It was Thompson's "Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player" and would Mr. Thompson mind autographing it? This sort of thing is always a mussy business; you have to be grateful and modest and casual all at once; you have to keep the rest of the paragraph you were writing in mind while you gabble something and the pen always, diabolically, runs out of ink.

Besides, this fellow looked a good seventeen-without-much-sleep-lately, bit his nails and obviously had selected his clothes from the United Nations Relief box up by the front gate. Thompson, who rather likes lemon-colored flannels and twenty-dollar shirts, felt suddenly short of conversational topics. Remembering that, for the movies, the title of his book had been changed to "My Brother

His sister Clare shared oatmeal-eating days with him

Young man's fancy is flying ... Tom Drake starred in "The Green Years"

Fink

The lived-in living room of his house. Tom's a seeker, demanding to know the answers to whatever interests him

They're buddies—Tom, as an Army sergeant, with Lassie during filming of M-G-M's "The Courage of Lassie"

Now he's a bachelor with a domestic touch

Playground playmates—Tom and his three-year-old niece, Casey

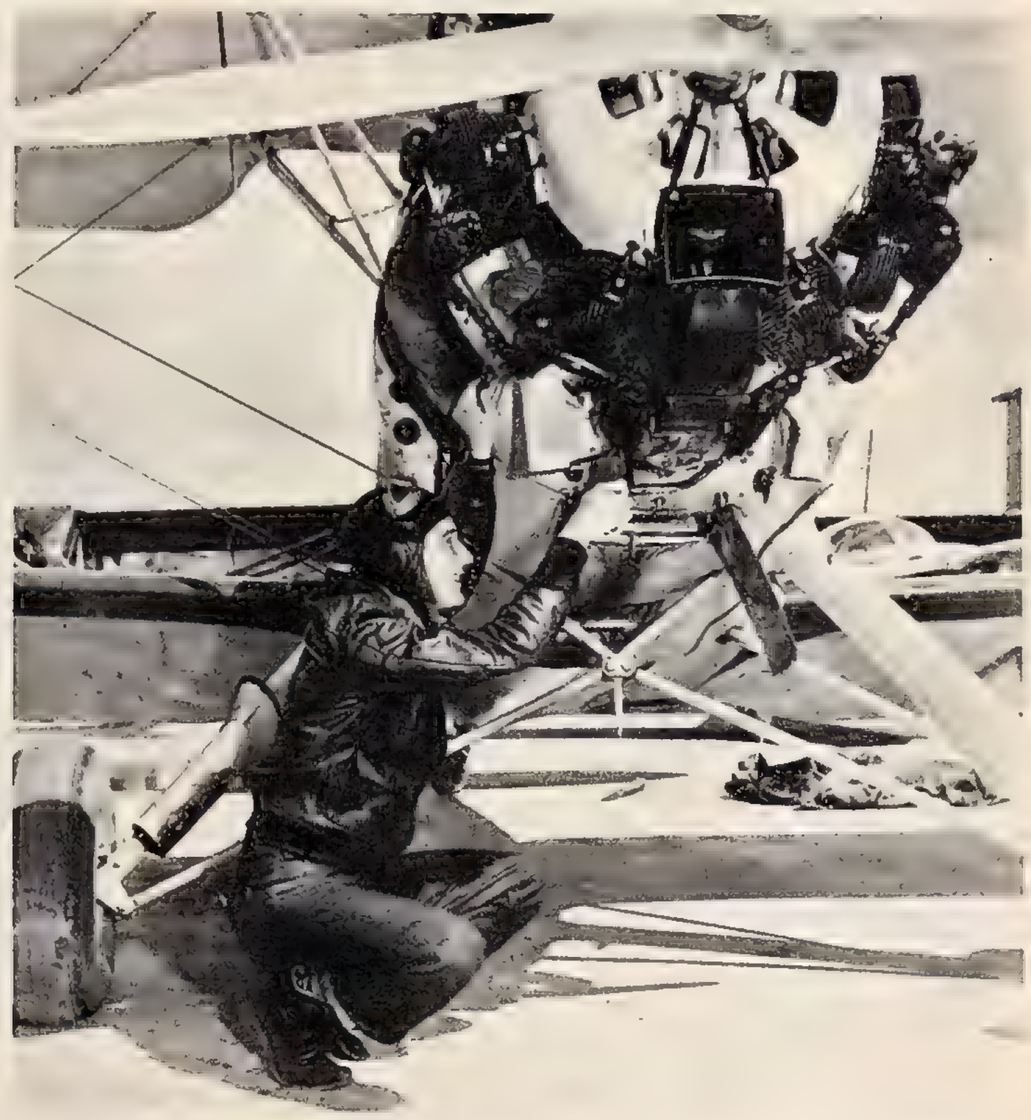
Who Talks to Horses," he made a remark or two about the ponies.

The next thing he knew he found himself tearing down the highway to Tijuana, Mexico, on the way to the races there. They were in Tom's convertible, piloted by Tom himself, who lay flat on his spine behind the wheel and looked anywhere but at the road. Thompson—when he could speak again—said, "Why don't you take up flying and be done with it?"

"Good idea," said Tom. "As soon as I get the racing stable started." He considered for a moment. "What the heck," he said then, "no reason why I can't do both at once. What kind of a plane should I buy first?"

Morton just sat, a delighted, amazed grin spreading over his face. No one like this had happened to him in years and he had just discovered that he could be very fond of this young man, given time.

"Tom," says Thompson, "is the most naive living human, and yet one of the smartest. He can't add two and two, but he can take a Taylor-Craft two-seater upstairs with an instructor for one hour, and then they tell him to go for his physical so he can solo next time. He can't tell a stallion from a mare in the paddock but he can remember off-hand the names of every (*Continued on page* 91)



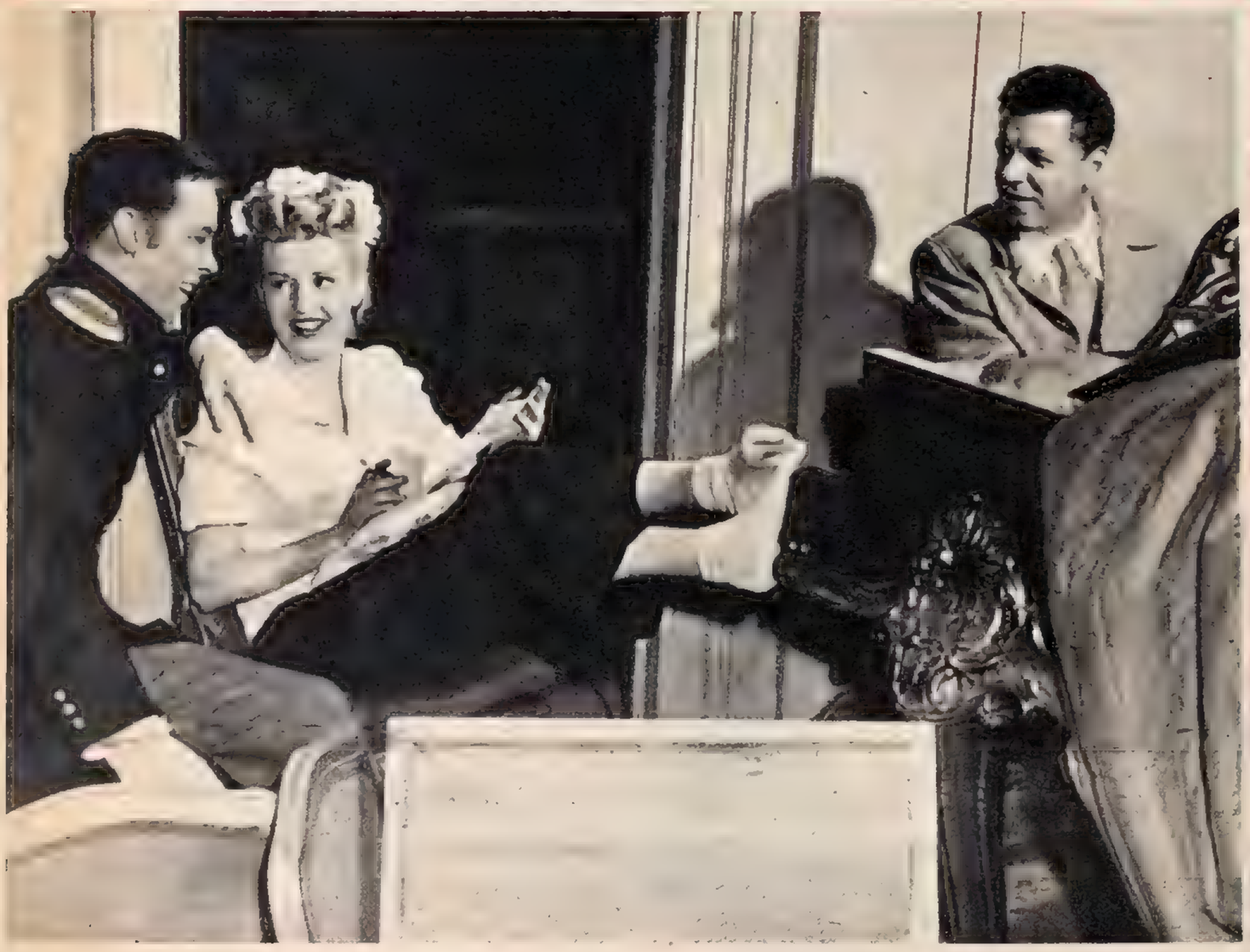
The motor check and then the fun of a flying lesson

Richard and Betty script-scanning, or is it gag-planning?

IT'S A JOKE, SON

New high in hilarity! Anything can happen—and does—

when Dick Haymes and Betty Grable pair in pranks



Cute trick Betty Grable, in bobby-socks, teams up with Dick Haymes while their voice coach, Charlie Henderson, plays listener

A BETTY GRABLE-Dick Haymes set should have a tent over it; it's a circus. . . .

When the landlord serves eviction papers, or a holiday closes the local bars, or the market drops ten points, those on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot in search of a laugh rush to the set where Betty and Dick are working. For this is the stamping ground of the pixilated zanies.

While Betty and Dick were making "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," Dick was scheduled to give a noon interview. He was chatting with the writer when Bill Burton, eyes a-glitter, dropped into a chair and pulled himself up to the table. "Don't let on," he warned Dick, "but I've just planted a wonderful gag with Betty. I told her—strictly in confidence, see—that today was your birthday. I said you had kept the date dark because you didn't want to take a lot of ribbing. Nor, on the other hand, did you want a

Picketeering pranksters Peggy Ann and Barbara add a new twist to laugh lines

Gay nineties setting for modern jokesters

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

big celebration planned. She was all excited. Said she was going to have a cake with candles sent to the table."

Dick groaned. "You shouldn't have done it," he said. "You know how Betty is. She'll send her secretary out to Beverly Hills and pick up some really nice gift for me. The truth that this *isn't* my birthday is going to fall pretty flat when I'm handed some white-tissue package."

A few minutes later the waitress arrived at the table bearing a silver tray covered by a glistening white napkin. With a ceremonial flourish, she set it before Dick. "From Miss Grable," she said.

Dick swung around toward the table at which Betty was seated, bowed, grinned rather sheepishly, then turned back to his own table. "You see," he said to Bill Burton. He lifted the napkin . . . and roared. In all its splendor there lay the very (*Continued on page* 116)

Suffering from gag-shock is Betty, co-star of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim

It's a dog's life. Madame Allyson-Powell thinks Heathcliff should take his fiancee, Heidi, a posy

June Allyson, self-styled hillbilly from Westchester

Junie likes to cook by instinct, but it takes a book to learn to sail

June Days

Cover Girl

She's pert, she's perky, she's Peter Pan with a yearning for learning—Junie, the blue-jeaned dynamo

BY HERB HOWE

Heave ho! June, star of "Two Sisters from Boston," proves that she's no landlubber

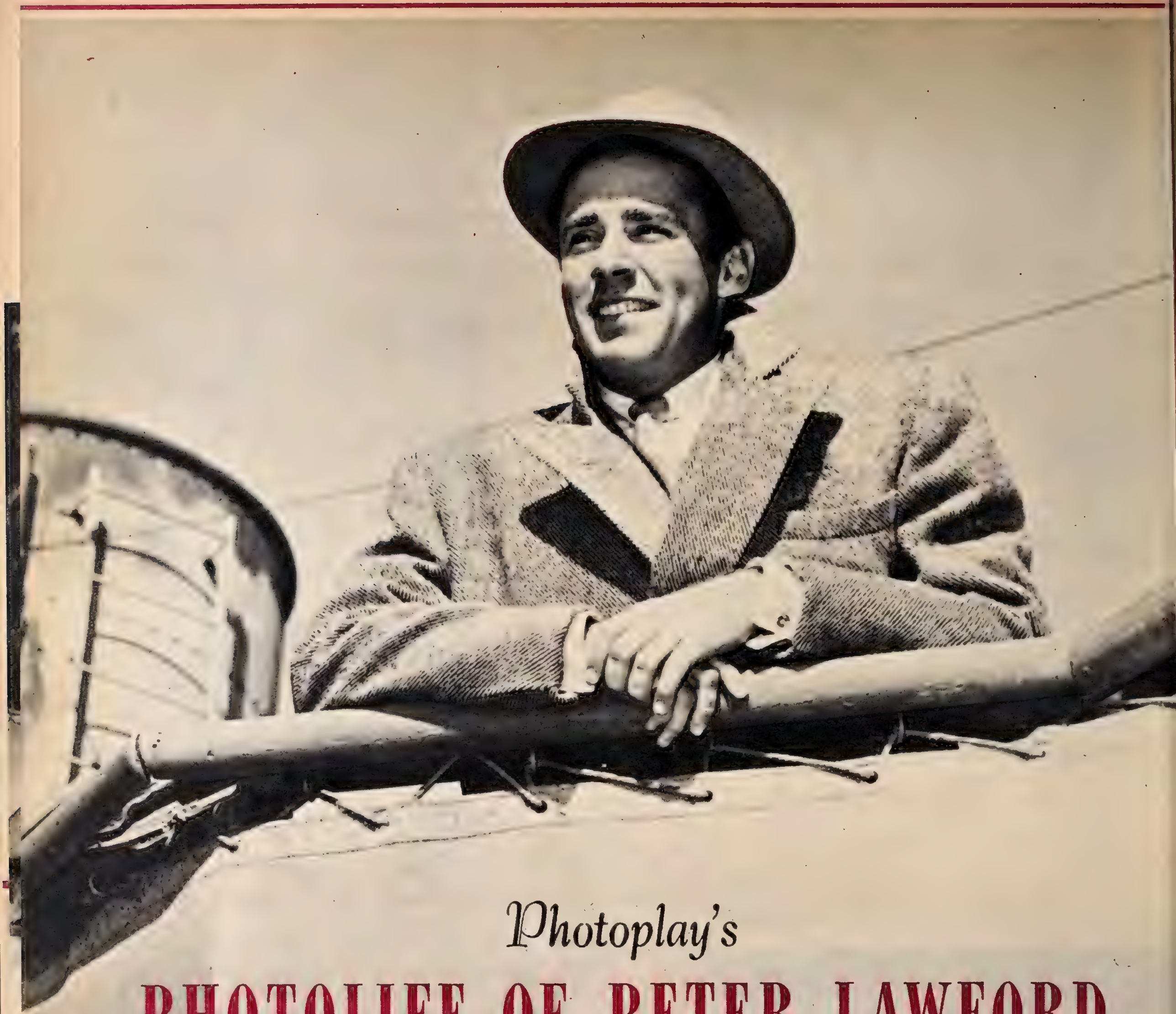
Wifely touches for Richard of "The Brick Foxhole"

OUR Junie has a brand-new set of encyclopedia and plans to have four brand-new babies, as distinguished from the adopted kind, thereby finding time to read all twenty-four volumes. Only by these Acts of God can a star like Junie get any time to herself. Junie ambitiously figures six volumes to the baby without allowing for the possibility of all four chickadees arriving in a set like encyclopedias or Dionnes (minus one). In that quad-blessed event the studio might allow no more time out than for one six-volume accouchement. Anyhow, here's a hot tip for Louella, our beloved stork-chaser: *Just find out when Junie begins a volume.*

The studio has her working in two pictures simultaneously so they will be ahead, although this really signifies nothing inasmuch as the public is always yelling for more Junie as for sugar.

"Richard says it doesn't hurt to know a little bit about everything," is the way June explains the encyclopedias. Richard is her husband, hitherto known as Dick Powell, reformed crooner turned crook.

Sparked by Richard, Junie is sampling all the sweets of knowledge. She stuck her thumb into the Britannicas and pulled out "science" which she finds so delectable she is crying for a laboratory. Richard says he will build her one (*Continued on page* 113)



Photoplay's

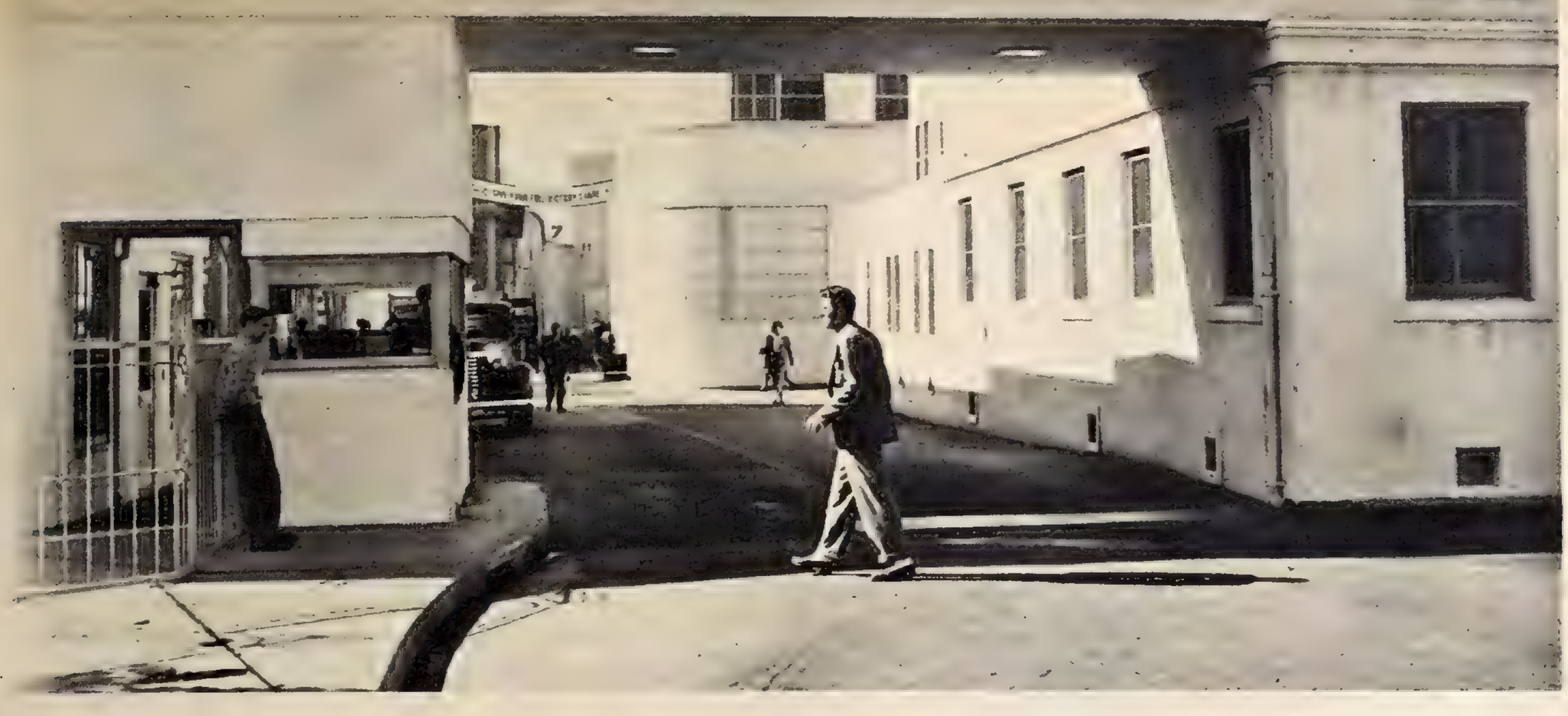
PHOTOLIFE OF PETER LAWFORD

SOME movie stars have traveled around the world on the screen. Peter Lawford has done his traveling in real life. He was born on September 7, 1923, in London, the only child of Lieutenant General Sir Sydney (retired) and Lady Lawford.

He has probably visited more countries than most travelers see in a lifetime and his wanderings read like Sinbad's diary—Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Deauville, Cannes, Sydney, Melbourne, Colombo, Honolulu, Tahiti, Barcelona, Lisbon, Nassau, Bombay, Panama. . . .

Strangely enough, it was Peter's successful debut in British pictures (in "Old Bill" in 1930) which started him on his travels. Papa Lawford didn't relish the idea of a child prodigy for a son so he kept his boy out of harm's way by making two trips around the world during the next eight years. Their world wanderings wound up in Hollywood where by a strange freak of fate Peter's histrionic talents were to save the day for the Lawford dynasty!

BY LYNN PERKINS



M-G-M executives were searching high and lo!—in walked the very young man they were looking for. Peter Lawford had arrived on a sight-seeing jaunt of the studio. Here eagle-eyed big shots, desperate for a British lad to play in "Lord Jeff," pounced on him and wouldn't let him leave the lot before he had signed a contract

There was a Palm Beach vacation at the outbreak of World War II with Peter out of funds, owing to the freezing order on British currency. The versatile lad rode herd on cars in a parking lot to earn the fare back to California

Back in Hollywood, Peter found that, unfortunately, one role doesn't necessarily mean another. A fanatical movie fan, he satisfied his hobby and solved his financial problems by working as an usher and general handy man at the Westwood Village Theater

He got a part in the Academy Award-winning picture, "Mrs. Miniver." Next, "Eagle Squadron," "Thunderbirds" and, back at M-G-M, "A Yank at Eton." He started studying like mad under Lillian Burns, dramatic coach and noted star groomer

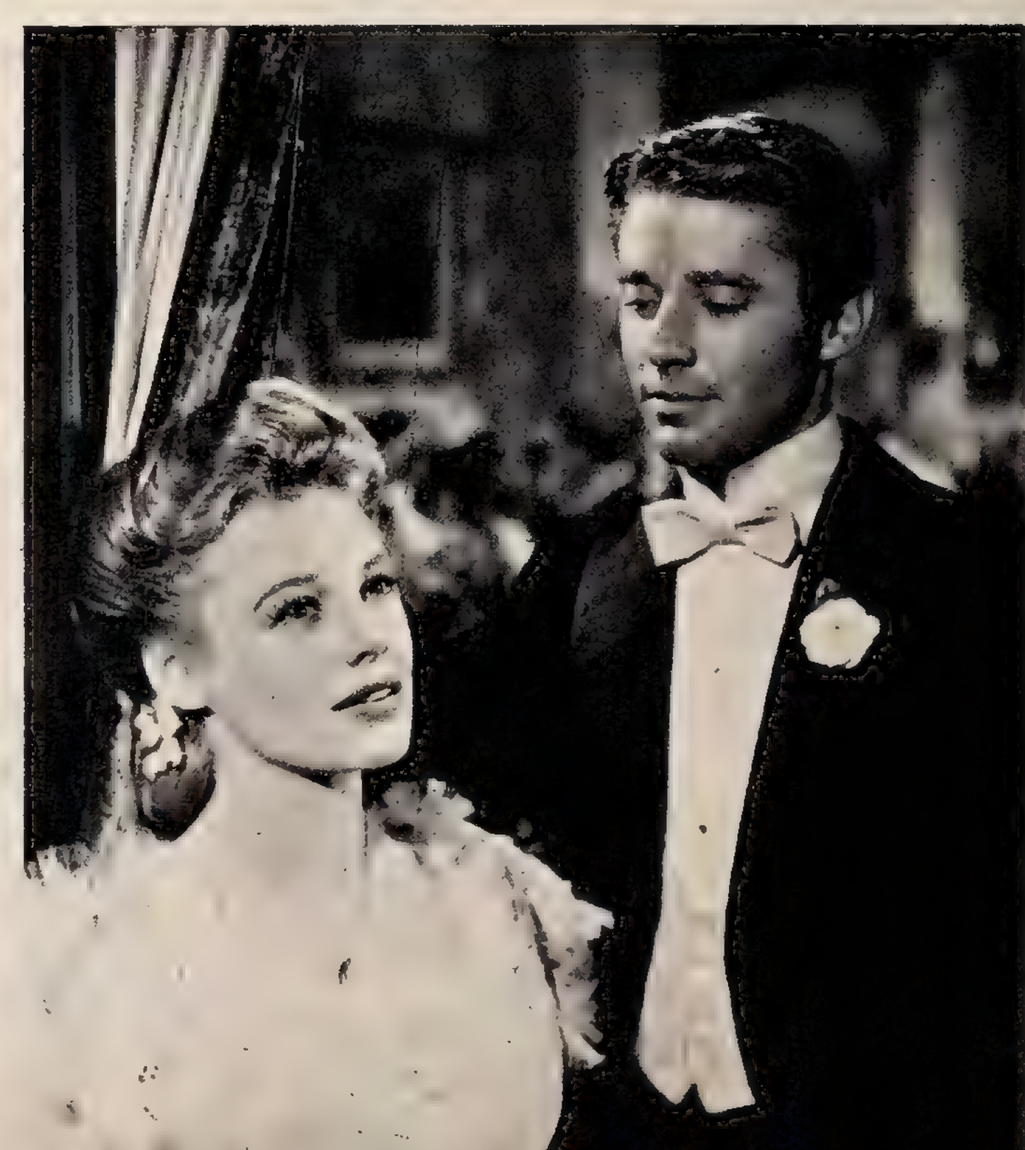
His musical slant on life is towards ukulele and drums. He likes his music hot! In fact, he likes everything American, including hot dogs and drive-ins and he soon hopes to become an honest-to-goodness American—when he gets his citizenship papers

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF PETER LAWFORD

An injury to his right arm which kept Pete out of war didn't keep him off the courts. Resolutely, he built himself into a fine left-handed tennis player, but he doesn't find it relaxing; comments, "I enjoy my work so much that it's a game—and by a strange twist, games are work!"

Lawford's aristocratic air fits him perfectly for his role in "Two Sisters from Boston"—a wealthy art patron. Here he's with co-star June Allyson. Pete also stars with Jennifer Jones in "Cluny Brown"



His tremendous vitality seems to counteract his one meal a day—one continuous one. He is a remorseless eater. Lady Lawford starts her men off with a big breakfast. When he's away from the set, ten to one you'll find him in the commissary downing a hunk of pastry and malted milk

He loves to swim, prefers rough seas—enjoys the thrill of battling big waves. With friends he has explored the Pacific Coast; has discovered many exciting coves and beaches

By the polls, and by the mathematics of the fan-mail figures, Peter Lawford, who is six feet tall and weighs 158 pounds, is coming to be reckoned, by all accounts, as "the hottest young man in Hollywood"!

Peter is not (yet) entirely American in word . . . but he is all-American in *deed!* In the United States five years, he is readying for his citizenship papers by making an extensive study of America.

His parents share in everything he does—and often, when he goes home from work or a date to the modest white stucco cottage in Westwood, he finds admiring fans visiting with his parents while they wait for him.

Eager, intelligent, talented, young Lawford combines the best qualities of the British and American characters. In the near future you will be meeting a new man—

—Peter Lawford, American

His idea for day's-end relaxation—a quiet dinner with girl friend Beverly Tyler at some out-of-the-way, little-known foreign restaurant. The continental influence still occasionally exerts itself on an otherwise thoroughly American young man

No love code. Glenn had a reason and Bette lost a bet

WHO'S *superstitious!*

Bob Hutton—a double-number-one guy since the day he was born

IF you break a mirror do you shudder—just a little—at the seven years ahead?

Ever hang a horseshoe over your door?

Some manner of superstition is common to almost all of us. For superstitions are heritages, handed down from our savage ancestors who eons ago roamed a wet green world. The origins of many have been lost with the years. Others, like a broken mirror bringing bad luck or a horseshoe over a doorway bringing good luck, are easily explained.

The savage who watched his reflection in a pool believed part of his spirit was imprisoned there too. If a stone was thrown into the water, perhaps by an enemy, and broke his image, he screamed with agony and writhed on the ground as if mortally wounded. For he believed, you see, that when his image was shattered some of his spirit had flown from him—that he was in danger of dying, that anything could happen for the next seven moons; seven being the mystic number of all time. Thus, breaking a mirror, we fear "seven years of bad luck."

A horseshoe, like the headdress of Isis the Egyptian goddess of life, is an inverted U. The ancients, terrorized by death, hung a U emblem over their doorways to keep evil spirits away. Even as you and I.

Often enough, of course, still responding to our distant relatives' belief that certain symbols court good fortune or repel ill fortune, we create superstitions of our own based on individual or family experience. . . .

Like Glenn Ford who sees to it that the letters OPC appear in every picture he makes. In "Flight Lieutenant" these letters were worked into the orders on the fliers' call-board. In "Texas" they were written on the back of one of the wagons. In "Gilda" they were the initials of one of the members of the cartel.

But when it came to "A Stolen Life," the fate of the OPC was hanging in the balance. My good friend Bette Davis reports that

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Drawings by Valenty

Kitty has Joan Bennett spinning—in another direction

Why not? say the stars. For there's magic in Anne's black dress, Zach's gold cuff-links, Glenn's lucky letters "OPC"

Johnny Coy flies through the air with greater ease—in these

she had bet him fifty dollars his lucky letters would not get into her picture. It was the last day of shooting—and the letters had appeared nowhere. Time was short and Bette's eyes were merrily mocking. The scene was a beach sequence in which she had long passages to say and in her preoccupation she failed to note the pattern Glenn was innocently tracing in the sand with a stick. Presto—OPC was in the picture—or rather Glenn was seen writing it.

Glenn explains to no one what OPC means. He says only that for him they stand for something very sentimental and lucky.

Joan Lorring, on the other hand, cannot pass a hitchhiker and very eloquently tells why. One night, when the hunt was on for a girl to play in "The Corn Is Green," Rhys Williams, noted Welsh actor who helped cast this film, picked up a man thumbing a ride because his car had broken down. Driving along, Rhys spoke of the difficulty they were having in finding the right girl to play *Bessie Watty*. His hitchhiker, a radio actor, immediately launched into praise of Joan with whom he had worked in radio. Interested, Rhys asked for Joan's name and address. The next day he telephoned her and she went to the Warner Studios, took a test—and got the part which launched her upon her screen career.

"I've never passed a hitchhiker since," Joan says, "in spite of all the warnings I've had about its not being safe for a young girl to pick up strange people. I have a feeling that something terrible might happen to me if I don't stop for anyone who is thumbing a ride."

Alan Ladd is the cover-up man when the shooting begins

THEATER people, highly imaginative and subject to frequent and sudden changes in fortune, are especially superstitious. Take Joan Bennett, born and bred in the theatrical tradition.

"I'm not superstitious," Joan says with her quiet smile. "It's just that I don't enjoy lighting three on a match or walking under a ladder or having in my house ivy or love birds or elephant statuettes—unless, of course, their trunks are up. As for throwing salt over your shoulder or knocking on wood—*it does* (*Continued on page* 100)

Star—going places

Conversation piece—Ingrid takes time out for chat with gate cop

Among those present—Ingrid Bergman joined the audience of patients at Birmingham Hospital for first look at picture she starred in, "Spellbound"

THE INTIMATE STORY OF

Ingrid

Movie fan Ingrid sits one out with Joseph Steele

Mother, lover, companion, the answer to man's searching dream —this is Bergman

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

IN critical times, man invents the thing he most needs, whether it be an atom bomb or a leader or a symbol.

In the flamboyant decade of the late twenties there came a woman named Garbo who answered a need, a reaching for the unattainable. Quite the reverse was the vogue for Mae West who arrived at the peak of the depression when the world wanted a lusty laugh.

Now, in the pain-ridden years of these forties, has risen another answer—the Bergman dream of a woman, a dream a man wants to keep beside him.

To him she offers the poetry of daytime, of open warmth and liberated laughter, of vitality and gentleness and companionship.

This is mother and lover and companion.

This is *Maria* and *Clio* and *Sister Benedict.*

This is Ingrid Bergman.

On her travels, mothers have brought their daughters and asked if they might meet her. "She wants to be like her," they have said to me, "and I am glad."

Once, when returning to Los Angeles on The Chief, a hatchet-faced woman strode up and slapped Bergman on the shoulder. "Hello!" she shouted. "Y'know last night when you walked through the club car, a man next to me said, 'Now, there goes a gorgeous woman!' I told him who you were and y'know what he said? 'Haven't seen a movie in ten years—never heard of Bergman. But that's my idea of a gorgeous woman!' " Whereupon the woman gave Ingrid another resounding thwack and disappeared.

During the filming of "Notorious," one of Hollywood's irresponsible columnists intimated that Cary Grant couldn't see straight because he was so "madly in love" with Bergman. Cary, who adores her (as who doesn't?) and who is the soul of decorum, raged at the implications underlying the statement. I saw the castigating note he sent by messenger to the misguided columnist.

Off-set interlude — Cary (Ingrid admirer) Grant shares joke with co-star of "Notorious"

On the receiving end—as "hello" girl

THE INTIMATE STORY OF Ingrid

The indignation sizzled and spread throughout the whole company.

In her dressing room Ingrid found a note from the make-up man: Never mind those leading men. Who ain't in love with you? Include me in! (signed) Lane Britton.

Then a petition was drawn up by the sound recorder, addressed to the hapless culprit, declaring that "we, the undersigned, are all in love with Miss Bergman," followed by the signatures of every technician and mechanic on the set.

Here, indeed, was the symbol born of the need.

SPEAKING of Greta Garbo, it is of more than passing interest that the two have never met, although four years ago they both worked on the same lot at the same time. Garbo, eternally "unattainable," never took time out to make a gracious gesture towards her countrywoman. They even passed each other on the studio street without Garbo so much as glancing in Bergman's direction. Despite this, however, Ingrid has never ventured one word of criticism and never has ceased to speak of Garbo as one of the great actresses of all time.

In all her acts and attitudes Ingrid manages with an unpretentiousness and warmth characteristic of one to whom fame has been but an adjunct of a profession.

While on her camp tour of Europe she casually wandered one day into the Red Cross in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. With-

Jack Benny giving an imitation of Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca" during a camp tour of Europe in the summer of 1945, with Ingrid playing in a "supporting" role

out ado she got a doughnut and a cup of coffee. At first no one noticed her; then slowly GIs, who never dreamed that she was in the vicinity, stared at her incredulously. She finished her coffee and just as casually departed.

At an American Youth For Democracy dinner, at which she was a guest for the purpose of presenting an award to an heroic Army nurse, she singled out of the 600 guests a soldier whom she had met two years before in Alaska. She remembered the soldier who had accompanied her to the PX and helped her buy cleansing tissue and chewing gum. The reunion was spirited.

To the horror of milliners, Ingrid Bergman never wears a hat, and when traveling carries with her only a wide-brimmed, plain black felt, which she puts on only in case of inclement weather. When she was in Ottawa she was invited to a reception at Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's palace, to be received by the Earl of Athlone and his wife, the Princess Alice.

When the royal emissaries arrived to escort us they were aghast that Miss Bergman was not wearing a hat. It seemed that women could not appear hatless before royalty. It simply was not done.

The black felt—designed strictly for travel and street wear—was the only headgear she had. "Very well," she said and, shrugging her shoulders, donned the hat, gave it a tilt, and together with her semi-formal black dress, made her appearance. The ensemble could hardly be termed voguish, but the lady carried it with grace and dignity.

On several occasions she breakfasted alone at New York's Schrafft's. Once, lingering over a morning (*Continued on page* 88)

Out of a dream. This sequence of Ingrid as a Greek goddess was cut out of "Spellbound"

Claudette Colbert, starred in "Without Reservations"

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

After a brief and unfortunate marriage to a man I discovered was a heavy drinker, I got a divorce, put our infant daughter in a boarding nursery home and went back to my old job.

For six or seven months I was able to visit Noreen every weekend. Then I took sick, lost a month's work and when I went back to work I was so broke that I didn't have car fare to go to see the baby. When I finally did get out there, I found that she had forgotten me completely. It became clear in the months that followed that I was a stranger whose presence was resented. The baby's foster mother told me that the baby would toss and turn and cry out all night after I had spent the day with her. I know that it's a strange thing to say, but my own daughter doesn't like me. She is now a little over two years, with definite personality and positive tastes, and I'm more than half afraid of her.

I am now preparing to marry a fine man whom I have known for eighteen months. We're in love and we mean to build a good life together. When I talked this over with the baby's foster mother, I thought she would lose her mind. She says that I will make the baby sick and she has implored me to let her adopt Noreen.

This woman is a fine person and loves the baby; so does her husband. As for me, I could start another family. What should I do?

Mrs. Barbara T.

Since you already feel alienated from the child and since Noreen's foster mother is so devoted to her, perhaps the best possible thing for the child—considering the possibility of an emotional upset if she were taken away—would be to leave her with the woman who has reared her thus far.

However, she is—and I say this without meaning to be mawkishly sentimental—blood of your blood and bone of your bone. There may come a time in her life when she will turn to you, having come to need the positive assurance that she belongs inalienably to someone.

For that reason, I think you should continue to pay for her care with her foster mother and that you should not give her up for adoption. If the foster mother really loves the child, and your letter would lead me to believe that she does, she will agree to these terms simply for the happiness of keeping Noreen as, apparently, her own.

In closing, may I wish you the greatest possible joy in your new marriage.

Claudette Colbert

● Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I met my girl and we fell in love. We were planning our future together when I came into the Navy. At that time a lot of girls from my home town wrote mushy letters and for fun I wrote them the same kind. My girl friend found this out and wrote me a hot letter.

After I went overseas I didn't hear from her for four months. I wrote to her, calling her down plenty. She wrote and said she was sorry and she still loved me. A week or two later I received a letter saying that her conscience was bothering her and she wanted to tell me the whole story. She had been going with another guy ever since I wrote those mushy letters.

I then wrote her an awful letter for sending me that "Dear John." I also had my buddies write what they thought of a girl who did that.

Afterwards I was sorry and apologized, but she didn't answer my letter. When I was at home last August, I knew from the way she acted when I met her accidentally that she still liked me a little—maybe more. But I had hurt her, she said. Well, she has never been hurt like she hurt me.

I'm getting my discharge in seven weeks. When I go home I'd like to see this girl and get started over again with her. Can you tell me how to do it?

Alfred M.

(*Continued on page* 96)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 77

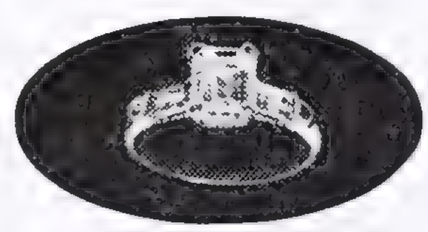
SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES Ponds'!

Soldier Shows are a specialty with Patricia. "The boys get a big kick out of costume plays," she says, "and they certainly appreciate my Pond's Cold Cream for taking off their make-up!" Her fiancé is in the Army Medical Department—program manager for the Hospital Broadcasting System.

"The nicest beauty care a girl can ask for" is what Patricia calls her jar of fragrant, snow-white Pond's Cold Cream.

Dark hair in a tiara braid . . . eyes of mermaid green . . . skin as smooth as fine porcelain

Patricia Sanford —charming young New Yorker, engaged to Sergeant Andrew Donnelly, Jr., also of New York. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Sanford, Jr.



Her ring—an emerald-cut diamond flanked by four baguettes, set in platinum.

PATRICIA SANFORD was sixteen when she first knew Andy Donnelly, and he was nineteen. "He was as unromantic as a big brother to me *then*," she says with a cute twinkle in her eyes.

Things are different now. Patricia and Andy are engaged!

She's *another* Pond's bride-to-be. *Another* girl with a soft-smooth Pond's complexion! "I adore Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia says. "It has the *nicest* feeling on my face—and leaves my skin looking so clean and smoothed." Here is her favorite Pond's creaming:

She smooths soft, snowy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly over face and throat —and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all away.

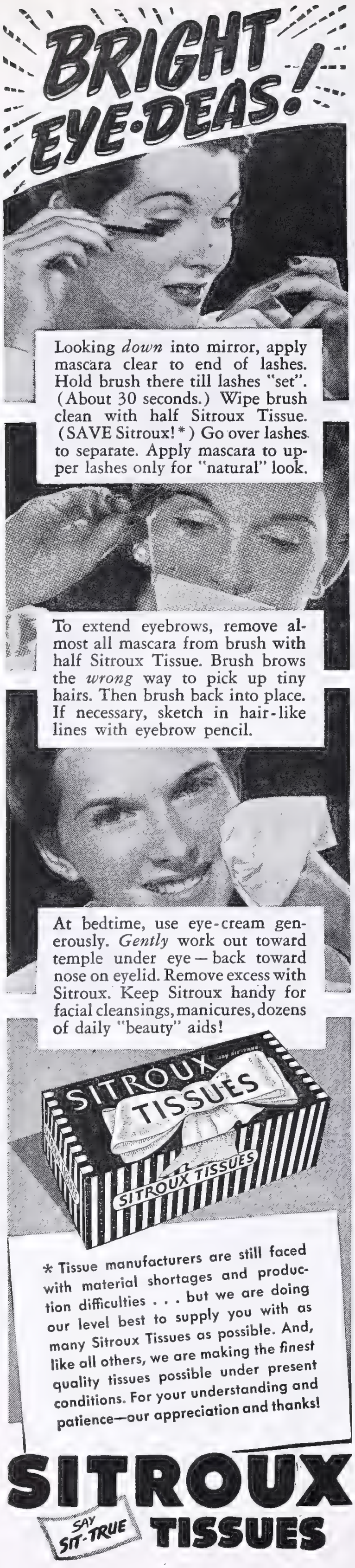
She rinses with another cream-over, swirling her fingers around in little circles. Tissues off. She thinks this extra Pond's rinse "just fine" to get her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Give *your* complexion a *double Pond's creaming* every morning, every night—and for daytime freshen-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask today for a *big* jar of Pond's.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney
Lady Doverdale
Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
The Countess of Carnarvon

P



Nibbles and Me

(*Continued from page* 33) I just could hardly wait.

I was supposed to be a girl living in the apple country on Lake Chelan, who finds a little collie pup that grows up in the end to be *Lassie*—only this time he is called *Bill*. The first thing I did when we arrived at the lake was to find the animal man, Curley Twyford, who had gone up ahead of us with all the animals, and I guess from then on I was his shadow. He has a way with him that makes you want to learn all that he knows. He can take a wild bird and in a few hours have it eating out of his mouth and doing tricks. I think the nicest compliment I ever had was when he said to Mummie, "That Elizabeth's a great girl. She's got the Twyford touch."

He is the one who gave me my first chipmunk. I'll never forget how thrilled I was when he put that soft furry little thing in my hand. He told me it might bite, but not to worry—it would quit biting if I didn't let it worry or frighten me. I had a string around its neck and I carried it around in my pocket all day. It seemed very shy at first. Then it suddenly ran out of my pocket onto my shoulder and sat there looking straight into my eyes and chirped and ran around the back of my neck under my hair to the other shoulder and inspected me from that angle. Then it ran up and down all over me and finally came back to nestle under my hair on the back of my neck.

One of the boys of the crew had made a wonderful big cage and my chipmunk loved it. It had a log in it and turf on the bottom and branches to jump around on.

NIBBLES came from the far end of Lake Chelan, up past Stehegan, where we took some of the scenes with the sheep, and where Frank Morgan, who played *Old Harry,* was supposed to live. When Mr. Morgan and the sheep were acting, I was out catching chipmunks.

When I trapped them in my box and they seemed frightened or unhappy I let them go. I let several of them out because other chipmunks came up and talked to them and seemed so worried and upset that I was afraid they might be the mother or the father of a family.

When I first caught Nibbles I already had seven others. But I knew he was the one. He knew it, too. He would look me straight in the eye and chirp away. He seemed a little disappointed that I didn't chirp back. I tried to but it wasn't quite chipmunk. But he knows what I say to him. Every few minutes he runs back to kiss me and when he eventually gets tired he'll come back to rest in my pocket or up my sleeve. He is happy with me. I know he is.

One day Mummie had a very bad cold and the company doctor wouldn't let her go on location with me. I was afraid she might be lonesome, so I left Nibbles with her. There were seven other chipmunks in their big cage and I thought they would be good company for her. But after I was gone they got to fighting, so when the doctor came to see Mummie he had the cage moved out into the hall.

Well, somehow, the trap door came ajar, and out of a sound sleep Mummie was wakened by the wildest chirping and scampering. She opened the door into the hall and there they were, leaping and jumping about on a pile of bedsprings stacked at the end of the hall. Mummie knew Nibbles was among them but they were all moving so fast that she couldn't tell him from the others, so she decided to catch them all. So she made a trail of seeds and nuts leading from the springs to inside our room.

Finally she got them all into our room. Leaving the cage door open, Mummie went into the bathroom and peeked around the corner to see what they would do. They climbed the curtains. They jumped from one curtain rod to another.

Nibbles, the adventurous one, decided to explore the bathroom. He ran across her toes, up her dressing gown. Then he was off in a flash . . . and with a loud splash he landed plunk in the middle of the toilet bowl.

Poor Nibbles—there was only one thing to do—give him a bath. Mummie held him in one hand and soaped him with the other. Then, to sweeten him up, she gave him some of my pine-oil bubble suds.

So that was how Nibbles came to have his first bubble bath.

Mummie dried him and put him in her pocket to keep him warm until he fully regained his composure. Then he was quite content to go into his traveling dressing room. Mummie put him in there all by himself until his sweet smell wore off, as she was afraid the other chipmunks might turn up their noses at him and think he'd gone Hollywood.

ONE day Eleanor, the hairdresser (Eleanor and Tommie, the wardrobe girl were with us all through "National Velvet," and we just love them both), was setting my hair. I was playing with Nibbles when someone called me and, with Nibbles on the back of my hand, I went to the window and opened the screen.

There was a vine with little red berries all over the building and Nibbles scampered off to feast on the berries. I was panicky and started out the window head first. Fortunately, Eleanor grabbed one foot and Tommie the other and they held onto me while I dangled head down. Then I saw Nibbles. He was sitting on the vine looking up at me. I could hardly reach him but he hopped toward me, onto my arm and into my hand.

Mummie rounded the corner of the building just as Tommie and Eleanor were hauling me in. They were worn out! I guess I am more or less like a young horse at least I'm no featherweight to go dangling out windows, but aside from it being a little rough on certain developing places, I was no worse for wear.

As soon as I knew when we were leaving location I had a lot to do getting my family organized for the journey. One of the crew made a darling little traveling box for Nibbles. The others were to come on the animal boat, with all the other animals we had used in the picture.

When we got home to Beverly Hills and saw all the dogs and cats, it was wonderful.

They were all very curious about the new addition. If sniffing says anything in dog and cat language, there certainly was a lot of conversation about Nibbles.

The next day I could hardly wait to get to the studio to show all my friends Nibbles. I put a string around his neck and put him in my pocket. Can you imagine how surprised everyone was. Some of the stars (ladies) screamed and thought he was a mouse . . . but when he fluffed up his tail they thought he was a darling.

The first day I took him to lunch with me in the commissary, he caused quite a furore. When Howard Strickling, the head of the publicity department, telephoned to the commissary for me to come to his office, I thought we were in for it. Mr. Strickling said, "Well, Elizabeth, we've had a discussion about your chipmunk. As you know, animals *are not allowed* in the commissary—*but*—in this particular case, we want you to know that we have decided

o make an exception. We are *delighted* vith the behavior of Nibbles."

Aren't people wonderful?

After that Nibbles went with me everyvhere.

He even had interviews. The nicest ones vere with Maxine Arnold of Photoplay nd Sara Salzer of Screen Guide. And ow he loves having his picture taken!

One day when we were going to an nterview we ran into Hedda Hopper. She vas all dressed up and looking very lovely, nd I introduced her to Nibbles. She hought he was darling and put out her and to him whereupon he, with one rand swish of his beautiful tail, leaped ghtly onto her hand. He ran straight p her arm, under her coat sleeve! Now you've never had a chipmunk run around nder your arm, you just can't imagine ow it feels. It's the most terrific tickle n the world. I'm used to it, but poor Iedda wasn't. She screamed and laughed wonderful laugh that made everyone run ut just in time to see her skinning out f her coat like a streak of lightning. veryone was roaring—everyone but Nibles. He meets everybody. He even knows Ir. Louis B. Mayer.

IBBLES loves cake and ice cream with hot chocolate sauce. Our mutual fondess for ice cream was partly the reason for ıy breaking my foot. We had lingered ver our dessert a bit too long when we uddenly realized it was almost time for my nging lesson. I was learning "Summerme," one of my favorite songs, and I idn't want to be a minute late so I handed ibbles to Mummie and said, "Take Nibs nd I'll run on ahead."

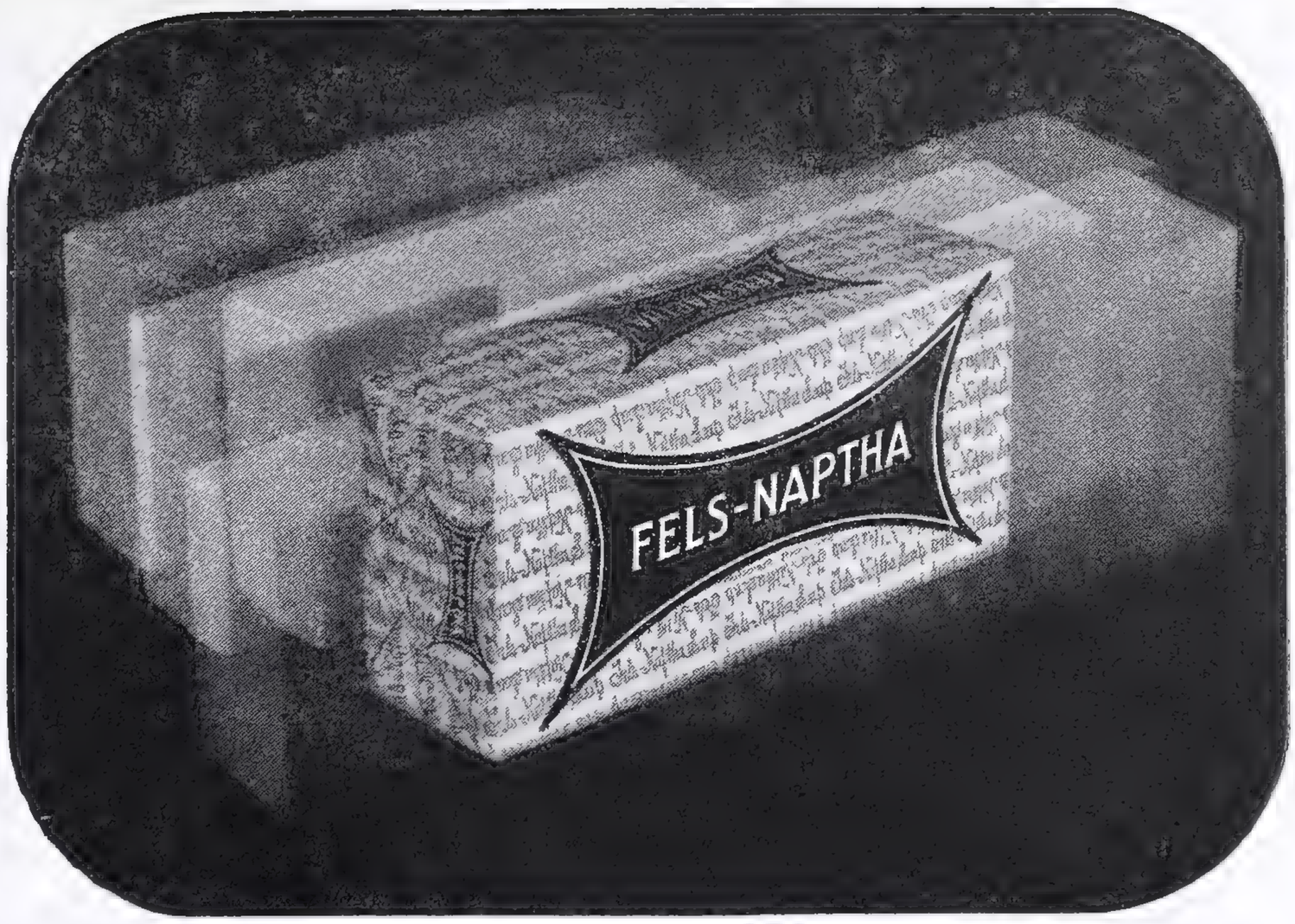
I had hardly said it before I lunged orward, but my right foot stayed on the oor (my heel caught on a seam of the noleum) and my body with all the horseower of my forward lunge came down n my foot. I heard the bone break. I reamed it hurt so and I couldn't move. Iummie and a policeman lifted me up and e chief of police called the ambulance.

It's awful on the lot when you hear e ambulance coming—everyone is so orried. So when they took me in the mbulance and I saw everyone looking sad, I sat up and laughed very loud nd waved to them so they wouldn't feel nhappy but would just think I was havg a joy ride. And they did. They ought that Nibs and I were up to some ischief. When the doctor set my foot nd put it in a cast I held on tight to ibbles' traveling case and the first thing knew the cast was on—and we had eathered that storm.

The next big event in our lives was my irthday, February twenty-seventh. The ne thing in the world I wanted was King harles (or *The Pi,* as he was called in National Velvet"). I had finally talked Iummie and Daddy into letting me buy im, and every day for a week I had been oing up to Mr. Thau's office, but he was ff the lot and didn't come in. So the day efore my birthday I was feeling so low ecause I didn't even know whether they ould sell him to me or not now that he as a big star, getting fan mail and all, nd him costing such a lot of money. My eart was very heavy and I told Marjory eeves, Mr. Thau's secretary, all about it. he said, "Don't worry, Elizabeth, you go ome and I'll talk to Mr. Thau about it."

The next day—the most wonderful irthday in all my life—Marjory called up nd said, "Happy Birthday, Elizabeth, and Ir. Thau wants to speak to you."

My heart stood still, and then as I heard hat he had to say I screamed, "Jeepers." Iummie said I screamed "Jeepers" three mes and jumped straight up in the air ach time, Nibbles on my shoulder jumpg with me, and the tears rolling down

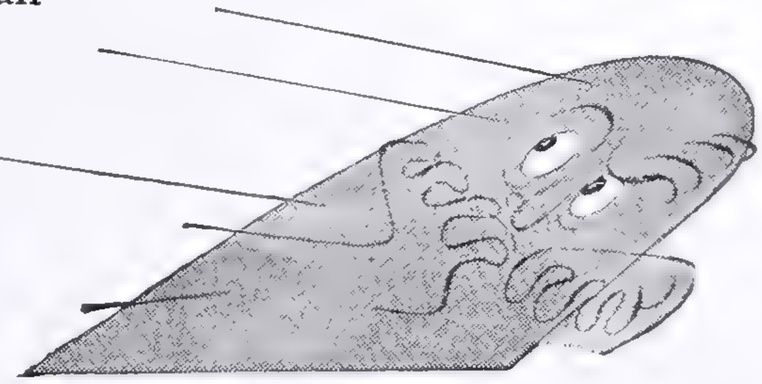


How Many Soaps IN A BAR OF FELS-NAPTHA ?

Well . . . we're still counting. Letters from housekeepers who discover new uses for Fels-Naptha Soap are almost a daily occurrence. They tell us there's hardly a spot from attic to cellar that can't be improved by the Fels-Naptha treatment.

This much *we* know: there isn't one piece of family apparel, from rough deeply soiled work clothes to sheer and dainty infant wear that can't be washed cleaner, with gentler handling of fabric and with less work—by Fels-Naptha Soap.

We know the reason, too. It's the Fels way of blending gentle, active naptha with good, mild soap, that makes Fels-Naptha such an extra fine laundry soap—and all-round household cleanser.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

my face. I can still hear Mr. Thau saying, "Elizabeth, we're *giving* you King Charles for your birthday!" If you've ever loved a horse as I love that horse, you'll understand.

It all started on the third of July. Daddy and Mummie had arranged with the studio that I was to have a month's holiday. We were going fishing with Uncle Howard in northern Wisconsin.

UNCLE Howard's house was on Lake Kiwangesagee (or Lake Minocqua, as it is sometimes called). Uncle Howard loves Nibbles and he thought it was wonderful for me to have such a wonderful little pet and companion. He said as long as I loved chipmunks and horses, I was safe. Nibbles was quite content to sit and smell the flowers. Only he wouldn't smell them, he would tear them apart. He loved to sit on the back of a chair looking out the window.

One day he sat there so long and so still, looking out of the window, my heart began aching for him . . . wondering whether he would like to be out in the woods where he really belonged. I felt my heart would break if he went off and I never saw him again. And yet I felt if *he wanted* to go, it was wrong to keep him.

I talked it over with Mummie. She said, "It's up to you, darling, to make your own decision."

I *couldn't decide!* So I went for a walk in the woods. My heart was crying out for the answer. Then it came.

Howard called to me to come and see a chipmunk he had caught. I went over to him and there was such a poor, frightened, frantic little animal—

I said, "Oh, please, Howard, let him go—"

And he said, "Why don't you let Nibbles go if you feel so sorry?"

Then I told Howard that I was trying to let Nibbles go and I asked him to help me be strong. He said I should let him go and that we could turn them both loose together.

I held Nibbles to my face and kissed and kissed him. I leaned down and set him free on the grass—then Howard opened the trap and let his chipmunk out. Like a streak, he was off into the woods. Nibbles fluffed out his tail and chirped and started off. I thought that was the end of everything—*but he did look happy*—that was something. He ran to the edge of the wood . . . then he stopped to eat an acorn he found. My heart cried out to him, "Goodbye, Nibbles"—and then—the next thing I knew—he ran to me and jumped up on my skirt and *into my hand.*

Oh, I can't describe what I felt! *Then* there was no more doubt. He was *mine—by his own choice!*

After that it was such a happy holiday. We fished and had wonderful picnics.

All too soon came the time to go home. We left Wisconsin in the morning, and the news of V-J day came just as we were pulling out of Milwaukee.

When we arrived in Chicago the town was wild. As we walked down Michigan Boulevard, we were so surprised to find in all the excitement that crowds of people recognized me as "Velvet" and wanted my autograph. It made me feel very happy.

We went into a beautiful church and sat there almost alone and prayed. Why didn't more people come in to pray and thank God? There were only a dozen or so when we were there. . . . But I'm sure they were praying in their own way wherever they were.

The next morning I shall *never* forget as long as I live. It involved Nibbles' most hair-raising and, I hope, the last adventure I am to record in this book.

It happened like this.

We were all exhausted next morning from getting to bed so late.

Nibbles was furious with me and scolded me like anything for sleeping so late. I just let him scold away until Mummie got me up. Then we closed the windows and turned him loose for his morning playtime.

NIBBLES was having a lovely time running all around.

Then, all of a sudden, we all became conscious of a dreadful silence. I rushed to the windows. There was no way he could get out, but I *knew* something had happened to him. I was frantic.

I tried to relax, but I couldn't. Something told me he was in trouble. Mummie knew it, too. We began looking *everywhere* for him. Daddy took the beds apart to see if there was a hole in the box springs or mattress he could have crawled into.

By this time even Daddy was convinced that something had happened to him. But what? We were helpless, *absolutely* helpless—and we knew it. After a moment's silence, Mummie said, "Let's ask God for guidance."

And with all our hearts we did. I was still talking to God when I heard Mummie open the door into the hall. I followed her. There was a door open and a maid was running a carpet-sweeper. Mummie told her we had lost our pet chipmunk and she said, "Oh, *that* thing—he was in here and we all tried to kill him, but we couldn't corner him, so we took the door off the fire escape and chased him out there."

Mummie looked up and down the fire escape, but not a sign of him. We were both praying with all our hearts. Then Mummie came in—and the next instant—*right in the place where Mummie had been standing*—there suddenly *appeared Nibbles!* He must have been clinging to the side of the stone building and from there jumped to the fire escape and landed squarely on two of the iron railings. He is so little he could have fallen in between them, but there he was balancing on that slippery iron railing. Eight flights up.

He was shaking all over. I crept to the door, talking to him all the time, and lay down flat on my stomach on the fire escape and reached out to where he was. He could hardly wait to creep into my hand. As I closed my hand gently around him, I could feel his tiny body trembling. . . . We were speechless. We just sat there on the floor with our hearts brimming over with thankfulness.

We left Chicago that night. I didn't let Nibbles out of my sight. When the porter made up our room, when we went into the diner, Nibbles was right there. People were so amazed. They had never seen a chipmunk traveling by train before. I expect he really is the world's most traveled chipmunk.

When we finally got home, Twinkle, my cocker spaniel, was off her head with joy. She adores Nibbles.

I made some drawings of them. Twinkle posed quite nicely, but Nibbles, as usual, was all over the place. He loves to have his picture taken—but only if I am there. I have to be in all his photographs.

Howard says that's because when he sees me he still thinks he's running wild. That is not meant to be a compliment—but somehow I think it is.

Perhaps someone will write a moving picture for Nibbles. Then you could see him in action—and see through your own eyes, instead of mine, that he is the cutest, sweetest, most adorable, *and adored* chipmunk in

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Oh, O'Hara!

(*Continued from page* 47) at the box office.

Then there's the dictum about the advisability of having sophistication. Maureen has none and makes no bones about it. She's almost Victorian in her properness. Good manners to her are a must. "If a man takes off his hat when I'm in an elevator I feel—like a queen!" she says. She believes rushing around should be cut down by more forethought, so that the outward courtesies can speak of the inner heart.

Moreover, if a bold leading man should wink at her or attempt to be personal, she is honestly shocked. In her code married women don't flirt.

This has proved no mean bulwark in her marriage to Will Price, RKO's talented young writer-director who has just returned from overseas service with the Marines. It was on her third day in Hollywood, when she was testing for her first lead, that she met the friendly looking, helpful dialogue director. True to form, Maureen was impressed because he flung no line, because he was a gentleman with a nice sense of humor.

Two weeks later he was her first Hollywood date. They went together then for two and a half years. Securing her parents' consent, even though they were in Dublin, she formally announced her engagement. She had a real church wedding in his home state, Mississippi.

WHEN war came, Will, to Maureen's intense pride, chose to do it the hard way, ignoring Hollywood pull and registering as Will Price from Mississippi. He took his Marine boot training at San Diego and every weekend Maureen maneuvered onto the jammed day coach down and back. Her desire to be with him had no competition from Hollywood invitations.

This was a time when she utilized to full advantage the fact that dressed inconspicuously she can go almost anywhere without being gaped at. With a bandana tied around her head and no spectacular makeup to betray her, no one ever guessed she was famous as she sat on chair arms or stood in vestibules on her weekend trips to see Will. She stood in line with all the other wives seeking permission for their husbands to come out and talk.

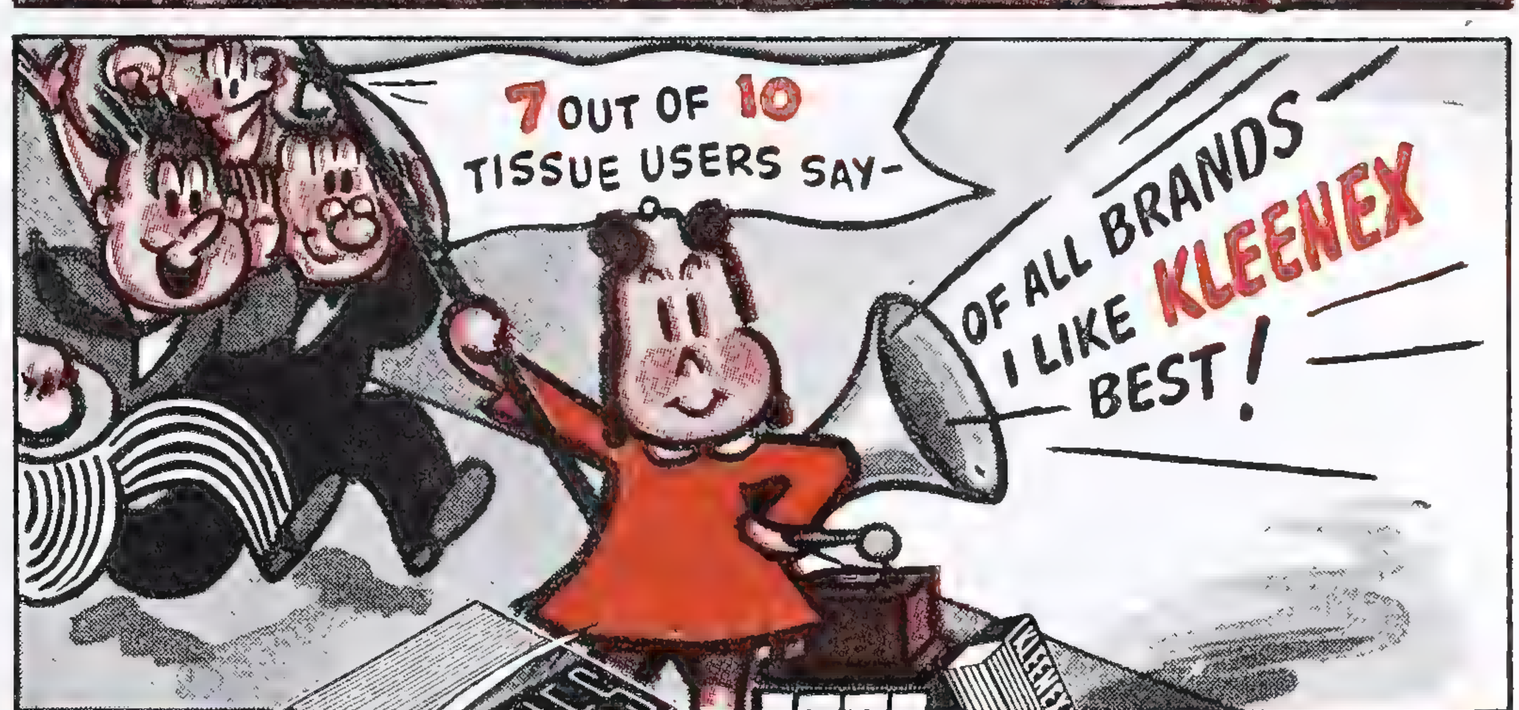
Maureen has plenty of ingenuity, however. She was tipped off by a fellow wife that only so many husbands were allowed to visit, and women from near-by homes were often told to come back in another week or so. From then on she was always Mrs. Price from clear up San Francisco-way.

When Will was sent to Quantico for his officer training, Maureen, with no trumpeting to the columnists, went east to be with him. She lived there for five months, although she could see him only on Sundays. "At least I was in the same area. Sue Daly, my stand-in, was married to a sergeant in the Marines who had been sent there, so she and her little girl went ahead and got an apartment. It was on the top floor and in our five months together I fought cockroaches and lice with her from morning till night." Ironically enough, Sue's husband was sent back to California on temporary duty which lasted all the time they were East!

Meanwhile, Will got his commission at Quantico and thereupon made seventy-nine training films for the Marine Corps. One was so outsanding on the treatment of enemy prisoners that it was taken into Japan for use as a Marine manual. When he went overseas he was in the Iwo Jima invasion, a tense, stark time for Maureen.

It was while he was in the South Pacific that she negotiated her present wonderful contract with Twentieth Century-Fox,

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful by Marge



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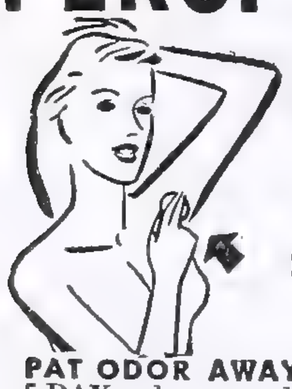

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BETTER—5 DAY under arm pads are moist with an amazingly effective perspiration stopper.
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GIANT size $1

5 DAY
UNDER ARM PADS
PAT ODOR AWAY IN 2 SECONDS

whereby she is paid a handsome stipend fifty-two weeks a year for seven years, no ifs or buts or options. She didn't do it alone; as always on far-reaching matters, she outlined everything to Will—this time by mail.

She will retire upon completion of her present contract and she will be thirty years old then. Before that time it is her hope that she will have won an Academy Award. She knows that so far she's been chiefly decorative. This knowledge was part of the specific plan which accounts for her current vogue. Early in her Hollywood days she was advised to get box-office strength first before angling for fine acting roles. Color films, she decided were the answer.

Yet sensational as she is in Technicolor, as you know if you have seen "The Spanish Main," she had to fight for her initial break. Now it can be told—how she smuggled her first color test out so it would do her some good. She was ideal in it, was promised an outstanding starring role by a studio which was arranging to borrow her. Then a girl under contract finagled the part and the loan was off. The studio wanted to keep its O'Hara Technicolor test in its files, just on general principles. She wanted it so her agent could show it elsewhere as a sample of how she photographed out of black and white. A few kind friends managed to slip it out where it could be seen as a selling point. That was how she was "discovered" for Technicolor. But even in black and white as she appears in "Sentimental Journey" Maureen is sensational.

She doesn't let her wardrobe gum up her life. She's had to learn style, for her mother was with her at first and selected her clothes. Maureen began by buying the prettiest things she could see, in average hit-or-miss manner, when she assumed this responsibility. It was through wanting to please Will that she acquired true fashion sense. She doesn't squander a cent. Her one big luxury to date is a splendid mink coat. It has great shoulders, full sleeves, and she adores opening it to show you how the skins are superbly fitted. As a top star, she owns just two evening gowns, both strapless — one a blue brocade lined with magenta taffeta in a ballerina style, and the other a shell pink, silhouetted lame — three dinner dresses; eight tailored suits; four daytime dresses and lots of shoes, gloves, bags and belts. She goes to custom designers and also to the best Los Angeles shops where she's made friends with the head salesgirls.

Beauty parlors never see her. Aside from creaming her face at night, she uses only soap and water on her fair skin and lipstick is her only off-screen make-up. She avoids suntan because she freckles. Her lovely titian hair is no problem. She brushes it and sets it herself. Her perfect figure she maintains by a doctor-prescribed diet, which she follows carefully. Sometimes this is an effort, for she frankly loves to eat.

Probably her closest companion is Nancy Gates, a sweet girl from Texas. They met when Nancy won a supporting role in one of Maureen's films a few years ago. Nancy's mother had to return home during the shooting of the picture and asked Maureen to look out for Nancy. Maureen did, found her such a genuinely nice girl that she asked her to stay at the O'Hara home when Will first went overseas.

There's no stauncher booster for family life than O'Hara, so when Will's younger brother, a captain in the Navy, visited them it was Maureen who played Cupid. She introduced him to Nancy. Now she expects to be matron of honor at their wedding in Texas this summer. Meantime, Bronwyn, Maureen's two-year-old daughter, screams with joy wherever she sights "Nanchy," who frequently helps take care of her.

CHILDREN (note the plural) are slated for a prominent part in Maureen's life. She asserts there is no substitute. Her Bronwyn gets the most devoted care, the movie working schedule being adjusted accordingly. A camera addict, with albums sentimentally filled, Maureen takes snapshots of the first Price child at every spare moment. Thus Will was able to see Bronwyn grow up even though he was overseas.

While her Marine was away she consulted him by mail on every detail of their mutual interests, thus utilizing wisely their enforced wartime separation. Until then she'd not had to cope with decisions. Now Will's back she's once more made him the positive head of their household. And he's grinning at her new maturity.

Maureen's emphasis on home life is absolutely sincere. She had looked forward to attending the Academy Awards this last winter when Will was home again, had her pink evening gown duly pressed. But Will was tired that evening, had a big day coming up. So they didn't step out, and, furthermore, she didn't complain. She wants, most of all, what he wants.

They budget carefully. One night a week her part-time secretary comes up to the house and they go over bills (she pays her bills with unerring promptness) and urgent fan letters. Her most devoted fan sent her an ever-expanding bracelet; each time she makes a new film along comes a link with the picture's name on one side, and her character's name engraved on the other.

She's one actress who invariably takes all her screen make-up off and bathes in her dressing room before leaving the studio. So at home she always looks, to quote Maureen, "clean and like a

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woman." They eat what Will wants to eat, go to bed early when he wants to. They share a passion for good music, so it's prominent in their life. They went to a concert at the Hollywood Bowl on their first date, and always take a box there for the musical season. Maureen prefers operatic melodies, then symphonic arrangements, in records. For instrumental, she picks the piano for its strength. She can't play anything herself, but is now attempting to master the guitar. Only she calls it a "monkey-pod," the GI term.

Will's pet name for her is Snooks, and when she's most affectionate towards him she exclaims, "Why, Will Price!"

Every Monday night the Prices dine out with regularity. They never go to a swanky cafe, but are always searching for some new little restaurant with good food. No one's ever asked along then. If they're not working the next day, they stop in at a neighborhood movie. Work days see them arising at 6 A.M.

THE Bob Crosbys are their best friends. The Crosbys have four children, and there is a continual exchange between the two homes, in baby clothes and baby minding. Maureen habitually takes the Crosby children to Sunday School, as it fits in with her church-going time.

She's self-conscious about her tardiness, a trait yet to be rectified. Her chief fault is procrastination. After outlining her plans, she's apt to do all but the one thing she dislikes most, and then beamingly alibis, "But look at all I've accomplished!"

It's in the furnishing of their new residence that Maureen's her truest self. Since she's kept in such close touch with her own big family, and adores Will's (she and Will flew to Mississippi for two months of visiting there last Christmas) the new Price home reflects in size and permanency this love of large families. The rambling Monterey stucco with its tile roofs and many rooms is being furnished slower than they thought. They had to move the day before she started "Sinbad the Sailor," but at least some of the carpeting was down. Maureen, with her bandana around her head, had scoured the town for weeks. "We have to have carpet on the stairways so if Bronwyn should fall, she'll bounce! I can't go home if I don't find some. They all want about forty dollars a square foot!"

Bronwyn, as her contribution to the decor, applied Mom's lipstick to the green carpet in the dining room. Will's chair almost covers that!

On his own first day off Will toured the town, found some red, green and white plaid wool at Sears for den draperies, and hurried home lugging twenty-five yards of it.

"Some of that would make a nice dress!" hummed Maureen. "You can't have furniture made, you can't get fabrics, everything costs five times as much as before, and some of our windows will go without drapes for a year!"

Will's mother has the second-best camellia garden in the world, and he has fortunately inherited her green thumb. So their new garden will truly bloom.

Maureen's only big unsatisfied want is her delayed trip back to Ireland. She can hardly wait for time enough off to get Will and Bronwyn on an Atlantic Clipper. Almost seven years have passed since she has seen her father. Her older sister is a nun, and her two younger sisters have become actresses in her footsteps there. Both are married. Her incredibly handsome brother Charlie is a twenty-one-year-old lawyer, and James, the baby, is now seventeen. She wants to present the first grandchild there, as she already has to the Prices in Mississippi. Shure, and it'll be a great day for the Irish!

THE END

Tending the baby made mom rush like mad

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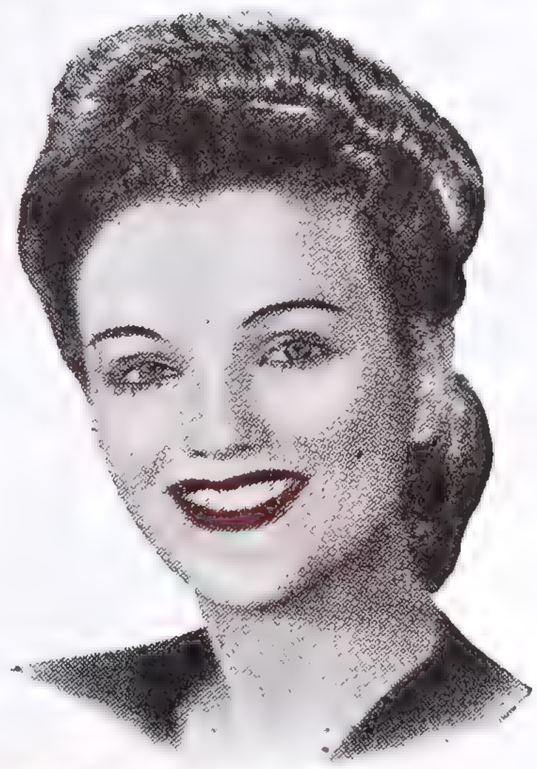

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(*Continued from page* 41) interests. Until we began going around together, I had my dates all classified. When I wanted to ride horseback, I went with some member of the "horsey" set. When I felt like night-clubbing, I answered the telephone calls from someone of that crowd. I didn't dream until I met Guy that there could be a boy who liked to do all these things—who'd like weinie roasts on the beach *and* dogging up in white tie and tails to dance at Mocambo or to sit around listening to records *and* going out bow and arrow hunting. Every girl knows how it is—we're forever reading about the necessity of our being full of diversity, of being nine personalities in one in order to hold male attention. Let me report, therefore, that it is keen when a girl encounters the reverse—a chap who has a lot of sides to *his* character.

Guy has. He's sincere and yet he's light hearted. He's ambitious and intelligent but at the same time he has no intention of working so hard that he'll be the richest man in the graveyard. He knows swing and he enjoys symphonies; doesn't know one from the other but he likes the favorites, such as "Claire de Lune." He can't ride at all but he swims like a tuna. I can only dog-paddle in the water but I can ride. So he's teaching me to swim and I'm teaching him to ride. Kicks!

Kicks! That's Guy's word. Everything is kicks to him—a pleasure, an excitement. Not that everything has to be all red, red roses to him or mad, mad wine. He'll say "kicks" just because it's a clear, blue day with a fine, fresh breeze blowing in from the Pacific. He'll say "kicks" because we're out with Diana and Henry and he has, at very long last, mastered the box step of the rumba.

It was through Diana Lynn and Henry Willson that we met. Di is my best friend. Henry is his. We two met during the war when Di was running around with a local swain who had a friend who was shipping out overseas. We made a foursome—Di and her date, me and the friend—and danced until it was time for the fellow to shove off. He slipped out alone. That was the way he wanted his farewell, but just as he left, we looked up and saw Henry Willson entering with a positively sensational sailor.

Henry is one of the nicest people on earth and his companion was Mr. M., of course, wearing those bell-bottomed trousers. Di, her date and I joined them. It was all right. Guy and I didn't make a date that night. We couldn't have, even if we had wanted to. Guy was only up on a weekend pass from North Island, down near San Diego, where he was stationed. But I did learn that he was headed for Hollywood when he was discharged, and that news didn't annoy me one bit.

WHEN they turned Guy back into being a civilian last summer, he started to work at RKO, which is right at the end of the same short street where Paramount, my studio, is. What's more, Selznick sent him over to the diction coach on my lot. It meant we two kept bumping into one another every night as we were heading for home. When Guy discovered that I still lived with my parents down in Westwood, at a place where we can practically stretch our arms from the Russell living room and be in the Pacific, that was for him. He murmured something about liking beaches. I murmured something about what did he do Sundays and that was that.

I must tell you that the way my folks, particularly my dad, went for Guy at their first meeting was nothing short of atomic. Now both Mother and Dad move about in a daze over him. He is but their dreamboat. They definitely like him better than any date I've ever had. But that's okay. I do, too.

Having been brought up near the water, I can take beaches or let them alone. That lying out in the sun, turning over every hour on the hour for the benefit of your tan, does not add up to the summit of life's ambitions to me. After all, how brown can you get? Until I knew Guy, all I asked of my own swimming ability was that I could keep afloat. But such a lazy attitude was not enough for the Madison. He's expert and he wanted me to be, too. As he said he'd teach me, without any struggle at all I agreed to learn. But I got even with him for being so slick at his sport when I led him out to a corral. He barely knew which end of a horse faces. And as for his dancing—brother!

Diana and Henry, Guy and I became so thick we called ourselves the Gold Dust Foursome. We are always going on double dates somewhere, though they are much more city slickers than we are—more given to exclusively dressed-up clambakes. Guy and I also have wonderful times on beach parties, mostly sun-tanning and drinking milk.

Here I must interrupt this history to report Madison's greatest weakness. Milk to him is what whiskey was to Ray Milland in "The Lost Weekend." Milk he must have, at all hours of the day and night. He stows milk away in the back of his car when we start out for a drive, for all the world the way other people stow away gin. I've seen him toss off a quart of moo-juice at a sitting and never blink one of his sun-burned eyelashes. When RKO cast him for his first big role in "Till the End of Time," we used to go driving in his car and rehearse his scenes, me playing the Dorothy McGuire part (and don't I wish I really had!) and Guy playing his own. And what did we have with us? That's right—milk. Milk and hamburgers.

That's practically all Guy eats—hamburgers or steak, milk and salads. He really goes for salads with big blobs of mayonnaise. For dinner he always wants steak and salad—and his favorite place to dine is one where the lights and the music are low, but if you give him that combination he'd just as soon have it be some quiet little place with two tables and a juke box as Romanoff's or Chasen's—in fact, he prefers the former.

I must tell you, while I'm still on this milk route, about the time he was driving me home at two o'clock in the morning. We'd been dancing with Di and Henry—and on the way to the Russell locale, Guy got milk-hungry. There wasn't a place open between Hollywood and the beach. I suddenly recalled we'd used every drop of milk in our house earlier that morning. "But I want a glass of milk," said Guy, as though that were enough to cause cows to pop up in Wilshire Boulevard right in front of us.

Just then we passed the house of a girl friend of mine. Her lights were on. Guy had never met her. "Want to go in here and see if we can raise a glass of milk?" I asked. "Sure," said Guy. We went in, raided the icebox and he killed a pint. He wasn't the least bit abashed. That's the way he is, simple and direct.

Except, as I started to say, about dancing. On the dance floor the shortest distance between two points for Guy was on your toes. We used to sit and watch Henry and Di tear into a mean samba. Finally I said, "If you don't learn to rumba and samba, I'll kill you!"

"Dancing means that much to you?" asked Madison.

"It does," said I.

No more was said. He began taking lessons secretly.

But then he paid me off on that score, too, by insisting that I learn bow-and-arrow hunting (*Continued on page* 76)

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A cool Galey & Lord sheer which offers you sophisticated simplicity. Designed by Sacson. Also in lime or gray. 10-20. Under $10.00 at R. H. White's, Boston, Mass., and The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, O.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 82.

(*Continued from page* 74) Now I've admitted I like men rugged. I'll add that I also like life rugged. Why, I don't know. Maybe it's because I spent my littlest girlhood on a Michigan farm. Lately Paramount loaned me to Republic for "The Angel and the Outlaw" opposite John Wayne. (Guess which one I play!) We went on location to a dot in the Arizona desert called Sedona, lived in tents, ate mostly off paper plates—and I loved every minute of it. But there again, comes in the diversity of Madison. He loves it rough, too, and he is positively fantastic when it comes to that bow-and-arrow work. When he shoots an arrow into the air, it doesn't come to earth but sticks straight through whatever was his target. So to keep up with this *Robin Hood* in him, I'm having to learn to do likewise.

Every twice in a while, somebody moseys up to me and asks, "What are you thinking about the future?" I reply I never think about the future—because the future has never failed to happen yet—and Guy and I are still young enough to have a lot of it before us—and the present is practically perfect.

Kicks! That's Guy's word meaning everything is pretty elegant. It's my word, meaning the same, particularly when it comes to a character whose initials are G. M.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions

Night and Day . . . you'll be the one

Summer holidays are an invitation to romance—be ready for it!

DOROTHY LAMOUR who was born in New Orleans on December 14, 1914, won a beauty contest in 1931—sang at the famous Stork Club—signed with Paramount in 1936 to become the darling of that lot—married William Ross Howard, III, on April 7, 1943—and became the joyful mother of John Ridgely Howard on January 8, 1946

Left, for moonlight anywhere, a short dancing dress dramatized by a black lace yoke and a soft satin bow. Designed by Nite Club in "House of Burgess" black crepe. 10-18. Under $20.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Union Co., Columbus, O.

Right, you'll make such a gay and good-looking partner in this sport dress with its new push-up sleeves. Tailored by Peerless. A "Backbone" fabric of spun rayon and aralac. In melon, tan or aqua. 12-20. About $11.00 at Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa., or Titche-Goettinger, Dallas, Tex.

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A Midsummer Day Dream . . . *in which you also will be dreamy at nigh*

BONITA GRANVILLE, now twenty-three, made her first movie when she was a little girl of seven. She's 5′2″, weighs 103 pounds and is fondly known as "Bun." See her in United Artists' "Breakfast in Hollywood," and Monogram's "Suspense"

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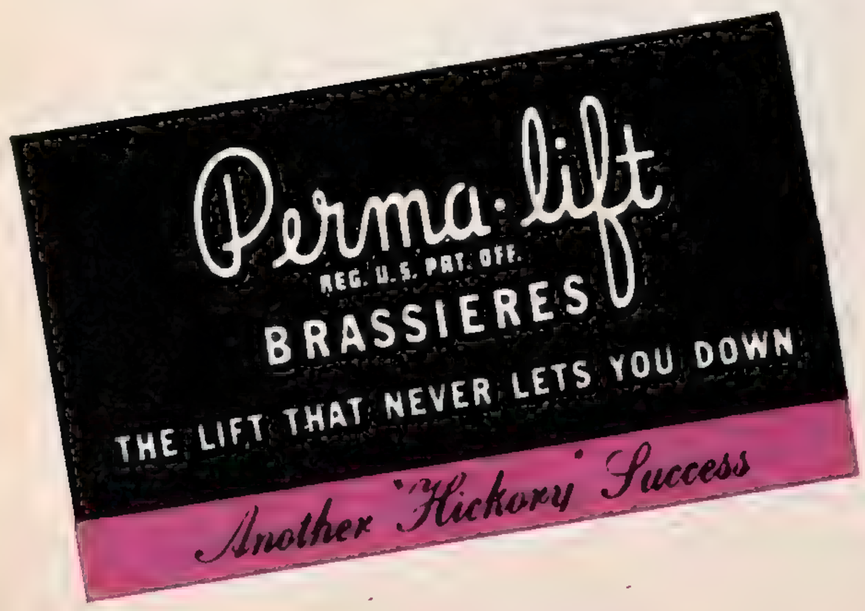

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Ways and means of getting the most out of every breeze when the mercury hits 100 degrees (not to mention the humidity!):

The new loose short jackets are wonderful. Make a couple of them from gingham, pique or any other cool fabric. With such a free-swinging jacket and a skirt you'll be set for coolness and chic.

Tie your hair up loosely in pale tinted tulle and anchor it with your favorite flower (real, please). This is strictly for evening and looks dreamy with light or dark clothes. It's also practical for "let's drive with the top down."

Jumpers are cool and you will be too in one made of a sheer fabric. Wear it with a low-necked short-sleeved blouse.

Make a Juliet cap of daisies to compliment a dark dress. And tie a band of daisies on each wrist.

Those new oh-so-open sandals look wonderful laced up with colored ribbon. Try red on one side and white on the other for a gay effect.

Put an under-the-chin black velvet ribbon on your big straw hat. Not only will this keep your bonnet on when the wind blows but when it hangs down your back, swinging on its ribbons, you'll look like Nell Gwynn.

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Print with cape attached
Junior League Frocks
1372 Broadway
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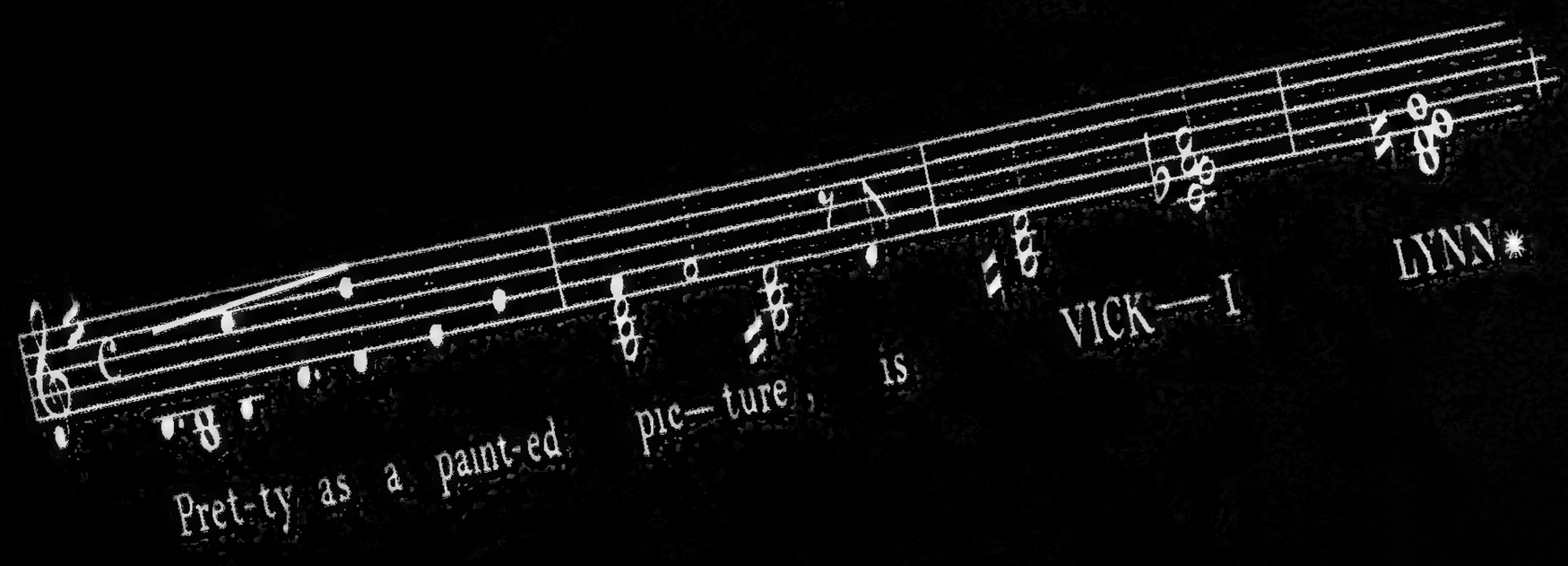

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CHECK IN FOR FALL in this debonair ALLURA Suit. The checks are pert and racy ... the styling is soft and sweetly feminine ... shirtwaist sleeves ... that pretty belted waistline and the yoke with it's intriguing Harlequin effect. Worth a check? You'll say so! 100% Wool fabric loomed for us by STEVENS. Sizes 9-15. Around $35.
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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Yellow—in every shade—is a favorite with the beautiful Hollywood gals at the moment. And very flattering it is to most of them. Combined with gray it's divine, of course.

Which reminds us of Irene Dunne's favorite dinner gown . . . When she wore it to the Beverly Hills Club men turned admiring eyes upon her—women too! The bodice was mimosa yellow crepe. The two-tiered skirt was yellow chiffon, polka-dotted with tiny gray velvet bows. Irene wore pale gray elbow-length gloves, two diamond snowflake pins clipped to the bodice and matching yellow sandals. A gray fox stole kept the cool evening breezes off her shoulders.

At the opening of the new cherry dining room at the Aquacade, Marsha Hunt on the terrace beside the Beverly Wilshire pool was a symphony in chartreuse and yellow. Her slightly draped print dress had everything from tiny pale yellow blossoms to large orangy flowers on its vivid chartreuse background. Over her shoulders was a loose three-quarter coat of chartreuse gabardine. Her hat was a small-brimmed sailor, the brim loaded with spring flowers duplicating the colors in the dress. Her accessories, bag, gloves and shoes were a soft warm brown. With her reddish brown hair and pale clear skin she was something to write home about.

Everybody is mad on the subject of carves—for street, cocktail or evening clothes. The movie belles wear them in every possible way—around bare shoulders (strapless formal gowns are still the favorites), tied to the belts of sportswear and, in the old-fashioned way, around the neck too.

Ann Blyth, lunching at the Farmers' Market in a slim and sleek pale gray semi-sports dress, wore two scarves tied together for a waist-hugging belt. One was bright red and the other bright yellow. The end of one, hem length, looked soft and floaty when she walked around saying hello to friends. Gray shortie gloves and a gray draped turban completed the picture.

Stoles are seen everywhere and are made from every possible fabric—in brocades for evening, cotton for daytime and fur for all occasions.

Olivia de Havilland, lunching at La Rue, wore a stunning yellow silk suit ...with almost invisible black and gray stripes. Her coat was collarless and boxy with large flat pockets. Her skirt was slim and straight. A high-necked pale yellow tailored blouse, black patent leather pumps and bag and black gloves completed the costume. No hat, but then with her wonderfully casual hair she doesn't need one.

Caught Sylvia Sidney shopping in a knockout print crepe suit. Without the coat this suit is a simple cocktail dress. With the coat, it's perfect for lunching or shopping. The black background is covered with a hundred shocking pink French poodles. The neckline is high and slightly draped to give a cowl effect. The sleeves are almost not there. The skirt is quite full below a tiny waistline. And the jacket has the new drop shoulder and long full sleeves. Sylvia wore madly pink suede gloves, a huge pouch bag of black and black kid sandals. A twisted roll of black and pink fabric crowned her head.

Marie McDonald (and who could wear it better?) has a divine summer evening gown of cotton that was dreamed up by Howard Greer. It's navy blue with a pink scroll appliqued on the dark background. Of course, it is an off-the-shoulder model. The dramatic note of this dress is the long, cuffed gloves of the same material that give the effect of long sleeves. The long, enormously full skirt is lifted slightly at the front hemline but really sweeps the floor in back. A tight-fitted basque bodice and a pink sequin evening bag complete this glorious evening costume.

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(*Continued from page* 42) capable of giving. Rita is like a trusting child—the most beautiful and obedient child in the world. She is never late on the set. She always knows her lines. She does not beg you to break for lunch at eleven or to quit for the day at four. You are the boss. She is there to comply.

Not that she isn't conscious that she is a star and has, as a result, certain prerogatives. She is very conscious of it. Not but that she knows the effect of her beauty upon every one who surrounds her. I remember the day on "Gilda" when she first walked on the set wearing that "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys" costume, that half-naked black satin number, and dragging an ermine cape on the floor behind her, just as the script ordered.

WE were working under tough conditions on "Gilda." We didn't have a finished script, we never knew what was coming next and we even started the picture without a leading man. Every night, as we quit, we got next day's scenes. Rita had to study at night. So did I. So did Jean Louis, the dress designer—but somehow he kept one leap ahead of us all. So that particular "Mame" morning none of us knew how Rita was going to look. She sauntered on the stage holding her head high, in that magnificent way she does, stepping along like a sleek young tiger cub, and electricians began dropping light bulbs, carpenters began dropping hammers and the whistles that sounded would have shamed a canary's convention. It was a good ten minutes before I could restore anything like calm. Rita smiled in her sweet and secret way. She enjoyed every second of it. Then she did that elaborate, difficult "Mame" number in two takes. The whole set broke with spontaneous cheers. Rita loved that, too. But she didn't take advantage of it.

She never does. Not that she's without temperament. She has temperament—but it is wonderfully under control. Once in a long while, if she gets very angry she will stamp her foot—which, again, is what a little child does and if she gets very angry she will say, "Darn, oh, darn"—and "darn" is what I do mean.

I doubt that she, herself, knows that she is more apt to stamp her foot and say "darn" after four in the afternoon than at any other time. I'm positive she doesn't know I am aware of it and I am absolutely confident that the front office at Columbia Pictures hasn't noticed how many times I finish up Rita's scenes for the day before that hour—but it is all true. The reason behind it is this: Movies are infinitely harder on actresses than on actors. In order to be ready for the first scene at nine, a girl must usually be up at six and in make-up by seven. By four, she's worn out. I always try to give Rita her big dramatic scenes in the morning and shoot around her in the afternoon.

Her best "take" is usually the second, sometimes the third. After that, if you don't get it, you are in trouble. For she is all emotion and arrives at everything emotionally. After the third take, she is emotionally exhausted.

I had a real problem when Glenn Ford was cast opposite Rita in "Gilda," for Glenn is the type of actor who improves as he goes along. Trying to get a balance between their performances took a lot of management. I felt the situation was hardest on Glenn, for he was playing an essential heavy—and he isn't at all that in person. His real personality is an honest, direct, warm quality. He is a fine performer—but in "Gilda" I think it is enormously to his credit that he played a role that was so counter to his own type—and did it so excellently.

Not but that Rita was going counter to her own impulses in that scene where she struck Glenn in the face. She would no more do that in real life than she would commit murder. She is much too gentle, much too feminine. Besides, that is not the way she gets her objectives. In that particular, she reminds me of Gandhi. She knows exactly what she wants. She will stick indefinitely to an ideal or an ambition—but she doesn't fight for it. She waits—quietly, passively, and sometimes—like the Mahatma—is a perfect example of composed non-cooperation. By her very stillness she gets what she wants.

I have a theory that no one is naturally kind. That is, I believe kindness is an acquired quality. We have to learn to be considerate of other people's feelings. Certainly no child is a natural gentleman. You have to teach children not to be little barbarians, intent upon having everything to suit their own pleasure.

SOMEWHERE along the line of her childhood, Rita was, I fancy, very hurt. As a reaction to it, she is today considerate and thoughtful with everyone. It has been my peculiar fortune to make my pictures with Rita always at the time of some crisis in her personal life. When we began "The Lady in Question" she was getting her divorce from Ed Judson. When we started "Cover Girl" she was just about to marry Orson Welles. During the shooting of "Gilda" she separated from him.

She is no talker at any time. I presume she was in love with Judson though I don't know that from her. But I needed only the evidence of my own eyes to tell me that she adored Welles as if he were a god. During his courtship of her, she was positively illuminated. When she was expecting her baby, she was like a goddess, walking far off the earth, touched with glory. One morning on "Gilda" she did not report for work. We were briefly told it was impossible for her to get to the studio. That night hers and Orson's parting was announced. The next morning she was present, her face without color, her eyes without tears, her voice as emptied out as a clean plate. But she kept her mind on her scenes, nevertheless, and did them perfectly.

People ask me, "What happened?" I very honestly answer I do not know. I have been told that Orson says he will do anything on earth to win her back.

I know none of this from Rita. She has never talked to me about it. I doubt that she has talked to anyone. She keeps her own counsel. As far as I can tell, she has no "chum," no "best friend." Most stars do have, particularly the women stars, and while working, they will usually have their dearest friends with them on the set or sharing luncheon. But Rita has never had anyone around.

She is, however, a wildly devoted mother—and I know that she was an intensely devoted daughter to her own mother. In fact, I have never seen her be as outwardly devastated as she was when her mother died, not very long ago. One night recently we were guests at a Jack Benny party. Somehow the subject got around to mothers. Rita's eyes filled up. She couldn't talk at all until the subject got quickly changed. It was all she could do to retain any social composure.

And that, I repeat, is amazing for her. I realize from her acting power that she feels everything deeply—but to the world, she very seldom shows it. For example, my wife and I recently asked her to dinner and asked if she would like us to provide

an escort for her. "No, I'll bring my own," Rita said.

Half an hour before dinner, Rita telephoned us. "Is it all right if I come alone?" she asked. Naturally we assured her that she was always welcome—alone or in a mob. So all by herself she came—the reigning glamour girl of the season, whose telephone rings constantly with men asking to take her out. Obviously we did not question her concerning her lack of an escort—but, characteristically—Rita herself offered no explanation.

As supreme at the box office as Rita is today, I nevertheless believe she is only on the threshold of her powers. Just as her beauty has steadily increased so I am convinced that her emotional range is developing. I told you earlier that the "Gilda" slapping scene was difficult for her to do—it went so against her natural impulses. In a sense I tricked Rita into it. I mean I talked to her about the scene for six weeks before we shot it. That is the way I always work with her. Other performers may study scenes, brood over them, then be ready for the camera. That is not the Hayworth approach. With Rita, it is better to talk her into the mood of a given situation. Often we talk as long as an hour before one take—but it is a saving of time when she flashes into it and does it flawlessly. But the slapping scene I kept for the last shot of the picture and I warned Glenn Ford about it. "You mustn't move," I cautioned, "and we can shoot it only once. For if Rita wakes from the spell of it, she will be so revolted by it she won't be able to repeat it."

So Rita gave it all she had. She did, in fact, give it so much that her blow practically knocked Glenn down.

"Quick," I said. "Do it again."

She was so in the fury of the scene that she did it again, without knowing it, but this time Glenn was prepared and he took it without flinching. I saw Rita's eyes widen as she saw that scarlet bruise coming up on Glenn's face. "Cut," I cried, just as she began to cry.

Do I think that Rita will marry again? She says she won't but I think she will, for within her half-afraid, half-repressed, little-girl soul, she is lonely and insecure. Will she find the right man? Of that I'm not so sure—but with my whole heart I hope she does. Rita is a lovely creature who could make a perfect wife, a very great mother. She looks sophisticated—but she isn't at all. She is tender, simple, sweet. She loves clothes and her career for identical reasons—they both give her assurance. Nevertheless, I believe if the man wise enough to understand her and great enough to be worthy of her came along, she would give up her career without so much as a backward glance and with the greatest happiness bring up a very large family—every child of which, I am sure, would certainly be most extraordinary and very possibly be a genius.

THE END

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The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(*Continued from page* 65) paper after a meal, the waitress came up and asked her to surrender the table to someone who was waiting. Good naturedly, unrecognized, she apologized and left.

It never occurs to her that the disclosure of her identity would work wonders.

Before going on a bond tour she would always ask her husband how many bonds they had bought lately. "I haven't the stomach to ask people to buy bonds if we haven't bought all we can." (She even nurtured a guilty feeling about buying the house in Beverly Hills—their first home.)

The Bergman is still bewildered by the fantastic salaries of Hollywood and by the opulence of its movies. She it was who, when filling out a customs form at Port Huron, Michigan, wrote after the question: How much money do you have on your person?—"One dollar, fifteen cents."

SHE resents being exploited and hates the exploitation of others. She shies from special privileges and abhors patronage in any form. A Hollywood columnist—the same one—itemed that Ingrid's gown for the 1944 Academy Awards dinner was being designed specially for her by Travis Banton and being *paid for* by David O. Selznick, to whom she was under contract at the time.

Irked at the obvious fact that this information came from the Selznick publicity office, she forthwith telephoned Banton, cancelled the gown and declared that she would wear the oldest dress she had—the same one she wore at the previous year's function.

And she did.

The "hottest" star on the screen today is as rabid a movie fan as any bobby-soxer you choose.

One day, in the midst of shooting a picture, she was dismissed early in the afternoon and given an eleven o'clock call for the next day. She perceived in this windfall of leisure an opportunity to catch up on her pictures.

Enlisting the company of Miss Ruth Roberts, her English coach and valued friend, they set upon an astounding and unparalleled movie-drunk.

Starting out at six o'clock they went to see "Marie-Louise." After the show they paused for coffee, then attended a double-bill including "Blithe Spirit." When the two indefatigables emerged it was *only* 11:15 P.M.—still time enough, they calculated, to see one of those "owl shows." So they hopped in the car and Ingrid drove ten miles to downtown Los Angeles to see another double bill with "Leave Her to Heaven."

Five features—not to mention newsreels and short subjects—within nine hours. She got home at three A.M.

The Lindstrom home is an oversized mountain lodge, built of stone and timber, situated in the foothills a mile from the shopping center of Beverly Hills, looking as though it had been there for a hundred years. It is designed for simple unostentatious living and looks precisely like the kind of a home Ingrid Bergman should and would live in.

Her reference to it as "the Barn" best describes the huge vaulted room which combines within its undivided space a den and living, breakfast and dining rooms; an arrangement admirably suited to the informal tastes of its occupants.

It is probable that Ingrid Bergman will never get accustomed to the formality of dining with servants in attendance. The coming and going of plates and courses irritates her no end and she is happiest when she herself performs the serving informally from a buffet. The dining table is used only under duress when the large coffee table, facing the great stone fireplace, is unable to accommodate the number of guests.

As for eating, Ingrid seldom indulges in a several-course dinner, preferring to nibble on snacks, mostly cheeses, that are always on hand. Her taste in foods is catholic and she is ever ready to try a new or strange dish. She has an admitted weakness, however, for the special type of Chinese concoctions to be had at Hollywood's famous Beachcomber's.

More than any other star of comparable rank she is apt to be seen shopping for groceries in Beverly Hills or the picturesque Farmer's Market in Los Angeles.

Around the house she is quite systematic and knows where everything is. She is orderly in her habits and in her mind. It is virtually impossible for her to loaf or to occupy herself in meaningless pursuits. When not engaged in exhaustive and meticulous studies of her scripts and production problems, she is catching up on the latest books or studying music.

Nothing bothers her so much as the prospect of a prolonged period of idleness between pictures. During the war years she employed these periods in war work—bond tours, camp tours, radio and personal appearances for the government. Bergman's day must be a day well spent. A restive appetite for experience and accomplishment is the dominant force in her life.

The Lindstrom home rarely hears the native Swedish tongue. Indeed, the language is brought into use only on two occasions—in an excited discussion, when they suddenly and unconsciously revert to it, and on non-private telephones when it comes in mighty handy as a befuddler of would-be eavesdroppers.

As for pensive little Pia, she does not understand her parent's native tongue since only English is spoken to her.

Pia, by the way, never saw her famous mother on the screen until recently when she was permitted to see "The Bells of St. Mary's." Ingrid previously felt very frankly that none of her pictures were quite proper for a little girl of five, six or seven.

Pia sat next to her mother at the showing of "The Bells" and watched the picture with such hypnotic fascination that on two occasions when Ingrid asked her how she liked a certain scene, Pia turned on her with an impatient "Sh-sh!"

AFTER her European camp tour a colonel and a GI, unknown to each other, said to me that she was "the greatest ambassador Hollywood ever had."

"Blood and Fire," the official GI paper at Bad Mergentheim, Germany, published the following: ". . . Bergman, who was pressing a skirt she was to wear at the evening performance, said that while she found the average German fraulein quaint and attractive in her peasant dress, she did not think that the American girl should lose any sleep worrying about being wooed and pursued by the GI when he hits the United States. They may make 'em more glamorous than Ingrid ('Iggy' we called her for short), but they don't make 'em more genuine."

She once did a broadcast of Paul Gallico's exquisite "Snow Goose." Milton Berle, who was to follow her, stood in the wings entranced, like everyone else, by her tender, sensitive interpretation. When she finished he soberly remarked: "Now I'm supposed to go out there and try to be funny."

Hollywood is indeed proud of Ingrid

Bergman. And The Bergman wears this lustrous diadem of affection with unchanging grace and humbleness.

Much of this is due to Ingrid's love of her work, a work which to her is an end in itself—not a means to an end.

Asked if she ever planned to retire, she responded: "Retire? My goodness, what for? Think of the wonderful parts I'll be able to play when I'm seventy!"

Shortly Bergman will be appearing on a New York stage as Joan of Arc in Maxwell Anderson's "The Girl from Lorraine." It is eminently fitting that this product of honesty in a brutally realistic era should essay the peasant girl of France whose own simplicity and honesty created a world.

For here is a woman keenly aware of a changing world and keenly aware of the need for that change. Deep in the wellsprings of her character is a strong and intelligent social consciousness.

Money, per se, has no meaning for her. The only meanings which motivate her are those concerned with quality and philosophy and growth.

Bergman saw "Spellbound"—with Gregory Peck—for the first time at a special showing for the patients at Birmingham Army Hospital, near Los Angeles. She sat with the GIs, saw the picture and afterward appeared on the stage. Following brief talks by Ingrid and Gregory, the wounded hobbled around for autographs.

Standing next to a boyish veteran supported on crutches, I asked him if he enjoyed the picture. Angels hovered in his shining brown eyes. "Oh, yes," he said, never taking his eyes off Ingrid. "She's awfully good. She's going places."

Puzzled by this remark I asked him if he had never seen her before. "I've been in a Jap prison camp for four years," he replied.

This young man, whom Ingrid Bergman's fame had by-passed, had appraised her with an objectivity only possible in his unique case. But the judgment he made is a universal one:

"She's going places."

THE END

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Glenn designed and paid for the plaque which is inscribed with Audrey's name. It's to hang in school in her honor this year

With pleasure—Glenn signs plaster cast for student Leona Nicassio. The high school's nickname is SAMOHI

A graduate of Santa Monica High, Glenn was awarded membership to their Hall of Fame. Dramatic class listens to expert pointers

He's surrounded by autograph kids, but he doesn't mind. Glenn is only man to belong to Hall of Fame. Joan Blondell, also an alumnus, holds same honor

Taking Drake Apart

(*Continued from page* 51) Kentucky Derby Winner in racing history. He has a mind like a piece of blotting paper, and absolutely no shame in his curiosity. Everything is brand new to him. Like the bull fights. . . ."

They went one time to Tijuana to watch the deliberate, artful contest between man and beast. "If I'd had an eight-year-old kid with me I couldn't have been busier answering questions," Morton remembers. "He had to know the origin of the little hat the matador wears and the names of the colored barbs that are planted behind the bull's shoulder—and after it was all over he wanted to know what happened to the carcass."

Morton explained patiently that they cut it up and distributed it to the poor.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Tom said. "Let's go watch."

So for two hours they stood in a dank apartment far beneath the stadium watching the butchers work.

It is with the same childlike detachment, Morton remarks, that Tom watches the workouts at the famous Northridge breeding farm, on fine mornings just after dawn when such superb animals as Brevity and Roman stretch their legs in the sharp California air. Usually Morton comes along on these excursions, at the risk of his life because they always use Tom's car and he persists in driving himself. Once he couldn't get the thing started; they pushed it for a mile and a half along a bumpy dirt road before someone came along in a station wagon. Even then the motor refused to flutter into life. "Have you tried everything?" Morton asked, wiping his drenched forehead.

"Everything," Tom answered.

Then Morton caught a glimpse of the ignition switch. . . .

"I don't have the kind of mind that bothers with details," Tom said grandly, when they were once again soaring along. "At least I remember to keep plenty of gas in the tank."

The motor sputtered irresolutely. "Do you?" said Thompson, with some bitterness.

"Almost always."

The station wagon took them home.

FROM Morton Thompson's office you go across the Metro lot to the little bungalow where Harriet Lee, a handsome blonde woman with enormous vitality and a deep voice, teaches studio aspirants how to sing popular songs. She puts a platter, partly cut, on a playback and after a moment against a simple piano background you hear a pleasant young male voice singing a chorus of a nostalgic song beginning, "I don't know why I love you like I do." The lyrics are read with perfect timing but the voice follows the tune with an occasional slur, like someone crooning into a girl's ear while dancing. This, it turns out, is precisely what will be happening in the picture, "Faithful in My Fashion." The guy is no Sinatra, but he has appeal and he is not bad. The voice might someday be very good indeed. Tom hopes it will. "He has a burning passion to sing," Miss Lee explains. (Everything he wants to do is a burning passion.) "I love him, but he drives me crazy. I can't get him out of here. Sometimes he even asks if he can come home with me and keep on practicing while I have dinner."

The first time he came to her he said, "Someday I'm going to be in the biggest musical Metro ever turned out and I'm going to be the only one singing." In his first audition he stood with his hands over his face, his knees shaking; got out of breath; sounded like a schoolboy re-

"I like being a bachelor girl"

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citing his piece. It is different now, although when he made his first test records he was as nervous as a bride. Miss Lee brought him a coke with two aspirins in it and he revived until he heard what he had done. Then he held out what remained of the coke. "Put in another aspirin," he said.

"But I didn't consider the record a bad advertisement for me," Miss Lee will be quick to tell you. This from her is high praise indeed.

You want to know, of course, what it must be like to work with him, particularly if you are young and pretty and your first big part opposite Tom could mean everything to your career. So you catch little Beverly Tyler as she emerges from a costume test and take her for a soda at the commissary counter and find out.

It is pretty hard for Beverly to be anything but wide eyed, even somewhat breathless, about Tom. She is still too close to the recent afternoon when that problem of the camera angle came up on "The Green Years" set. Tom was supposed to be studying at a table; Beverly comes to take him to a picnic; and she has a speech to make. There just wasn't any way it would work, with the furniture placed the way it was, so that you could see both faces and get the speech too. Tom solved it nicely.

"Simple," he said. "It's one of Beverly's best lines. Take it with my back to the camera."

THERE may be times on the stage when to turn your back on the audience is an effective trick. On a movie set it is the equivalent of quitting the scene entirely. "You can't mean that!" the cameraman gasped, while everyone stared at Tom incredulously.

He shrugged. "I've got plenty of footage." The remark is a rarity in Hollywood history. Lest it give you the impression that Tom is not very shrewd about his career, observe the way he managed to wangle the lead for himself in "The Green Years."

He had read the script, and that was enough. He came into a friend's office waving the book of mimeographed sides, his hair rumpled, his eyes wild and determined. "I've got to have this picture," he announced firmly and tore out again. A second later his head reappeared at the door.

"I'll get it, too." He winked and was gone.

A week later he'd got it. He had not used direct methods, because front offices hate pests and because that approach would not have been in character with the role he wanted. He had turned himself into a shy, hopeful, slow-spoken, gentle boy who just happened to be around when persons of influence were discussing casting for "The Green Years," who just happened to ingratiate himself with those persons at that particular time, who just happened to be just right, just what they wanted for the role, just when they wanted him.

"It was a wonderful act," Beverly will tell you, while the tone of her voice and her eyes really say, "Tom Drake is wonderful. Period."

You have to leave Metro and drive over to Beverly Hills—to the Lyons and Lyons agency just around the corner from the Brown Derby—to see Bob Kennedy, but it's worth it. Bob is Tom's brother-in-law, got the lad his first stage job (in "June Night"), as a matter of fact, and Tom retaliated by introducing him to his sister, Clare.

It is from Kennedy that you learn other facets of the young man's nature. Character, rather. Because it took character, that day when his mother—with whom he had always shared an extremely close relationship—died suddenly. Tom and his sister were working in stock at Poughkeepsie when the news came, and they were pretty broke. The executors refused to produce any money for the kids' immediate expenses, but it had been Tom's mother who had supplied him with funds and taught him how to play the stock market with them when he was only ten years old and who generally encouraged him to be clever about money.

He knew what she would want him to do now. He went to the public library in New York and read law books until he found what he wanted. Then, armed with precise information, he proceeded to his mother's bank and forced them to come across.

Bob Kennedy remembers that and he remembers too the time Tom came to Ohio to be around when Clare had her baby. He was there for two weeks, most of which he spent absorbed in a book. Finally, out of curiosity, Bob peered over his shoulder at the title. It was the Bible.

When the baby finally came Tom went in to see her, looked long at the very red, very angry infant, and murmured in awe, "Christopher Columbus!"

"Why not?" asked Bob.

Clare said, "I think it's a swell idea."

So they named their daughter Chris.

Later, the girl who was Tom's and Clare's close friend and was to become Tom's wife, liked the name so well she took it, too. Tom was getting confused among Chrises. Now, though they are divorced, Tom and big Chris are still good friends.

It is really something to see Tom watching starry eyed as a beautiful bay gelding tosses his mane in the early morning at Northridge or Tom being tagged after by a clump of dirty, silent Mexican children in Tijuana (like a 1946 Pied Piper in a motley collection of mismated tweeds and town shoes). Because, like a photographic overlay, you are still seeing Tom Drake absorbed in the dismemberment of a magnificent bull which he had just watched being killed; Tom Drake shrewdly haggling with New York bankers over a point of law; Tom Drake skilfully and with premeditation putting on a colossal act in order to snag a particular role he wants; Tom Drake moodily shutting himself in his dressing room because a scene has gone wrong. . . .

Well, there is still a director to see, for his point of view. You catch Victor Saville on the run and he has time to remember that during one picture he laid bets on Tom's ability not to blow his lines and won more money than he did at gin rummy.

You find Herbert Wilcox in his office, and Mr. Wilcox makes it plain, in succinct sentences, that he considers Tom a sure-fire star, who will last because he is a serious student and has a "character" face. To illustrate that Tom never has a big head and almost never loses his temper, he regales you with the story of the "Courage of Lassie" location, in an isolated state of Washington camp, where for days Tom was kept coated in mud, his ears ringing with noise of every description, without once blowing his cork.

YOU bump into Selena Royle, a character actress who has played Tom's mother in a number of pictures. She is a fervent Drake fan and wants to talk about him, so you learn that he is always late to everything and that for some reason no one ever minds. You are told that he buys everything he sees, whether or not he can afford it on the allowance his business manager gives him, and that although his taste in men's clothes is of the groping-in-the-dark variety, the selection of lingerie he sends to female relatives is strictly on the dream side. Miss Royle says that she collects his doodles, sketches of Garbo mostly, because they are really very good and adores his imitation of Lionel Barrymore because he once tried to get a job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the strength of it and was told, "What the dickens? We've got the original."

With all these brush strokes neatly applied to the canvas, there is one last subtle touch of color needed in the middle distance—and it is supplied by Morton Thompson, most articulate of all the people you have met. On the desk in Morton's office at the studio there is a photograph of a boy in uniform who, at first glance, you would swear was Tom. It is not. It is a picture of Thompson's brother, killed in action in this last war.

And one afternoon Morton decided that he would like to take Tom home to meet his mother. Tom had been making a test in a GI uniform and had had no time to take it off before leaving the studio. At the Thompson home, Morton caught the phone which was ringing in the hall and Tom wandered handily into the living room. Mrs. Thompson, seated before the fire, turned and looked at him—

The shock of the resemblance would have been too much for the strongest woman. She collapsed completely. And in the ensuing moments it was Tom who kept his head, who quietly and efficiently brought her down from hysteria to stormy weeping to quiet, and who with sure resource and a finely drawn balance of reserve and good humor even had her laughing a little before he left.

There is here a degree of coolness and strength which is, perhaps, his most notable quality and if he is like the E and G strings from a fine fiddle twisted into one and stretched to the humming point, it is this temper, this validity that will keep it from snapping.

THE END

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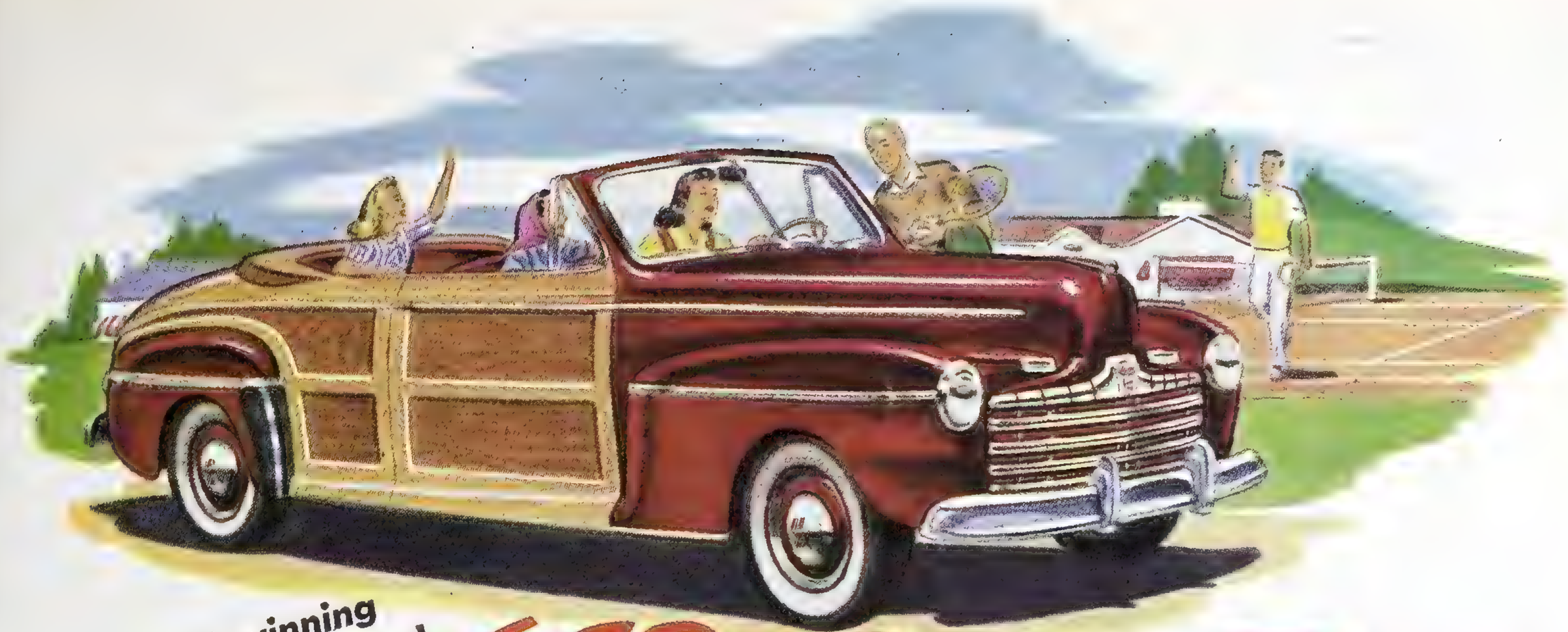

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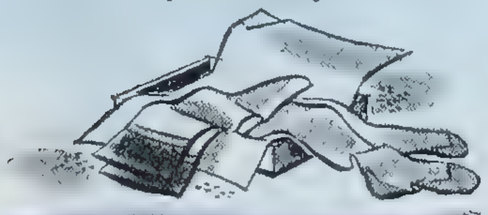

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Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick

Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry, together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 1886, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employes of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Sept. 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

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I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

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Address.....

City.....(.....) State.....

My choice of lipstick shade is:

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

(*Continued from page* 44) turned off the Berkeley campus and headed up a lonely street, that he hadn't the courage ever to face any of them again. Somehow or other he had propelled himself through that nightmare in which he, a kind of disembodied spirit with dry lips and thumping heart, had moved across the stage. And somehow or other he had lived through that agonizing period later when his fellow actors had exercised their privilege as critics and slowly torn him apart, limb, head and heart. . . .

"The most embarrassing actor I ever saw—it embarrasses the audience to have to watch him . . ." said one. "Walks like a stick and talks with a mouth full of oatmeal . . ." That one had brought a burst of laughter from the open forum—and from tonight on he would know that nothing is ever quite so cruel as the laughter of youth. "A skinny goon—the kind that ought to be kept out of the profession—" As long as he lived, he'd see the bright red hair, the bulky shoulders and hear the contemptuous assurance of the fellow who'd said that.

As long as he lived . . . To be an actor, a good one, had been his last chance to still the restless urging within him telling him that he, Gregory Peck, must live fully and triumphantly, or he didn't want to live at all. . . .

AT twenty, the tall boy had tasted failure three times and the bite of it was bitter on his tongue. Once he had thought that to be a doctor was the best way for any human to put himself to the greatest possible use. The ambition to study medicine had come upon him when, as a small boy building a boat, he had learned the importance of a doctor to a person with torn and blistered hands. . . .

Test tubes—cadavers—case-histories—all those months of driving himself through medical, fighting a deepening sense of futility. And then one day, the professor had looked into his eyes and straight through to his mind: "Peck, you have everything necessary to make good in medicine except an *eagerness* for medicine . . ." On the University of California reports, he was just another student flunking his course. Inwardly he was a fellow beaten by the knowledge that a poor doctor would be of no use to the world, nor to himself.

To be a great athlete, then; that was another way of being on his own. A way to give his sweat and wind and stamina, to prove he was good enough, to win something no one could take away from him. "Never sluff. Always do a little better, a little bit more . . ." Dad's words, echoing in his mind—he'd stroked his oar to them, bending his lean and sweating back with the U. of C. crew. It was a good back—until the Poughkeepsie regatta and the fall on the slippery-wet pier. "Not a serious spinal injury—but I'm afraid you'll have to give up the idea of any strenuous activity," the medico had said. Give up, too, that pride and certainty that his could have been as good a name on water as Dad's had been on the basketball floor and gridiron. . . .

And now, tonight, the tall boy walked once more in that black and lonely world he'd been so sure he could find his way out of. The shy, sensitive world-of-his-own filled with such painfully moving

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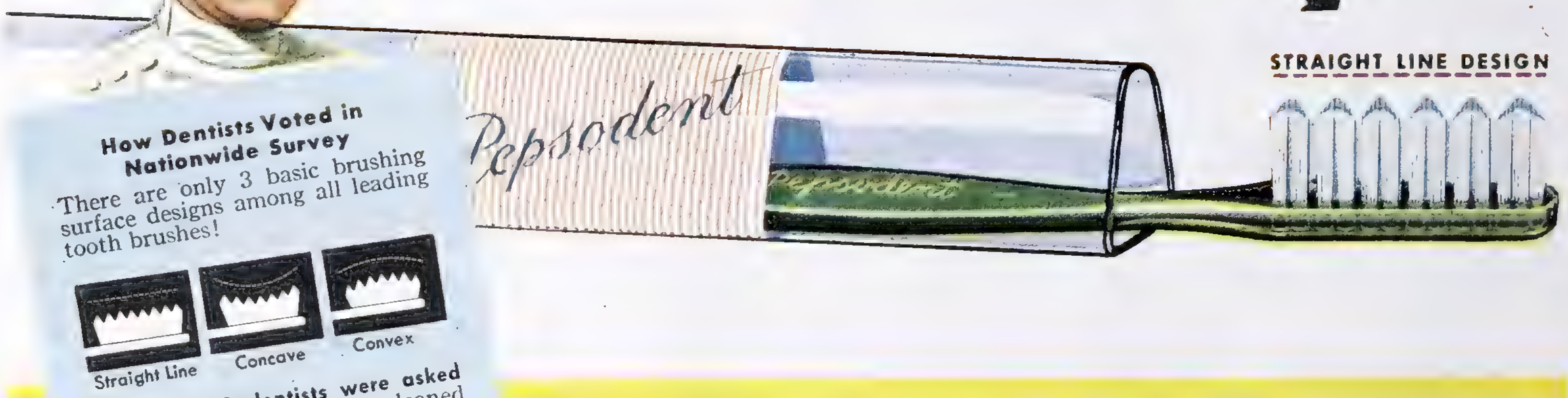

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(*Continued from page* 94) things . . . with train-smoke that trailed backward from a racing locomotive, beckoning him to all the places he'd never been . . . with ocean surf that pounded a reminder of the power and pattern he'd never achieved . . . with music that pulsed and ached with the beauty he'd never created. . . .

"Skinny goon—mouth full of oatmeal—embarrassing to have to watch him—never be an actor . . ." His heels were clicking the ugly words out on the sidewalk, as he headed with a sort of blind instinct for the railroad. The freight trains could take him away—away from Berkeley—away from failure—out of this world. For the wheels of the train were sharp—and grinding—and permanent. . . .

The rails gave back a gleam of cold steel in the moonlight as he followed them to the switchman's hut. Maybe there would be a schedule posted outside, saying at what time a fast freight would be through. He wasn't afraid—already he had died partly this night. To die fully wouldn't be so hard. He was young and strong; he had courage.

"Courage—you have courage?" his heels were scoffing at him now from the gravel alongside the track. Of course he had! But with courage, real courage, was there a need to die? The penetrating whistle of a freight train stabbed the night. Presently the thin shaft of the headlight swung around the bend growing brighter, ever brighter on its journey southward. Now was the moment of decision. . . .

Southward . . . Across his mind flashed the picture of his dad. Against that vision was the cold actuality of the gleaming tracks.

Another full-throated warning from the train—and the engine lumbered toward the tall youth still frozen with irresolution.

The hot breath of the engine was now upon his face. In a numbing roar the locomotive steamed by, then the coal car, more coal cars, refrigerator cars, farm machinery cars, empty cars. Was his to be an empty vigil too?

The lantern of the caboose was now looming up in the night. That meant the end! Suddenly his muscles tensed, then released in pure reflex action . . . And Gregory Peck had leaped onto the step of the caboose. He was headed for La Jolla! Headed for home!

Hours later—he didn't know how many, maybe a day—he reached the sleepy little Southern California town by the sea. There was Dad with his deep, calm eyes and welcoming smile. "You look a little tired, son. Better get yourself some rest . . ." Not an order, just advice—the way it always came from Dad. Gregory went up the stairs, taking with him what he had learned tonight: Courage was its own kind of greatness and beauty.

The rest of it he would learn some years later when he would once again walk with blackness and fear. . . .

IT was early morning in New York, the kind of morning when the world seems to wake up all tired out from sleeping. The sun was venting its anger at being called out of bed by casting a scorch on everything in sight. The city growled back with a low, unmelodious grumble of wheels and horns and voices. Here in the Fulton Street fish market the peddlers pushed their carts listlessly with one hand, dragging red bandannas over their dripping foreheads with the other.

The tall man with fists clenched in pockets, face lowered into collar, strode, unconscious of the smells, the litter or the heat. Gregory Peck had lengthened and fattened and progressed, but his dark hair was still a restless shock, his cheekbones still hungry.

Somewhere between times, he had "grown up." On the stage he was no longer the shy boy with hundreds of strange eyes staring at him, but a man with a creative urge. He was the guy seeking to make the other fellow come alive for the people out there. No longer was Gregory Peck afraid of people; now it was the fear of failure that made his mouth dry and his palms wet.

Tonight, he would open in "The Morning Star." A lead role, not in summer stock or on the road, as the others had been, but on Broadway—the Broadway of life or death to an actor. The play had been a great hit in London; its author, Emlyn Williams, was also its star. Guthrie McClintic, who was producing the play in America, had considered long before sending for Peck to offer him the part. Gregory could still see McClintic's gaze measuring him. Adding him up—subtracting—with the sum of his talent and possibilities still unsolved in the producer's eyes. . . .

Once, on the "straw hat" circuit, he had played opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Rebound." A second lead, the hypotenuse in the triangle between its two stars, Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. It was a good part, except for one sloppy-drunk scene in which he was called upon to break down and weep copiously into his highball. Rehearsals to him were just one big build-up for that crying scene. Finally, Chatterton had stopped the rehearsal short and issued a challenge: "Come on, boy—let's see you do it. No real actor would refuse!"

"No *real* actor . . ." Chatterton's challenge—and now the question in the eyes of McClintic. Again the words pounded back from long ago: "Goon—oatmeal—no actor . . ." His New York critics would be professionals, experts at rending human hope and pride. He couldn't, wouldn't, face them. Abruptly he turned, almost upsetting a crayfish stand and leaving the air behind him filled with large, sincere Italian curses. He was leaving New York—heading for nowhere special, except into oblivion. . . .

At the end of that day, the tall man was still in New York, still walking—but toward the theater. Tired, but triumphant in a way that didn't depend on that evening's opening of "The Morning Star," the audience or the critics. In those hours between morning and dusk he had stumbled on the final truth about the courage he had been not losing, but finding. He had gained the thing no one could win for him, nor take away, but himself. . . .

Backstage tension ran high as the curtain rose on "The Morning Star." But the tall man waiting for his first entrance cue was at peace with himself. The control it bred transmitted itself to the audience when he stepped out on the stage. Command—that was what they felt to a man.

"The Morning Star" was unsuccessful, but its leading man was accredited by the critics with the most sensational performance any newcomer had ever given. In due course Hollywood was to beckon and bestow upon the man who had won two fights with himself an unchallenged record for the greatest number of starring roles in the shortest time ever known in picture history, the latest and one of the best being the lead in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

One more item writes a final and happy ending to that hidden chapter in which the world almost missed knowing Gregory Peck, actor: He never *has* forgotten the red-headed guy who issued that contemptuous "skinny goon" critique back in their college days. Kenneth Toby, who went on to become a New York actor, is one of his closest friends. In fact, as of now, Toby is lodged in the apartment over the Peck garage while Gregory helps him hunt a Hollywood contract.

Thus did Gregory Peck resolve his bitterness.

THE END

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66)

I don't think any great damage has been done to your romance. If you can make a girl angry, at least you have awakened some emotion, which is infinitely better than complete indifference. Both of you were under a strain, and misunderstandings are easily increased by mail. Words spoken with a gesture and a twinkle get by in personal conversation as jest; those same words, committed to a cold, white page, are likely to be insulting. I've had a little experience along those lines when writing this column—I'm sorry to say. Sometimes things I have intended humorously have been taken with deadly seriousness!

The thing for you to do, as soon as you go home, is to send your girl friend flowers with a card saying something light and gay like, "Look who's back, thinking—as always—that you're wonderful." You might follow them with another bouquet in two days, then a third offering.

When you telephone her, she will be interested, I'm sure. I think she'll give you a date at which time the campaign is all yours. If you can't think of a dozen ways of following up that advantage, well you just haven't benefitted by your Navy training, sir.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Dell and I had been in love ever since high-school days and had always planned to be married someday, when the war came along. He was eventually shipped to England, but during his service in this country he wrote regularly.

Finally I received a short note from him saying that he had married an Irish girl. You can imagine how I felt about it. I tried to forget him, but that had been such a strange letter that it haunted me.

Last month, he returned and immediately came to see me. He said he wanted me to know the full story. It seems that this girl became pregnant because of him, so Dell married her. Now she is perfectly willing to give Dell a divorce, *provided*, that he will take his daughter and rear her.

Dell says that he loves me now and never stopped loving me. As for myself, the instant I saw him I knew that I would probably love him all my life. But I'm not sure I want to get mixed up with his child by a previous marriage. Perhaps I would be better off to look around for some nice boy without a blot on his past, and rear my own family.

I need advice—you can see that.

Elma de J.

If you really love Dell, as you say you do, you should marry him. And if you are at all the woman you should be, you will take that baby and give the poor little thing the love and tenderness to which it is entitled.

Each one of us, if he is at all a thoughtful human being, tries to become more understanding, more constructive and more useful to the world as he gets older. Here is a ready-made opportunity for you to prove your worth by being a devoted mother to Dell's daughter. She needs you.

Dell made a mistake; I think that much should be admitted between you, and then it should be forgotten. It should never be mentioned again. He has probably paid for it many times over.

Furthermore, if you are wise, you won't discuss the baby's origin with your friends. Remember that anything you say may eventually come back to hurt the child.

Claudette Colbert

(From Beirut, Lebanon—a city halfway around the world from Hollywood—comes this interesting letter.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a nineteen-year-old fellow who is deeply in love with a married girl, aged twenty. I do not know this girl except by vision, which is how she knows me. We have not spoken—except with the eyes.

The fact that makes me sure of her sympathy to me is that she passes, each day, before my shop where I am standing in the door. Every morning at the same hour she comes to take the tram; all the more am I convinced, because she could get the tram earlier and easier if she were to go the other way. At the beginning I thought she came my way to do some shopping; but no shopping is done, not the first day nor any day. That made me think she came my way to see me, especially with her eyes quick seeing, looking away.

Because of questions asked from those who know her, I have learned that she does not love her husband. She married him when she was in a "money trouble" condition and not for love.

How to proceed, Miss Colbert? What shall a fellow, in the United States manner, do to learn if this is a true sympathy?

Abdullah B.

Your letter fascinated me because it reads, to an American, like a bit of prose Omar Khayyam.

Discretion would advise that you do absolutely nothing, since the object of your admiration is married. Refraining from trying to speak to the lady or getting to know her better would not be the part of a weakling, but of a philosopher.

If you will read Dante's "Inferno" you will learn that all his life was made lovely by recollection of Beatrice, whom he saw only once. G. B. Shaw never met Ellen Terry, yet their exchanged letters were a delight to both. Perhaps you have a dream that you may keep unspoiled forever.

So why not be happy in your fragile romance and not seek to further it.

Since the epigram has distance lending enchantment, why don't you make the loan permanent?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Before my husband was discharged from the Army, I lived with my parents and my fourteen-months-old baby daughter. As soon as Tom came home, we moved south to live with his people until Tom could get settled. And there our trouble began.

Doris is an active youngster, bright and happy. She is too young to be spanked, but my husband and his family say that she should be whipped for the slightest thing. She can't talk yet and can't understand why she mustn't play with anything she can reach. I run after her constantly, trying to explain that she mustn't touch things that don't belong to her.

I have studied child psychology and believe that if a child is given a substitute toy, her attention will be distracted. This takes more time and effort, of course, but I believe that it will develop a nice child. My husband disagrees. He says physical punishment accomplishes more than talk and psychology is a bunch of silly theories.

Much that is written about motion-picture children indicates that they get the best of care and are charming youngsters. Will you please tell me how the children of your friends are disciplined?

Mrs. Serena L.

Most of my friends, I'm sure, would agree with you that a young child must be taught by the substitution method, must be given the advantage of enormous patience and loving forebearance. However, most of them will also agree that there are times when a child will seem to be possessed of some evil spirit, and the only answer is a bit of paddling in the soft spots that can't be damaged.

You are in a particularly difficult situation, since you are living with your husband's people. Older people are shorter tempered and less inclined to take the hard road of psychological wisdom in dealing with a youngster.

I think you should try to keep the little girl outdoors as much as possible—away from the temptation of the gadgets in the house. So far as your husband's viewpoint is concerned, he would seem to be old fashioned. Nothing can be gained by arguing the point of child-rearing, however. You will simply have to be calm, silent and resourceful about your methods.

I feel that you should stick to your beliefs, train your daughter and conduct yourself so as to avoid argument. And you might pray that the housing shortage will soon be alleviated, so that you three can live alone.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am deeply in love with a Marine who is now overseas and expects to be home this fall. We have planned to be married as soon as possible after his return.

Six months ago I met a very wonderful fellow and have been going out with him ever since. I have only a sisterly affection for him but he has fallen deeply in love with me. I have told him repeatedly that I admire and respect him, but that my interest is purely platonic. A month ago I learned that he has an incurable heart condition and has less than a year to live.

This boy wants me to marry him. He says that he isn't being selfish because I will be able to marry the man I love eventually; he only wants these last few months with me.

I haven't written the Marine about this situation, as I think it is something I must settle for myself. However, I've wracked my brain and can't reach a decision.

Dema C.

I know a man who was told twenty years ago that he had three months to live. He has already outlived the doctor who predicted his death.

Three's a crowd, decides the puppy, and gets smiling approval from Col. John Coulter, Connie Bennett's fiancé

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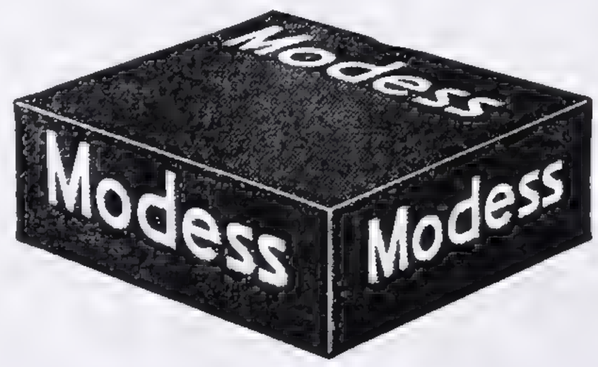


I don't mean to indicate any distrust of the medical profession; far from it. Frequently a doctor can predict almost to the hour the length of time left to a human being; but mistakes do occur.

My first feeling is, then, that this boy may live to a fine, ripe old age.

Aside from that hope, however, I still adhere to this belief: No girl should marry a man with whom she is not overwhelmingly in love.

Some well-meaning friends will probably assure you that pity is akin to love, but pity is to love only as your shadow is to yourself. No man in his right mind would want to marry a shadow—yet that would be all he had acquired if he insisted that he be married out of pity.

Nor do I advise your seeing him so much. I'm afraid you wanted, without quite realizing it, to have the companionship while your Marine was away without realizing the probable consequences.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Will you excuse me, please, if I really do not write very well the English?

I am nineteen years old and live in France. I knew an American sergeant who was in the Army. Four months ago he is gone home. I love him more than all in the world.

Before George left for The States, sometimes he takes me to dance and brings me back home. Once, because I told him all soldiers want take only good times with the girls he answered me, "Libera, you cannot judge everybody in the same way. Remember that. I love you and I write you as soon as I get home. I'll try to find a job in France so I'll be back here. Be happy."

I know he is sincere and keeps the word that he promises, but I have never received a letter from him. I can affirm you, Miss Colbert, George is not married nor fiancé.

I should be glad that you answer my problem why I receive no letters.

Mademoiselle Romanelli L.

With all my heart I wish I could tell you that I think you will receive a letter from George soon, but if I said that I would be doing it only to comfort you and not because I truly believed it.

Men in the service often lived from day to day. Home was far away, they were homesick, lonely and scared. So when George told you he loved you, he probably meant it. It was the authentic emotion of the moment. But since then he has returned to the place and people familiar to him—and though he probably hasn't forgotten you, he may have forgotten his ardent promises.

However, I can say this: If you and George were really meant for one another by a force we like to call "Fate," you will hear from him and you will see him again. If you two weren't meant for each other, isn't it lucky that it ended this way, instead of in heartbreak and lifelong unhappiness for both?

Claudette Colbert

(A great deal of unhappiness is contained in the normal amount of mail received by this department. For that reason, the receipt of a letter as happy and constructive as that published below, is a real treat and we wanted to share it with readers.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was interested in the remark made in one of your March answers in Photoplay to the effect that eighteen-year-old girls were too young to marry.

I married a year ago when I was eighteen and I couldn't be happier.

My husband is twenty-one and is still

in service. We are living in a government project where he is stationed. Although we could get along on what he makes, I work to make it possible for us to save.

What I am getting at is this: My husband and I are working toward the same end. We are seeking to better ourselves and establish security for our future. We work together, in housework and other things. He is always thinking of my comfort and I, of his. I believe these two things: Working together and considering the marriage partner make a successful match. Certainly they are proved by the glow I always feel when I am going home to him. The answering smile he gives tells me that he feels as I do.

Rita Gibson

A general letter to hundreds of girls throughout the United States:

Dear Girls:

During the last six months I have received literally thousands of letters containing the identical problem: A girl and a boy met during the war. Usually the girl was living in her own home town, and the boy was stationed at a camp nearby. They became very friendly, and each told the other that This Was Love.

When the boy was transferred to another camp or sent overseas, those two corresponded regularly. The letters ranged in caloric value from tepid to volcanic.

Then came the day when the boy wrote: "I'm being returned to The States, darling. I can scarcely wait to see you. I'll wire or telephone the instant I reach home, and I'll be seeing you soon."

Unfortunately, that is the final word from the boy.

Whereupon the girl writes to me, asking how to secure the boy's address. If she has his home address, she asks whether it would be proper to write to him.

The problem is, then: Since he has not written to me, should I write to him?

I'm going to disappoint many of you girls, but my conviction is: Don't write. When a girl is really important to a man, he writes. A man worth having is capable of carrying on his own courtship. If he doesn't bother to let you know that he has returned safely and that he is still thinking of you, it means simply that you have engaged in a wartime romance and the instant peace was declared the romance was over. You might as well accept the fact, forget the man and turn your attention to new experiences.

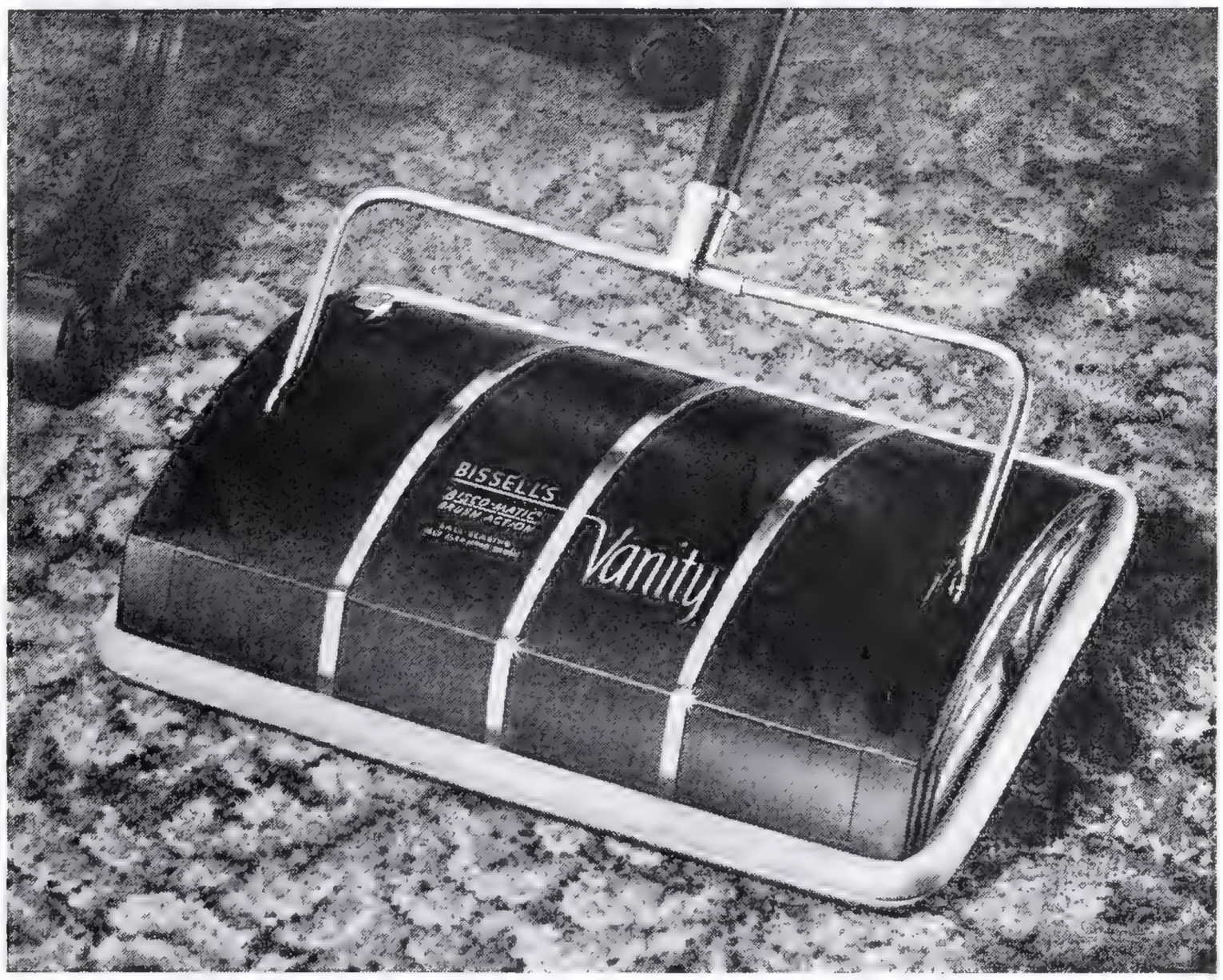
Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

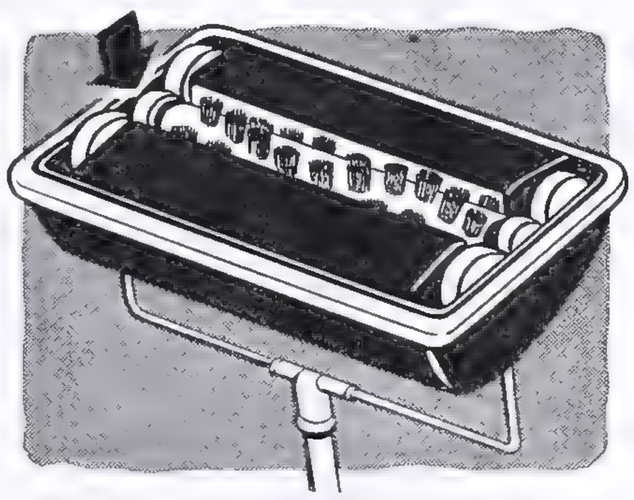
If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

NEW BISSELLS—WITH A GREAT NEW WORK-SAVING FEATURE!



Makes Quick Sweep-ups Easier, Cleaner!

1. YOU DON'T press down—just hold the handle *lightly!*



2. "BISCO-MATIC"* Brush Action does *all* the pressing down *for* you!

You'll whisk through "BISSELL"* sweep-ups *easier than ever.*

And get carpets cleaner under beds and chairs—always difficult with previous sweepers—for new Bissells give the right brush-pressure on the carpet automatically—anywhere.

If you're interrupted while you're sweeping, Bissell's lifetime STA-UP Handle stays in a vertical position until you come back.

And when your sweeping's done, it's the *easiest ever* to dump the dirt with FLIP-O Empty. A flick of your thumb opens the pans, and they *stay* open till you set your Bissell down.

Beautiful new Bissell Sweepers with all these work-saving features priced from $5.50. Now available in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only. The VANITY (above) is $6.45.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-Matic" Brush Action

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

8 LETTERS THAT BRING YOU PLEASURE

BEECH-NUT

Ask for Beech-Nut Gum and you'll enjoy a delicious, long-lasting flavor every time.

Behind Every Perfect Hair-do . . .

. . . is a Perfect Shampoo!

For a hair-do that's radiant, flattering and altogether lovely—and stays so—start right with a TRELLIS Lanolated Cream Shampoo (*soapless*, filmless, fast sudsing). It's so quick and easy . . . just a matter of minutes . . . and your hair falls so naturally into place. You'll get 20 to 40 truly wonderful shampoos out of the economical $1.00 jar.

ROYCEMORE TOILETRIES, INC., 180 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6

Who's Superstitious!

(*Continued from page* 61) *no harm!"*

Joan also would walk a mile to keep a black cat from crossing her path.

So would that delightful young Englishman Peter Lawford. And with good reason! Pete was rushing to the studio one day to test for an important role when a very large, very black cat dashed across the road in front of his car. Almost immediately he had two flat tires.

"Also," Peter says, a little grimly, "I came within an ace of losing my chance to test for that role—I was so late reaching the studios."

Theater people generally do not forgive you for whistling in a dressing room. Plays have been known to close and movie productions have been known to turn into hopeless flops, according to the best people in show business, because someone whistled in a dressing room. "There may not be anything to it," Lee Bowman says, "but I, for one, don't intend to take a chance—and find out."

Bill Williams agrees.

Marguerite Chapman won't even whistle on a studio stage when a scene requires it. She just forms her lips as if she were whistling while the sound-track plays a whistling sound made by someone else.

Little June Haver, one of the sweetest girls I've ever known, is another who refuses, point-blank, to whistle in a dressing room, not so much because she is jittery on this score herself—rather out of respect for Ted Fiorito, who is. Ted, who gave June one of her first breaks, overheard her whistling in her dressing room one day when she was touring with his band. "Promise me never to do that again." he said. She never has!

PERHAPS you are one of the exceptions who do not hold with superstitions. Or you may be one who adores charming old customs and traditions; who would reach eagerly to catch a bride's bouquet and later, surely having caught a husband, would respond to his sentiment when, on your wedding day, he carried you across the threshold of your new home.

These traditions too are born of old superstitions. It's the hangover of the savage, for instance, that finds in the flowers of the bride's bouquet the ancient symbol of life and rebirth. So a bride carries a bouquet as a sign of her conquest and, tossing it away after winning her mate, presumably tosses some of her power with it. Thus, whoever catches the flowers snares that magic.

The wedding veil itself is a disguise against any demons who might happen along, see the bride and desire her for their own.

And if you think that when a bridegroom carries his bride over the threshold of their new home he is being true to a beautiful tradition and no nonsensical superstition is involved, pause long enough for the savage under your skin to remind you that a doorway is one of the pagan symbols of life. Therefore, to walk through this great mystery strong and surely is good medicine. But misfortune will dog the footsteps of those who stumble. To prevent such a mishap, the groom carries his mate across his doorstep.

A superstition by any name is still a superstition.

There's always been magic in numbers; black magic sometimes when a bank account won't balance. And don't forget the incantation to luck we chant over dice—"Come seven, come eleven."

Bill Eythe says seven definitely is his number. He was born on April 7. He got his first summer stock job on the seventh

of another month. It also was on the seventh of various months that he opened in "The Eve of St. Mark," signed his contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and began work on "The Song of Bernadette."

"Come seven . . ." says Bill, with the banshees themselves lurking in his Irish grin.

Bob Hutton says eleven is his number. He was born on June 11. He was eleven years old when he made his first trip to Hollywood, saw the studios and determined when he grew up to become a movie star. Eleven years later he arrived in Hollywood to fulfill this dream. On the eleventh of December a talent scout, seeing him at a neighborhood playhouse, arranged for his screen test. Eleven days later he signed his Warner contract. But alas, he was assigned dressing room No. 13. Richard Waring had dressing room No. 11. Bob cast longing eyes upon it, too, during all the discouraging months when Warners gave him no work and Uncle Sam wouldn't have him because of his weak eyes. Then Richard Waring was drafted. Bob moved into dressing room No. 11 and next day was given the juvenile lead in "Destination Tokyo." No wonder he keeps eleven in many conspicuous spots. He lives in a No. 11 apartment. There are two ones in his automobile license. And whenever he has a serious business deal he waits until the eleventh day of the month or sets the appointment at eleven o'clock in the morning.

WE'RE so amused always when we read of the amulets people used to wear to protect them from witchcraft, accident and other ill luck. But show me the girl who doesn't have a dress she considers especially lucky. And I know any number of Hollywood stars who hold certain objects as talismans. . . .

Johnny Coy wears a pair of old black beaten-up dancing oxfords in every picture he makes. He wore these shoes first in "Dancing in the Street," the Broadway show in which he appeared with Mary Martin. It was Mary, you know, who introduced him to Buddy de Sylva through whom he got his Paramount contract.

"They've been soled and re-soled more times than I can count, those oxfords," Johnny says, "and they'll be at the cobblers plenty more times too—because I'll wear them in every picture, once anyway. For me they're lucky!"

Both Alan Ladd, who has found so much happiness in his marriage to Sue Carol, and Veronica Lake, devotedly mar-

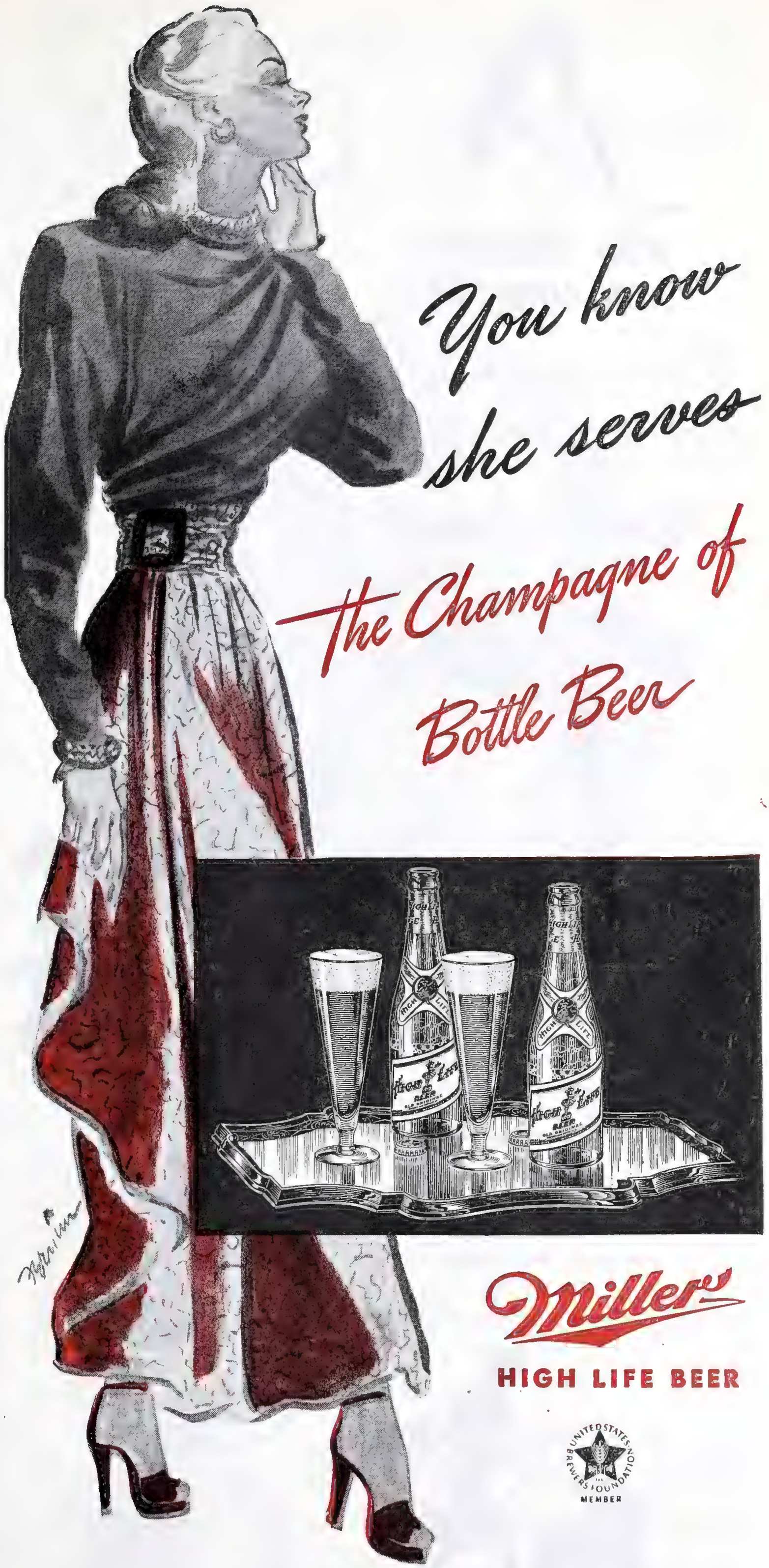
See

MOTION PICTURE'S NEWEST SENSATION!

THE
CRIME NEWSREEL
With LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Formerly N. Y. Police Commissioner

A new edition of this *different* type of newsreel will play at your local theater every four weeks.

Look for it!



MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NEW FREEDOM!
NEW COMFORT!

New ease-of-use in these new and different

Meds-SLENDER
(Internal "safety-well" protection)

You who know the glorious freedom of modern internal sanitary protection, will welcome the new comfort and even greater ease-of-use of Meds-Slender. You who long to try new-fashioned monthly protection will find the new, slimmer Meds-Slender the perfect way to begin!

But—whether you choose the new Meds-Slender with regular absorbency, or the well-known Meds-De Luxe with super absorbency, you'll enjoy internal sanitary protection at its best! "Next time"—try Meds!

- "SAFETY-WELL" for extra protection
- COTTON for extra comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds only 25¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds-DE LUXE with super absorbency

Meds-SLENDER with regular absorbency

Acceptable for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association

ried to Andre De Toth, refuse to take off their wedding rings. Even for their art! When they go before the cameras they conceal their rings under flesh-colored tape.

Ann Sheridan sets great store by a black velvet dress. It was part of the meager wardrobe she brought to Hollywood when she won Paramount's "Search for Beauty" contest. A dozen alterations, during which gold braid, Irish lace, a black net yoke and finally removing of the sleeves to make it a "formal," saw this dress do good and crucial service.

"I love the old thing," Ann says. "It outlived its usefulness long ago—but I keep it hanging in my dressing-room closet. Always will. It's *my* good luck charm!"

ANGELA LANSBURY believes in the blue chiffon bits and pieces snipped from the dress her mother, Moyna Magill, wore in her first successful play in London. Everyone was so overjoyed at the success of this play that Angela's mother cut up the dress and distributed pieces of it to her friends. One bit, treasured as a family lucky piece because it has brought success to many members of the family who wore it upon special occasions, is Angela's talisman. She pins it somewhere under her gown whenever she embarks upon a new picture or a new venture. Another bit she long ago gave to a friend who wooed good fortune with it. And two or three additional blue chiffon wisps which Angela still has will go to those she meets along the way who need luck badly.

The very handsome Zachary Scott's lucky piece is plural—cuff links made from old gold dollars, the first money paid to his grandfather, who rose from the humble ownership of one steer to become one of the wealthiest cattle barons in the land. Zachary used to play with these links as a little boy. As a young man, he wore them in his shirts when he could coax his grandfather to lend them to him. Then his grandfather's will gave them to him for keeps.

Since these cuff links, which Zachary says make him believe in his luck (and that's half the battle), came into his possession, there has been only one important occasion upon which he neglected to wear them. The play, alas, opened and closed the same evening.

You can imagine Zachary's concern, therefore, when, walking on the set for the first day's shooting of "Mildred Pierce," he realized he had left those links on his bureau at home.

"How long before I'll be needed?" he asked the assistant director while he computed the least possible time he would need to dash home and back again.

"Sorry, Mr. Scott," the assistant director said, "but we needn't have called you so early. The way we're set up now you won't work until this afternoon."

That afternoon when Zachary walked on the set for the first time the cuff links were in place—so was his belief in the ultimate success of "Mildred Pierce" and his performance in it.

So it goes. Wherever we turn we find superstitions at work. And always they have a lineage as old as time. And they're fun, too, if we don't take them too seriously. Incidentally, don't let the man in your life be too superior about any little superstition, tradition or custom to which you cling. He clings to such too. Just ask him why on this warm July day he wears that uncomfortable collar about his neck. If he doesn't know the answer, tell him. The reason men wear collars is for the sole purpose of protecting their throats from a dagger thrust!

THE END

Baby Shower

(*Continued from page* 31) later.

As I was saying, Daisy does things right. No halfway measures. Because of her thoroughness she has attained a quality that few women possess. She has the bearing, charm and grace of a fine lady. She is not stuffy or snooty—not at all the duchess type but there is a regal air about her.

She can be, and often is, misunderstood. When her mind is occupied with a purpose, nothing can block her concentration until that purpose has been secured. I've seen her walk into a room and to all appearances ignore an acquaintance when actually she was so intent on doing some specific thing that distraction could not break through her shell. Those who know her, understand. Those who don't, feel slighted. They are so wrong.

My last picture, "Keep Your Powder Dry," was with Laraine. It was during its making that we became friendly. It was no immediate meeting of the minds but a gradual development. All Daisy's friendships bloom that way and all are perennial.

Her really close friends are anything but a "glamour" crowd. If you were invited to her house and arrived expecting to see a bevy of stars, producers and potentates, you would be sadly mistaken. Most famous people seem drawn to other famous people but Laraine's friends are her friends because they are what, not *who,* they are. Thus it gives one a feeling of satisfaction and comfort to be one of them.

HER home is my very favorite of all houses. It lies nestled in a private corner of the world sheltered by sycamores and ivy. A stream babbles through the grounds, pauses only long enough to form a pool to swim in, then on its goes, under a bridge and away. The house itself grows out of the greenery and disappears back into it. Inside is comfort and serenity with gay trimmings. Laraine's house is a home to *live* in.

Ray Hendricks is a wonderful guy and he's in love with Laraine. Being her husband makes it very convenient. Ray is a happy Irisher with a big heart and a big smile who likes laughs, children, grown-ups and airplanes. He was a singer and has a beautiful voice but the blue sky yonder lured him away and now he sings *in* the air instead of *on* it. He and Daisy make a better team than Pidgeon and Garson even!

An evening at the Hendricks haven is always a happy one. The food is always

Baby talk for four at Susan Peters's baby shower — Eleanor Powell, June Allyson, Laraine Day and Norma Shearer

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE

Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, *Superfast*

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

Transform your daily baths into soothing, glamorizing "beauty treatments" with Bathasweet bath aids! They make ordinary water (even hardest water) extra-cleansing, and as soft as summer rain. And the alluring Bathasweet fragrances seem to cling to your skin for hours. Try a Bathasweet beauty bath tonight, and see how flower-fresh you feel!

Bathasweet Water Softener — Bathasweet Foam
Bathasweet Shower Mitt — Bathasweet Talc Mitt
Bathasweet Pine Oil — Bathasweet Soap

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

Bathasweet
BATH ACCESSORIES

good and the price is right. Every party Daisy throws has a cute touch. For example, at one soiree she spent days writing poems on place cards about each guest . . . hysterically funny poems. She holds a monthly barn dance which gives all her friends a chance to de-corn themselves on square dances and reels. She holds card sessions, game nights, bull sessions, runs movies—and the result is her reputation as a charming hostess who never has fostered a dull evening.

Laraine's sense of humor is her trump card. Somehow it always catches me unawares. She's nearly always gay but somehow you don't expect a superwit. It's the subtle kind that uncoils like Joe Louis's left jab and tops all comers. Her humor is a full page ad for her all-around intelligence.

I've never known a person yet with a particularly sharp sense of humor that wasn't highly intelligent. Laraine is exceptionally no exception. Because of her purposeful outlook on any subject worthy of attention, her intelligence is thorough and obvious. All this seems to prove that one virtue breeds another, one accomplishment leads the way to another, making the person who is interested in achievement grow in stature like a rolling snowball.

Laraine is also a perpetrator of schemes. If a novel idea strikes her fancy, whether it be a party, a game, a charity or a new kind of sandwich, she'll give it, play it, found it or make it.

Her clothes show her character quite plainly. They are meticulously chosen with intelligent taste and a touch of daring. She is, quite naturally, one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood.

Her front door is always open and droves of people use it. There's never a question of finding a fourth for bridge—or an eighteenth for a baseball game, for that matter.

ABOUT a year ago, Laraine and Ray decided to adopt a baby. Eight months ago they got Christopher, a tow-headed little pixie.

Six months after Chris joined the club, Daisy received a call from a home at which she had previously applied telling her of a three-year-old moppet. Ray climbed into an airplane and flew to get Michele.

A week later Laraine heard that Michele had a five-year-old sister so, not wanting to split a family, she made Angela a Hendricks.

Now, being a Mother three times in seven months requires some readjustment, to put it mildly, but Laraine is capable as always and a more doting parent you have never seen. Ray is a daddy to behold—what you can see of him under three gamins. So what seven months ago was Ray and Laraine is now Ray, Laraine, Chris, Michele and Angela. Two happy people plus three li'l kids makes five happy people, teacher.

Beauties
with
Bachelor Appeal
Florence Pritchett
(who has it too)
will tell you about
the Hollywood girls
who get their men
in September Photoplay

The shower for my Tim, which Laraine gave, was a lulu. Laraine invited all my friends on the distaff side and their daughters—a hen party with chicks. Ray, Dick and Timothy were the only men invited; Tim to admire his gifts (and to be admired, of course!) and Ray and Dick to ride herd on the toddlers playing in the back yard.

As usual, Daisy arranged everything beautifully and the shower was a thundering success; particularly for Tim who is now the best-dressed fella in town.

I did think he was a trifle blasé about all his lovely presents but then I suppose you can't expect too much enthusiasm from a guy who measures his age in weeks. But what a wardrobe my young man acquired!

My first thought was to adopt three more boys quick in order to use all the natty suits before they were outgrown. Then I remembered that babies change their clothes quite often! Besides, our next recruit will be a girl. Seeing Laraine's two glamour girls made me yearn for variety in the family. She dresses them as little girls were meant to be dressed and they just ooze femininity. What a model their mother is to follow while they are busy growing up. And Chris can't miss being a man's man like his pa.

Adopting a child is a wonderful privilege. Dick and I have always wanted a big family. Like any young couple we planned our family in our mind's eye. When I was injured our pretty picture faded for a moment or two. The possibility that we may never have children of our own was a bitter pill but before we swallowed it the dawn broke through. We could adopt our family!

God always leaves a loop hole to crawl through when trouble strikes. Then, after you crawl through and stand up straight you discover that the alternate is just as great a fulfillment as the wish that was broken.

The more Dick and I thought about adopting a child the clearer it became that the child we received would be meant for us alone. Now that Tim is here, we're so very sure. He's our son—not borne *by me* but *for us*.

As I write this, Dick is out flying with Ray. Some day maybe Tim will be out flying with Christopher. Michele will have a shower for Angela's baby and Laraine and I will sit on the sidelines pondering over this younger generation. Well, the younger the generation the better we like it, eh Daisy?

Now if you'll excuse me, I must warm the bottle.

THE END

Laraine Day, Julie Payne and her mother Anne Shirley bring fun and presents to Laraine's shower for Susan's new son

"STOP, LOOK and make your baby's skin GLISTEN"

"Here's your orders: Sprinkle mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder on your baby's skin every day, for lovelier skin, 'glowin' with health. Mennen is *smoothest*—that means extra comfort. Bein' *antiseptic*, it protects better against diaper rash, prickly heat, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles. No wonder *more doctors prefer Mennen* than any other baby powder. And its wonnerful new scent makes us babies *smell so sweet!*"

Twin Blessings for Baby—

MENNEN

TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY . . . new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful suntans (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil. *Try it yourself now*—best for baby, best for you!

ARE YOU JUST A *Plaything of Nature?*

Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose. And don't forget—Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability, those tired-out, mean 'pick-on-everyone' feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—a thing any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way. Don't you think this proof enough of its GREAT MERIT and CONTINUING SUCCESS! Pinkham's Compound is certainly *worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

What Of Their *Tomorrows?*

A ragged little figure stands at the edge of a pile of rubble. He breaks off a piece of the crust of bread he holds in his hand, stuffs the piece inside his shirt. He has learned through tragic experience that it is better to have less of a morsel of food today so that he may be sure of even a crumb tomorrow.

Thousands of children are doing this today throughout war-broken countries; children without homes, without parents, without hope!

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

Just this . . .

Become a Foster Parent under the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children. The children are cared for in colonies abroad and as Foster Parents you will be kept informed of their progress, exchange letters with them, help them feel loved and wanted.

A group of fifteen may become Foster Parents for a year or longer at an individual cost of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A WEEK (Fifteen Dollars total a month for the group)

OR

One person, as Foster Parent, pays only FIFTY CENTS A DAY

Write today and learn more about this satisfying solution to the "what-to-do" problem:

THE FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN
55 West 42nd Street
New York 18, N. Y.

One Dream for Two

(*Continued from page* 37) life. The need for laying a firm foundation.

That is why Jeanne says now, "It seems almost funny to have our marriage referred to as 'wild'—why, the thing we always had to fight was being too sensible. We planned and thought so much!" She smiles a little wistfully at her husband. She means the "almost"—for she still can't quite laugh, can't quite get over the hurt of having it misunderstood even for a little while.

HER husband looks down at her a minute in pure enjoyment and then catches up the train of her thought.

"We've known each other for three years, you know. It isn't a lifetime, but when you put your mind to it and dissect as many things as we did—budgets and books, homes, hobbies, everything under the sun—you get to know a lot about each other. And we were very modern before our marriage—" he laughed and touseled her hair, "so we could be sure enough to be old fashioned afterward. No 'going steady' for us! Oh, no! Go out with other people—go out with 'the boys'—"

Jeanne breaks in, "When it just made us miserable, we were sure—so we gave it up."

You see, they believe that if the foundation is sound, if you know for sure what you want, you must step out and take it, when the time comes, with complete faith that everything else will fall into place. That basic soundness permitted them to take their happiness in the only way open to them, with quiet confidence that everything would be all right. And is it?

"Yes. Oh, yes!" Jeanne says radiantly. "Everything is too wonderful. It's hard for me to talk objectively about it—I'm so *in* it. But when it comes to true love and there's that solid foundation, everything comes right. It can't help it."

She tells about little things—a man they met offering them some bricks for their house—another man who is building a store is going to save them some plumbing fixtures.

"They all seem so happy that we are happy. Like my mother. She's delighted. Now she just says, 'Well, dear, wait till it's your turn—your daughter—and you'll understand how hard it was.' You see she couldn't be sure what was really inside us. But there aren't any complications any more." Here she is emphatic. "There aren't any complications of any kind. How could there be? Real love does triumph—everything else does fall into place."

You must know what you want, Jeanne says. She knows! And beneath her sweetness is a strength of purpose, a faith in the worthiness of her aims that spells success and realization for anything she sets her heart upon.

She is enthusiastic and definite about their plans for the future. They seem so close and real to her that even the trying process of playing hide and seek with their belongings as they move from one apartment hotel to another doesn't seem to upset her. It's just a marking-time period while they are busily engaged in their first great adventure as man and wife—building that home of their own.

After weeks spent getting the floor plan right, that solid foundation down, they are ready for the more exciting part. They have designed a wood box for their fireplace which will be fed from the outside. They go together to their beautiful two and a half acres and watch the bulldozer filling in gravel and sand for their driveway. Jeanne talks of the trees that will line the drive. Of the informal fruit orchard she wants to start.

Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" *customary* in cleaning?

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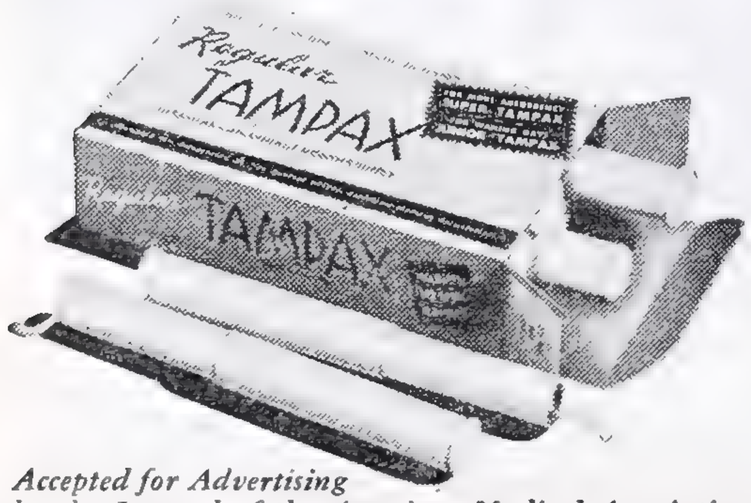
Just consider the advantages of this unbulky Tampax under summer shorts, slacks and sheer dresses—then get a supply at drug store or notion counter. Enough for a month will go into your purse. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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"I'll just love having my picture taken picking my own peaches for a change," she says.

The furniture will be simple—and not too much of it. For Jeanne hates anything that looks cluttered. "And of course it won't be really furnished for a long time."

For Jeanne and Paul plan to travel, really travel, to far-away, little-known places. Jeanne will bring home the things that catch her fancy, things of great beauty, or with a story behind them, or that bring back a memory. That way they will cease to be "things" and become something to love and treasure and enjoy.

Their greatest plan is a safari through Africa. With most young people you would call it a dream. But the Brinkmans have that amazing degree of confidence and faith that make you sure their dreams will come true.

When they speak of this trip—this "someday" adventure—Jeanne cries in dismay, "I forgot to tell you, darling," and breathlessly informs her husband that Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, the wife of the head of Jeanne's studio, had made such a safari with her husband. Then Jeanne and Paul momentarily leave you far behind and dash off into the wilds of Africa—with Paul carrying the guns, but with Jeanne doing her part—she loves to shoot, but not at anything alive.

WHEN they go off like that you get a brief intimate glimpse of what their life alone must be. They don't seem to mind your coming along—they're just not aware of you for the moment. They are two people very much in love and very much alike who have escaped for a few seconds into a world entirely their own.

They admit this similarity—of mind, of interest, of sympathies, and they think it's the best basis for a lasting attraction. They share opinions on everything.

Jeanne says, "There isn't ever anything for us to fight about. We instinctively like and admire the same things. Even where I have a real passion, as I have for drawing, Paul draws a little and understands a lot. And Paul loves tennis and plays extremely well and I, well, I love it anyway."

They even share a secret longing. They both always wanted an older brother. Jeanne plans to have everything right in her household by having four sons—and then one younger sister for them. "So they can really spoil her."

Paul agrees that it's a fine idea but takes a more practical view, saying they'll take what they get. He hastens to douse the curious gleam, "But, of course, that's in the future, anyway."

Jeanne continues to look dreamy. "You see that's why I understand what my mother said—about when it's my turn. I've thought a lot about the responsibility—raising them well, trying to help them make the right decisions. I wonder how I'll be—" she stops and looks at Paul. "Anyway, I won't have to do it alone. It'll be something else we can share."

That is the way of it. They share! Their interest in each other's careers, for Paul is rapidly carving out a name for himself in the manufacturing end of radio, their art, their sports, their mutual love of books and of friends. Their views on financial matters coincide.

Trying to achieve real financial security is a part of their basic plan. For security is the springboard to freedom to do all the things they want to do. Yet they hope they'll never have everything they want. And they don't ever want to get things too easily. They recognize each step, the anticipation, the joy of working for and the final achievement of the thing they want. And they feel that to miss a step is to be cheated.

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4 FEET IN THE GRAVE
By Amelia Reynolds Long

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Jeanne became twenty-one in May and gained control of the trust fund that had been set aside for her under the California law until she became of age.

"But it hasn't made much difference. I'm really awfully saving, aren't I?" she appeals to her husband.

"Jeanne," he says solemnly, but with laughter in his eyes, "has never been known to cash a check for more than five dollars in her life."

"But if I did, I'd just spend it," she protests.

"That's right," and now he laughs. "She only has the five if you meet her coming out of the bank."

Next to her marriage, her career is the most important thing in the world to Jeanne. Her latest picture, "Margie," is the first in which the entire burden of stardom rests solely on her slim young shoulders. Her role in "Margie" delights her. In the prologue and epilogue she plays a mother of thirty-four talking to her very young daughter, but in the main portion of the picture she's a young flapper of the nostalgic gay late twenties. Yes, she is deeply interested in her work. But if it came to a choice?

"There wouldn't be any question," she says slowly. Then adds "But thank goodness, it won't ever come up. You see, I love my work. So I'm lucky that the need to sacrifice personal happiness to a career is a thing of the past."

Right here she gives a vote of confidence and thanks to the youth of our nation. "You know they are the ones, call them bobby-soxers or whatever you like, that made it possible for us to live our normal lives. They liked to find 'the girl next door' and 'the boy who came from my home town' in Hollywood. And they were willing to dispense with the old glamour-draped picture star. They demanded sincerity, simplicity and ability. They made their demands felt. They made it possible for an actress to throw everything she has into her work, to give her very best on the screen and then to go home and be herself in private life."

We will join in that vote of thanks. To the youth of the nation, to everyone who helps to keep Jeanne Crain, lovely, talented and happy on the screen and equally lovely, talented and happy as Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

THE END

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The Score on Gable

(*Continued from page* 39) At any rate, those who saw them together at the romantic El Chorro Lodge of a desert evening would assure you they were having a wonderful time.

But—Clark had a wonderful time with Dolly O'Brien, who was in much the same category. Widow of sportsman Jay O'Brien, she is very chic, gay, clever, New Yorkish and a shade older than Gable. "They should marry," said Clark's friends, "they have such a good time together." Well—Dolly has married, but not Clark.

Then there's Virginia Gray. Virginia is slim, beautiful, young and golden tressed. An actress, she understands all about studio demands. She lives near the Gable ranch and likes to do the "Valley" things—riding and working in gardens and such. "Clark and Virginia ought to marry," say their Valley friends. "They have such fun together."

They plainly do, and yet Clark seldom takes Virginia to the big movie-colony parties. He is, of course, asked to every party given, for hostesses cry for him, but he takes Anita Colby to those events.

Why is Colby his favorite party date? She's a perfect party girl. She's gorgeous to look at. She's full of wisecracks and dances like a dream. But her big party appeal for Clark is more than that. It's that she doesn't get in his hair at such times.

Scores of women around Clark Gable act with frantic foolishness, but Colby, "The Face," has always insisted that she and Clark were simply friends. The hostesses wanting Mr. Gable with an intensity lavished on no other "extra" man, don't sigh for Clark and Anita to wed. They are too scared even to think that it might happen—and ruin all their dinner parties.

STILL, they are even more frightened when they contemplate those ultra quiet dates that Clark has been having recently with Joan Crawford. For every important Hollywood resident can remember back ten years to when a bright flame burned between Joan and Clark.

That flame never really burned into a conflagration. There were too many factors throwing cold water on it—but it never quite died, either. Just after this past New Year's, after Joan's parting from Phil Terry, Clark began seeing her again.

Mostly Clark has gone to Joan's house, though a few times Joan has gone to his—but the real Gable pals are not too startled at learning what they talk about at their dinners for two. It is not romance.

What Joan and Clark talk about is Carole Lombard. His friends know that when he talks anything beyond the standard social patter, Clark talks only two subjects, either Carole or his stretch in the Army.

He talks very briefly about the latter. His gripe with the Army is very simple. He wanted to do a job, a real and sincere job. That's why he enlisted as a simple GI, even though he was over age and could have pulled any amount of wires to stay out of uniform or, in going in, to have gone in among the top brass. But he just wanted to fight.

His fame, however, made him an Army problem. The simplest way of turning him into merely a figurehead was to push him through OCS and promote him. Clark couldn't blame the Army. He knew it wasn't its fault that it objected to women by the thousands hanging on the fences that surrounded any camp in which he was stationed. But that wasn't his fault either. He did nothing to encourage such feminine hysteria. He was a man, like a million others, inspired by his love of his country. He was willing to give his life for it.

When he was sent to England, Clark

hoped he would be in the real fighting. The last thing he wanted was an oak leaf on his shoulders and orders to fly over the battlefields, camera in hand. But that's what he did—until the Army dismissed him.

Those months in uniform destroyed a dream of his. Clark, who honestly is unaware of how different he is from the average soul, has always dreamed of "simple" people. He always felt before he went into uniform that such people were to be discovered somewhere outside of Hollywood. That Army hitch proved to him that people are just as complex in Lum's Corners as in Hollywood. Being a romanticist, Mr. Gable didn't like learning that there is no Utopia in which everyone leads a calm, utterly happy life.

The loss of that dream made him more nostalgic than ever about his life with Carole Lombard, which life, he now realizes, was calm, simple, utterly happy and also complex, exciting, worldly and witty.

Carole was killed in an airplane accident on January 16, 1942, as she flew back from a bond drive. Every January 16 since then, Clark has gone away alone somewhere. While he was in uniform, he could only escape for a couple of hours, but this past January, being a free man, he hid out for weeks. On his return, it was visible that he had grieved deeply.

And that he finds some facet of his dead wife's personality in the personalities of his present leading ladies is just as visible. Anita reflects Carole's flair for clothes, Virginia has her same type of slim, golden beauty; Joan has her intensity; Betty has her sense of sportsmanship.

BUT there were other things Carole had. She could hunt and ride as well as Clark. Carole was a star who almost equalled his magnitude. Carole loved the ranch as Clark did, but when he was in a big-city mood, she loved that too. She was a glamour girl who was a perfect housewife, a wife who was a siren, a rich woman who got a kick out of drive-ins.

In reality, Carole was a healthy, vivid human being. As such, every once in a while, she quarrelled with her wonder man and he quarrelled back. But, as an exquisite ghost, she does not quarrel with him, nor he with her. She is a dream, climbing and climbing in his mind to a height which no living woman can touch.

It's good to know that any man can be this loyal to memory—yet it is the cause of Clark Gable's restlessness, his loneliness, his insecurity. He says, "I'm not sure I want to go on in pictures. I think maybe I want to retire. I don't know where I'd retire to, though. Maybe Phoenix, maybe New York, maybe Hollywood."

No, he doesn't know—for where can he go with her ghost? When he travels, he takes her photograph and last letters with him. After the first two cocktails, when he dines—with Betty or Joan or Anita or Virginia—it is Carole he discusses.

Maybe there exists somewhere a goddess who will be great enough to replace Carole's image in his mind. But until she appears, the chances are that Clark will go on making movies, for he loves his work more than he knows. Certainly he'll go on dating—for he's a woman's man almost as much as he's a man's man. And people will go on saying, "He ought to marry So-and-So. They have such good times."

Because that is the way he will look.

He's an actor and knows how to mask his feelings. Also kind, he lets every woman feel she has charmed him.

But until that goddess girl does come along, his heart will go on seeking and his loneliness will deepen.

So, Fate, let her come along soon. Men like Clark Gable are too rare to be allowed to remain so unhappy.

THE END

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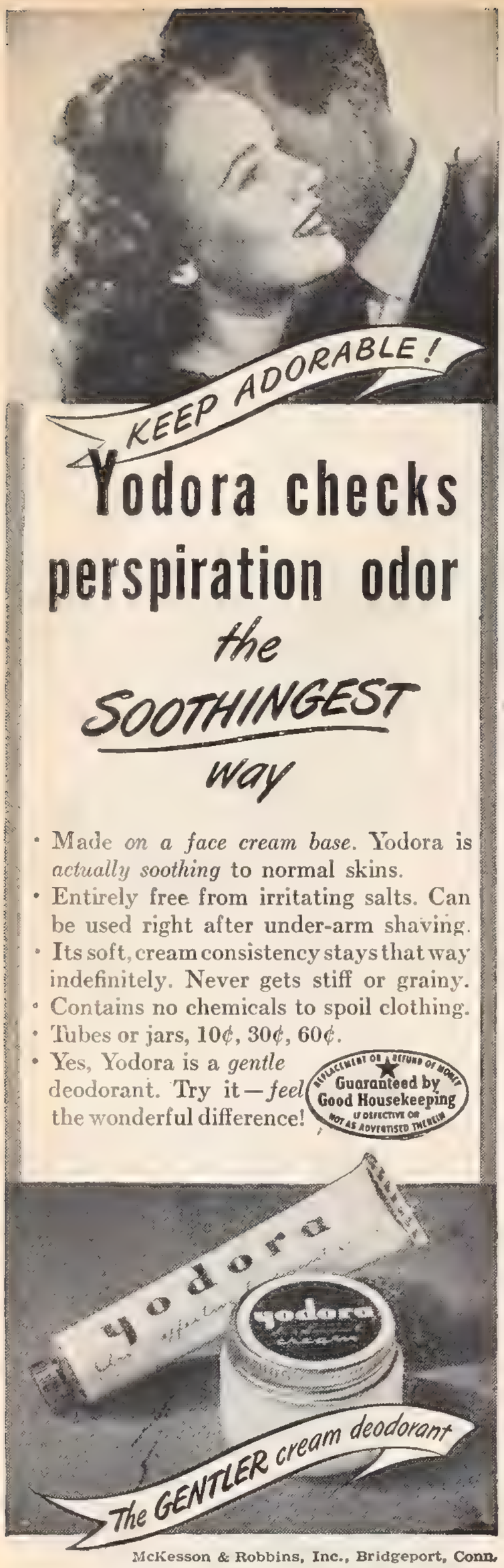

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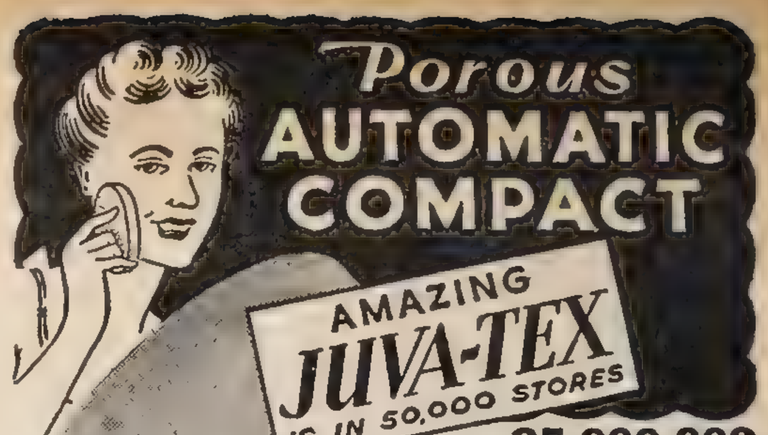

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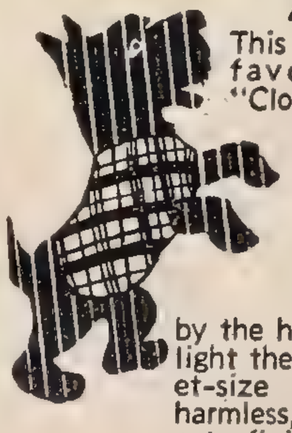
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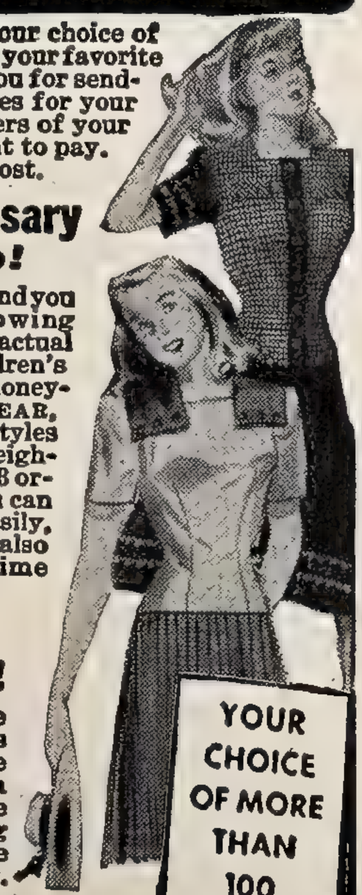

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June Days

(*Continued from page* 55) but it must be at the end of the lot, as far from the house as possible, because our Junie thinks she has guessed the secret of smashing the atom.

Her interest in science coincided with a strange affliction which had her missing doors and walking into walls. "Water on the ear," our grandmas called it. Barbara Stanwyck, similarly deranged, recommended a doctor who cured her. But before the demons were cast out of Junie she had visited four different physicians who could think of nothing but to take X-ray pictures and prescribe pills.

In mass demonstration of their devotion to Junie all friends, accomplices and Richard took her pills with her. The pills were on her, of course, and two large bottles still stand on the dining table. Please do help yourself—take two. After you have swallowed two, becoming a club member, she lugs out an armful of Heritage Club books, dumps them on the floor and squats cross-legged amid them: Beautiful volumes of "Les Miserables," "Poe's Tales," "De Coverly Papers," "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

If you should be a cynic of such low criminal mentality as to suspect our Junie of a literary "act" you will be shattered when her cocker spaniel waddles into the room dragging his ears beside him, responding intellectually to the name Heathcliff. Before you can cry "Wuthering Heights!" Heathcliff's fiancée comes flouncing in—a literary poodle by name Heidi. As the atmosphere thickens with classic references you recall that Junie graduated from Westchester High four years ago with certificate of merit and highest average—an awesome ninety-seven.

"I had to," says the little highbrow. "We were poor."

THE way she says "poor" her lips bug out as for "kiss" and what with that yearning little voice and being littler and cuter than on screen it is practically impossible to keep your hands off her no matter how hard you try or how hard her husband looks at you. Good old Dick Powell always was the least Hollywood of stars and you couldn't blame him now if he got a bit heady with June pouring "Richard" like a libation to a deity. It is good to report our Richard is the same sweet Dickie he has been since the day his colored mammy dropped him on his head so it could never swell.

"He's a hillbilly," says June with mountain pride, "from Arkansas."

"And you're a Westchester hillbilly—those rich bridal path hillbillies."

"Not rich," she corrected, "just hillbillies."

Now she's a Brentwood hillbilly—not poor—in sky-blue jeans rolled up to her knees, yellow sweater and cheeks of tan and that's not all.

That wicked dressmaker who said Junie does not know how to dress should be made to wear his own creations; they probably would suit him better than they would Junie because Junie is the *Peter Pan* type, with better sweater development naturally and the femme allure that once came wrapped in slinky satcheted satin.

Of all absurdities our screen has perpetrated, the most monstrous was the moment in "The Sailor Takes a Wife" when Bob Walker laughs derisively at Junie attired in what she called her "pyjamies." Every man in the audience not a dressmaker wanted to bash Bob and reach for Junie. They knew the jeering laughter was not good old Bob's idea; it was just a scene sweated up by a hard-pressed scenarist who could not know that Junie in fluted pyjamies and *Sis Hopkins* braids would

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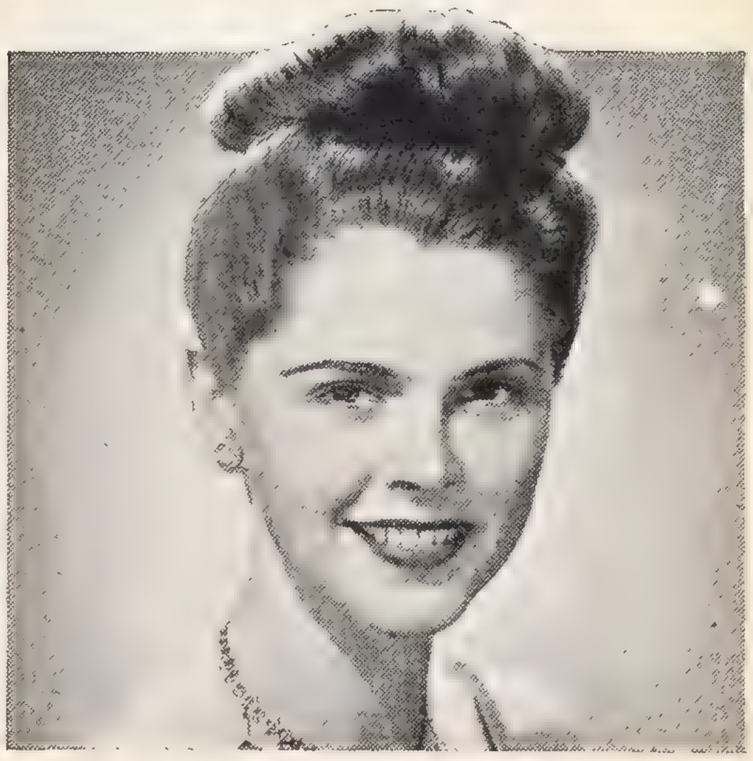

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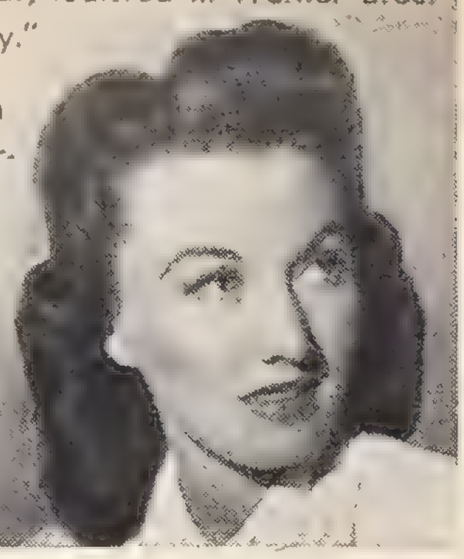
GINNY SIMMS

CBS singing star, featured in Warner Bros. "Night and Day."



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You come upon the hideout of the Brentwood hillbillies by curving country roads which have not the formality of the star-glazed drives in Beverly. Eucalyptus trees gather in sociable groups of their own choosing, acacias hang hands over neighborly fences and geraniums scramble riotously to the road to meet you. On this cool morning there is, over all, a pungent haze from burning eucalypti logs out of cheerful chimneys.

The cottage of June and Richard looks at you through arches of olive trees. It is American of English ancestry like its owners. Low, with straight honest lines, it sits atop its own little hill as perky as *Miss Muffett* on her tuffett. Young avacadoes and lemon trees, twirling their branches as in a ballet, romp friskily up the slope to hand their fruit through the living-room windows. They are stopped by a footlight row of purple iris neath a lemon-colored fence. This fence, old farm rail out of an Abercrombie and Fitch ad, was painted by that internationally famous artist Mme. June Allyson-Powell in person. She also helped with building it until she hammered in one of her own nails and Richard put her off the job.

This summer morning Richard was sailing off into the blue sky yonder to get his pilot's license. He kissed his admiring wife who can handle the controls too and promised to buzz over the house.

"Richard has flown only a month. He is a wizard with machines," Mme. Powell proudly informed her guests who were standing around being impressed when a howl for help came from the driveway.

The wizard couldn't start his car. Mme. Powell scampered out, hurled her 106 pounds at the bumper and arched her five-feet-three-quarters-inch in a mighty heave-ho. As the car rolled reluctantly out of sight around a clump of acacias Junie's little blue bumper was twinkling higher than the car's.

Junie's proud of her own new Chrysler sedan, but of her driving Richard is not.

"Who's going to drive it?" demanded the wizard, trying in vain to slide behind the wheel adjusted to Junie's little X-rayed anatomy—"You are!"

Richard has stern moments, June says. He was even a mite sarcastic after the first meal she cooked, a repast not unlike the disaster in "The Sailor Takes a Wife."

"One who loves books so much," said Richard with mirthless smile, "might take

Talented newcomer Anne Francis deserts radio's "When a Girl Marries" for the M-G-M lot—plays a mean boogie woogie

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a peek at the cook book, you know."

"I like to cook by instinct," chirped Junie.

Van Johnson approves her method she avers.

"Ask me over to dinner," Van said. "I give girls presents."

(That's Van's method.)

"What do you like?" Junie asked.

"Chicken," said Van, "What do you?"

"Roses," said June. Van got chicken, June got roses.

His happy gang of red roses, open faced and smiling as Van, stood in the living room. Suddenly June was reminded of her own rose garden over which she was worrying. Junie is a worrier, she avows, and if she cannot find trouble in the house she goes looking in the garden. The foliage of her rose bushes had been turning red. She phoned nurserymen and pumped spray guns—only to learn from a friend that what she took to be an attack of scarlet fever was new healthy growth.

June's worries are healthily balanced by enthusiasms. "Twenty-minute enthusiasms," she calls them. First came sketching; she's practically professional with charcoal. Last winter it was skiing. Now, for twenty minutes, it's piano. On an old borrowed upright in her living room she practices on Debussy and Rachmaninoff, asking you to guess which and showing no ill feeling when you guess wrong.

Her latest enthusiasm? *"Richard,"* she says giving the word all that warm yearning voice has to give which certainly is all the big paragon deserves.

"Twenty-minute enthusiasm?"

"Oh *no. Forever.*"

She never had another beau really, she declares. Of course she went dancing with boys because boys are what you have to have to dance with. But there's never been anyone but Richard. They share everything, even a bedroom. They do have separate dressing rooms which are papered alike except for the stripes. June's are pink, green and white; Richard's green, yellow and brown. June hasn't worried about that little difference.

June's six-room cottage is such a garden bower as Marie Antoinette thought up for playing farmer at Versailles. There is only one other bedroom. No dining room, because June dislikes them—too formal. Big front windows of the living room invite in the lemon and avocado orchard, big rear windows look upon the lawn which stretches to a white lattice garden house against a glossy hedge. It's out there that Junie is to have her laboratory and little cyclotron. That's what worries *us.* We wish she would leave her atom-smashing to the screen.

She's devastating enough there, and in person—she with her encyclopedias and pills.

THE END

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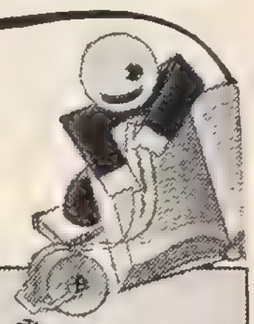

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It's a Joke, Son

(*Continued from page* 53) dead, very severed head of a turkey gobbler.

Called Betty, "That birthday gag was a turkey on you," to the uproarious laughter of all who heard.

In addition to Betty and Dick, the mad gang consists of Producer Bill Perlberg, Director George Seaton, Dick's agent Bill Burton, Betty's dancing stand-in Angie Blue, assistant director Artie Jacobson, dance director Hermes Pan, plus Harry James, when he's around.

No one is quite certain when the nonsense started; everyone is sure that a new high in prankishness had been reached by the time Betty and Dick were finishing "Diamond Horseshoe." Perhaps this was one of the opening incidents: One day in the commissary a waitress said to Dick, "What would you like for dessert, Mr. Haymes? We have some delicious cream pies today." She wheeled the pastry cart over for Dick's scrutiny. Looking from a three-inch chocolate cream pie to an equally luscious lemon chiffon item, Dick said to Bill Burton, "My, my. What a fine array of throwing-pies."

It gave Bill Burton a beautiful idea. After luncheon he borrowed a paper pie plate from the commissary, filled it with whipped-up shaving lather and repaired blissfully to the sound stage. The next scene required Dick to burst through a door in a towering rage. Bill conferred with George Seaton, then turned the foaming pie over to Artie Jacobson. All of which will explain why the camera really wasn't turning when Mr. Seaton yelled, "Roll 'em," and why Dick—charging through the door—did an ad lib performance as Santa Claus—at least he donned beard and white wig rather abruptly.

THIS bit of japery gave Hermes Pan an idea. From time to time he and Angie Blue, who both work out Betty's dance routines, had kidded one another about production numbers, so Mr. Pan decided to have some fun. He organized a firing squad consisting of Betty, Dick, George Seaton, Artie Jacobson and two others. From the prop department he secured tricorned hats for his squad to wear, plus Sam Browne belts. For himself he secured scabbard and sword. He made arrangements for the prop department to prepare six very gooey (non-edible) pies.

On the last day of the picture, two reliable electricians caught Angie and tied her to a post in firing squad manner. Mr. Pan lined up his squad and made a little speech. He said that inasmuch as Angie had given him considerable trouble from time to time, had been late for rehearsal, had been unavailable when light changes were made, etc., etc., etc., the entire company was set to discipline her.

Angie, yelling like mad, was blindfolded. "This has gone far enough," she shrieked. "Fun's fun. but who wants to laugh all the time . . . let me out of here. Come on, kids. . . ."

Called Mr. Pan, lifting his sword in regal gesture: "Ready . . . Aim . . . Fire!"

The firing squad were expert marksmen. Not a pie missed its mark—not one. All six smote with deadly accuracy . . . the astounded face of Mr. Hermes Pan.

Interested observers, not only of the hijinks but of the serious production plan for the picture, were Peggy Ann Garner and Barbara Whiting. Both girls were set for "Junior Miss," another Perlberg-Seaton production. Both had noted the loveliness of the gowns worn by Betty. Both had come to the conclusion that, if they were ever to be taken seriously as adult actresses entitled to the full glamour

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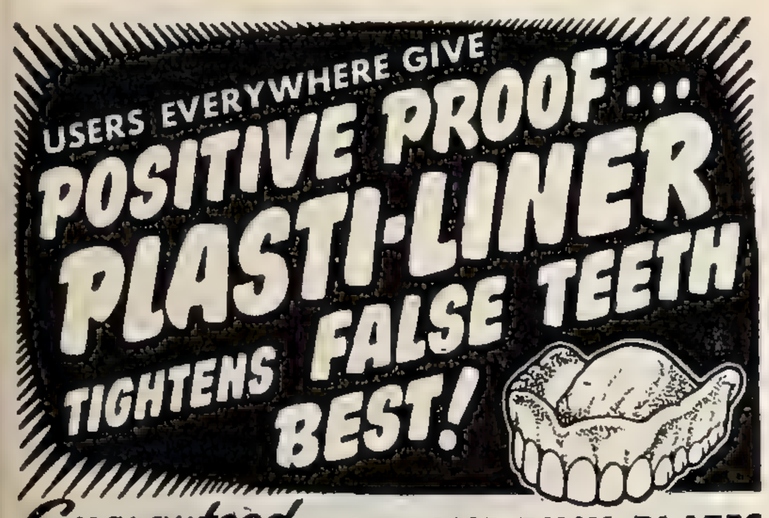

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treatment, they must act and act with decision.

So they had signs made, reading, "George Seaton and Bill Perlberg Unfair—Why Betty Grable *Instead of Us*" and they picketed the commissary. So far as material results were concerned, it got them nothing but laughs.

On the last day of retakes for "Diamond Horseshoe," Dick—for Auld Lang Syne—had a final whipped shaving-cream pie manufactured. Patiently he waited outside Betty's dressing room until she emerged. "It's been swell—working with you," acknowledged Dick, allowing a sentimental softness to permeate his tone. "I just want you to know . . ." and having cajoled Betty into an unguarded pose, he pushed the pie in her face.

She made no sound. Clearing her eyes, she swung around and scorched to Dick's dressing room. Having taken the precaution to lock the door once she was inside, Betty was undisturbed by Dick's hammering. With beautiful leisure, she selected his only pair of clean white shirts and removed the lather from her face. If make-up and lipstick also left their marks on the shirts—ah, how too, too bad!

When director George Seaton's son was born in November, a fresh series of antics was inspired. Betty sent the eight-pound lad a complete adult-sized football outfit, starting with cleats, including wool socks, kidney pads, pants, shoulder pads, jersey and helmet.

Dick, latching onto the gag, joined forces with Bill Burton to send Mrs. Seaton a daily bouquet of flowers. The cards read, "Hi, Mom. Sure glad I was allocated to you, but, gosh, couldn't you have done better by me in the matter of my old man? Your loving son." And, "Where was Pop last night? He didn't show up at the hospital. Suspicious. Mighty suspicious. But you can count on me—I'll stick with you. Your admiring son."

When St. Mary's was scheduled to play U.S.C. the boys sent Mrs. Seaton a huge bouquet of golden 'mums with a card: "Look, Mom, ditch the old man and let me take you to that game. I'm picking St. Mary's by a nice margin. Your athletic son."

The following morning, Bill Burton telephoned George (whose agent Bill is) for a brief business chat. "How did the game come out?" George asked.

"St. Mary's blitzed 'em," said Bill.

George chuckled. "My boy picked it that way," said the father of an obviously

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precocious month-old boy.

To enjoy the next gag fully, an outsider must be equipped with three facts, well known in Hollywood: (a) Dick Haymes and Bill Burton are not only agent and client, but extremely close personal friends; (b) Dick's agency fee has always been paid about ten seconds after Dick had received his check, and the size of his check is partly attributable to Bill's work in Dick's behalf; (c) Dick is one of the most enthusiastic horsemen in the film colony. His love for Pappy, his Palomino, is intense.

Just before Christmas, Dick telephoned Bill one day to ask, "What do you want for Christmas?"

Said Bill with simulated reluctance, "Well, kid, you *might* pay me my earned fees. A man can't exist on nothing, you know."

Dick's answer is censored on the ground that good friends may exchange comment that the Post Office Department might not pass.

"Oh well," sighed Bill, "if you're going to be mean about it, I'll think up some nice gift for you to give me."

"How about meeting me this morning so we can talk it over. Then we'll have luncheon. I want to finish my shopping this week," suggested Dick.

Bill agreed. When he arrived at the address specified, he discovered that it was a saddlery, leather goods and equestrian shop—one of the best and most expensive in town! Dick was inside, looking innocent.

"It's no use," stormed Bill. "If you think I'm going to buy anything for that horse of yours for Christmas, you're just out of your mind. I'm not even going to buy *you* anything you can use around a stable. Not me. It's too expensive a hobby."

"It was just a suggestion," grinned Dick.

What Bill actually gave Dick was a Palomino colt.

What Dick gave Bill was a heavy gold ring set with a sumptuous pigeon's blood cabachon ruby.

EARLY IN January, Bill Burton found it necessary to make a trip out of town. When he returned, he found the set for "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"—a picture again teaming Betty and Dick—plastered with signs. Over Betty's dressing room there was a placard reading, "Quiet, Please. Gin Rummy Being Played Inside." Over Dick's dressing room was the legend, "A Bill Burton Client." But pasted diagonally over that statement was another, "Under New Management."

Bill knocked at Dick's dressing-room door and assumed a solemn, almost dismal, expression. "I feel bad about this, Dick," he said without preface of greeting, "but it's getting serious. This matter of owning horses is a very expensive business. There are forever accessories to buy . . . the cost mounts out of all sense. I want you to think very carefully about disposing . . ."

He was interrupted by Dick's yelp of pain.

"Sorry," said Bill adamantly, "but the cost is terrific. I can't—as your financial adviser—condone much more of this sort of thing." Tossing a statement of account on Dick's desk, Bill went out and closed the door, leaving Dick dismayed and angry.

Dick snatched up the bill. It covered a purchase of saddle soap and represented an expenditure of seventy-seven cents. Yelling, Dick emerged on the set, but Bill had prudently gone to the studio commissary.

The Betty Grable-Dick Haymes set should have padded walls. It's a madhouse, And that's not a joke, son!

THE END

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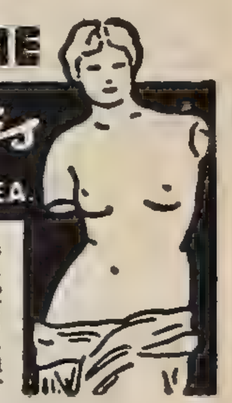

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Brief Reviews

√√√ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

√√ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

√ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

√*BAD BASCOMB*—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the old West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's grandmother and Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)

√*BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE*—Columbia: Cornel Wilde is an energetic and colorful hero as *Robin Hood's* son who takes up arms when unscrupulous regent Henry Daniell attempts to dethrone the youthful king of old England. Anita Louise is the court lady in waiting who helps Wilde track down tyranny. Edgar Buchanan is *Friar Tuck* and Jill Esmond the queen mother. (May)

BEHIND THE MASK—Monogram: Another of the *Shadow* series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who, with his fiancee Barbara Reed, are out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Why the ubiquitous *Shadow* succeeds in baffling police and criminals alike is beyond us. George Chandler and Dorothea Kent serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans. (July)

√*BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE*—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

√√*DARK CORNER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: This doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's so filled with suspense and good acting that you really won't care much who kills whom or why. Mark Stevens as the private eye makes a sure bid for stardom, Lucille Ball is so right as his secretary, Clifton Webb is sophisticated as the art dealer jealous of Kurt Kreuger and William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb gunsel. (July)

√√*DEVOTION*—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontes, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

√√*DRAGONWYCK*—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

√√*EASY TO WED*—M-G-M: Van Johnson sings, dances, makes love and even shoots ducks in this delightful comedy that begins when Van agrees to help Keenan Wynn out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who's suing. Lucille Ball is Keenan's girl friend and Cecil Kelaway is Esther's father whom Van tries to impress by his shooting. (July)

√√*GILDA*—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

√√*GREEN YEARS, THE*—M-G-M: A long and lavish dramatization of the A. J. Cronin novel about a middle-class Scotch family that is forced to raise a young Irish grandson. Charles Coburn, as the great grandfather, has the role of the year; Tom Drake is the Irish lad, and Dean Stockwell, Hume Cronyn and Beverly Tyler all contribute some fine acting. (July)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and un-

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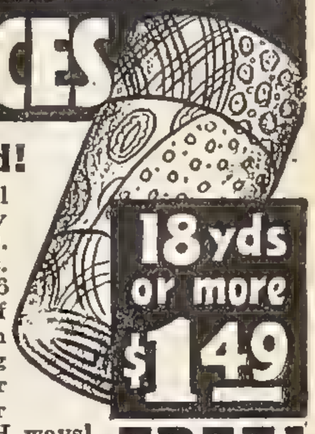

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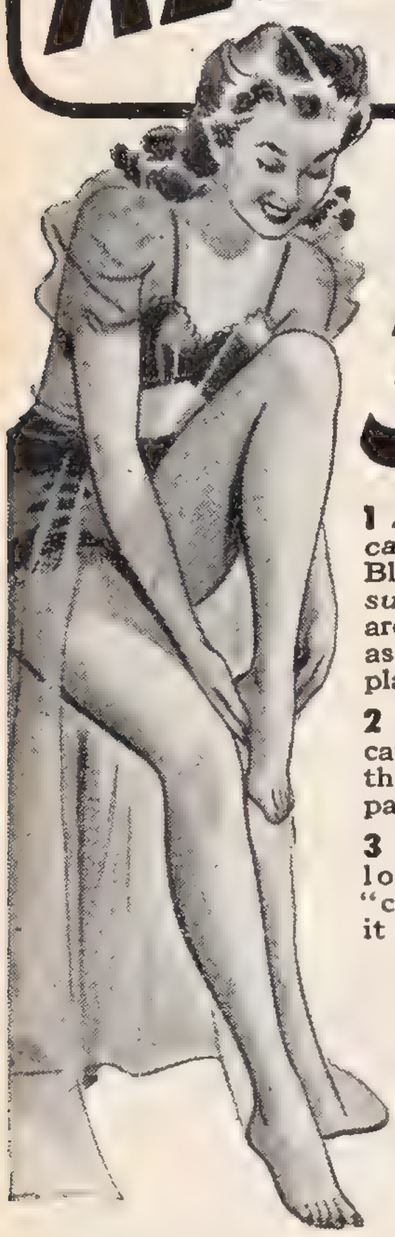

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believable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓*HER KIND OF MAN*—Warners: The possibilities for A-1 entertainment are here, but somehow it doesn't completely come off. Zachary Scott, for no good reason that we could see, inspires a terrific love in Janis Paige who is led by it into all sorts of turmoil, Dane Clark is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite everything, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson don't seem to know exactly why they're in the picture. (July)

✓*HOODLUM SAINT, THE*—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓*JUNIOR PROM*—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓✓*KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE*—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Abel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓*LITTLE GIANT*—Universal: A really funny Abbott and Costello, with Costello as a vacuum cleaner salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers who are baffled by the complications Lou's psychic convictions get him into. It'll give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons than the slapstick comedy the two usually give out with. (May)

✓*MADONNA'S SECRET, THE*—Republic: A tense, exciting whodunit with Francis Lederer as the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister, Ann Rutherford, begins posing for Lederer, hoping to find the murderer. Gail Patrick, Edward Ashley, and John Litel help keep up the suspense. (May)

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: You've seen this backstage musical before, but it's still pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star who gets jealous of his attentions to Jinx Falkenburg, so gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. (May)

✓✓*NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN* — Rank-Universal: An intelligent honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

✓*OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP*—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are at it again as charming finishing-school winsomes of the early twenties. In order to further their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls induce bootlegger Brian Donlevy to pretend he's their chaperoning uncle, and a series of hilarious trials and errors result. (July)

✓✓*POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE*—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch-hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This picture is now being reissued, and if you missed it the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological study that made Joan Fontaine a star. *Rebecca*, Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat of Olivier's new marriage to Joan. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Leon Errol's pattern in film making is still the same, and this weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not very funny. Walter Catlett offers solid support to the star, and others vainly trouping are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

✓✓*SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY*—20th Century-Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give her immature producer husband, John Payne, something to cling to after her death. But the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and John, in his grief, fails to understand her. (May)

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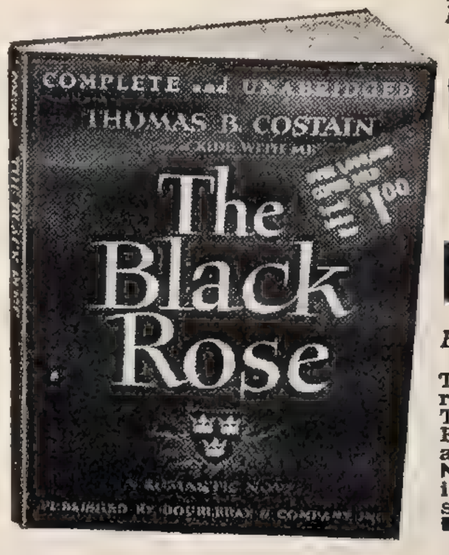

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✓✓*SEVENTH VEIL, THE*—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: An English psychological picture, this tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason—Britain's No. One heartbeat. When Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suffers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)

✓✓*SHOCK*—20th Century-Fox: A different whodunit is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his patient; Lynn Bari is his nurse and partner in crime; Annabel Shaw the young victim and Frank Latimore her husband. (May)

✓✓*SMOOTH AS SILK*—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Litel, Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)

✓*SO GOES MY LOVE*—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and prods him on to success. Women will love it. (June)

✓✓*SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT*—20th Century-Fox: Another mystery thriller with John Hodiak as the amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seems to be a criminal. Newcomer Nancy Guild, as the girl who aids John, is arresting to look at but still needs a lot more lessons in acting. Josephine Hutchinson, Fritz Kortner and Richard Conte are all so good, and so is Lloyd Nolan who's wasted as a detective. (July)

✓✓*SPECTER OF THE ROSE*—Republic: An original, strange love story of the ballet, which will either move you deeply or leave you completely untouched. Despite the fact that Ivan Kirov is suspected of murdering his first wife, ballerina Viola Essen marries him, and they dance to triumph in a new ballet. Both players are vivid new personalities, and you'll also see Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov. (July)

✓*SUSPENSE*—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the star. Suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past. (June)

✓*TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN*—RKO: *Tarzan,* played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquanetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men and her machinations keep the plot developing. (May)

✓✓*TO EACH HIS OWN*—Paramount: A tear jerker all about frustrated motherhood, but women will love it. During World War I, Olivia de Havilland falls in love with doomed flier John Lund, bears him an illegitimate child and faces the tragic necessity for the baby to be reared by her friend, Mary Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry. (July)

✓✓*TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON*—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchoir plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)

✓✓*WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE*—Paramount: There are giggles a-plenty in this story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy. (May)

✓*WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE*—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the *Count of Monte Cristo,* Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town, so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids. (June)

✓✓*WITHOUT RESERVATIONS*—RKO: Claudette Colbert is the stuffy author who experiences all sorts of emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, John Wayne is the Marine captain whom she decides to cast in the screen version of her book, and you'll be mad for both of them. You'll also love Don DeFore, who plays Cupid to the principals in this light, gay, frothy comedy of romance. (July)

✓✓*YANK IN LONDON, A*—Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox: This British picture does a good job in bringing about a better understanding between the English people and the American GI. Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his furlough with a chip on his shoulder and falls in love wih Rex Harrison's girl, Anna Neagle. (May)

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Casts of Current Pictures

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM—20th Century-Fox: *Anna,* Irene Dunne; *The King,* Rex Harrison; *Tuptim,* Linda Darnell; *Kralahome,* Lee J. Cobb; *Lady Thiang,* Gale Sondergaard; *Alak,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Sir Edward,* Dennis Hoey; *Prince (as a man),* Tito Renaldo; *Louis Owens,* Richard Lyon; *Moonshee,* William Edmunds; *Phya Phrom,* John Abbott; *Interpreter,* Leonard Strong; *Prince (as a boy),* Mickey Roth; *Beebe,* Connie Leon; *Princess Fa-Ying,* Diana Van Den Ecker; *Dance Director,* Si-Lan Chen; *Miss MacFarlane,* Marjorie Eaton; *Mrs. Cartwright,* Helena Grant; *Mr. Cartwright,* Stanley Mann; *Captain Orton,* Addison Richards; *Phra Palat,* Neyle Morrow; *Government Clerk,* Julian Rivero; *Siamese Guard,* Chet Voravan; *Amazon Guards,* Dorothy Chung, Jean Wong.

AVALANCHE—PRC: *Steve Batchellor,* Bruce Cabot; *Red Kelly,* Roscoe Karns; *Ann Watson,* Helen Mowery; *Claire Jeremy,* Veda Ann Borg; *Mrs. Carlton Morris,* Regina Wallace; *Sven Worden,* John Good; *Malone,* Philip Van Zandt; *Mr. Carlton Morris,* Eddie Parks; *Austin Jeremy,* Wilton Graff; *Duncan,* Harry Hays Morgan; *Jean,* Eddie Hyans; *Sam,* Eddy Waller; *Bartender,* Syd Saylor; *Joe, the Raven,* himself.

CLUNY BROWN—20th Century-Fox: *Adam Belinski,* Charles Boyer; *Cluny Brown,* Jennifer Jones; *Andrew Carmel,* Peter Lawford; *Betty Cream,* Helen Walker; *Hilary Ames,* Reginald Gardiner; *Sir Henry Carmel,* Reginald Owen; *Col. Duff Graham,* Sir C. Aubrey Smith; *Wilson,* Richard Haydn; *Lady Alice Carmel,* Margaret Bannerman; *Mrs. Maile,* Sara Allgood; *Syrette,* Ernest Cossart; *Dowager,* Florence Bates; *Mrs. Wilson,* Una O'Connor; *Weller,* Quennie Leonard; *Uncle Arn,* Billy Bevan; *John Frewen,* Michael Dyne; *Master Snaffle,* Christopher Severn; *Guest Piano Player,* Rex Evans; *Mrs. Tupham,* Ottola Nesmith; *Mr. Snaffle,* Harold De Becker; *Mrs. Snaffle,* Jean Prescott; *Waiter,* Clive Morgan; *Constable Birkins,* Charles Coleman; *Latham,* George Kirby; *Dowager's Son,* Whitner Bissell; *Policeman,* Philip Morris; *Woman In Chemist's Shop,* Betty Fairfax; *Mr. Tupham,* Norman Ainsley.

DO YOU LOVE ME—20th Century Fox: *Katherine Hilliard,* Maureen O'Hara; *Jimmy Hale,* Dick Haymes; *Barry Clayton,* Harry James; *Herbert Benham,* Reginald Gardiner; *Ralph Wainwright,* Richard Gaines; *Dilly,* Stanley Prager; *Harry James Music Makers,* Themselves; *Taxi Driver,* B. S. Pully; *Earl Williams,* Chick Chandler; *Mrs. Crackleton,* Alma Kruger; *Miss Wayburn,* Almira Sessions; *Mr. Dunfee,* Douglas Wood; *Mr. Higbee,* Harlan Briggs; *Mrs. Allen,* Julia Dean; *Professor Allen,* Harry Hays Morgan; *Head Waiter,* Eugene Borden; *Desk Clerk,* Frank Melton; *Painter,* Eric Freeman; *Newsboy,* Dale Barringer; *Dance Team,* Jack Scordi and Diane Ascher; *Sailor,* Charles Aaron; *Sailor Girls,* Ruth and Dorothy Costello; *French Waiters,* Albert Morin, George Sorel; *Bellhops,* Charles Williams, Ashley Cowan; *Western Union Boys,* Harry Depp, Ernie Adams, William Benedict, Walter "Spec" O'Donnell.

MAKE MINE MUSIC—Disney-RKO: Nelson Eddy, Dinah Shore, Benny Goodman, Andrews Sisters, Jerry Colonna, Andy Russell, Sterling Holloway, Riabouchinska and Lichine, Pied Pipers, King's Men, Ken Darby Chorus.

O S. S.—Paramount: *John Martin,* Alan Ladd; *Ellen Rogers,* Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Commander Brady,* Patric Knowles; *Colonel Meister,* John Hoyt; *Mary Kenny,* Gloria Saunders; *Parker,* Richard Webb; *Bernay,* Richard Benedict; *Amadeus Braun,* Harold Vermilyea; *Gates,* Don Beddoe; *Field,* Onslow Stevens; *Colonel Crawson,* Gavin Muir; *Marcel Aubert,* Egon Brecher; *General Donovan,* Joseph Crehan; *Gerard,* Bobby Driscoll; *Madame Prideaux,* Julia Dean; *Arnheim,* Crane Whitley.

SCANDAL IN PARIS, A—Pressburger: *Vidocq,* George Sanders; *Therese,* Signe Hasso; *Loretta,* Carole Landis; *Emile,* Akim Tamiroff; *Richet,* Gene Lockhart; *Mimi,* Jo Ann Marlowe; *Marquise,* Alma Kruger; *Houdon,* Alan Napier; *Uncle Hugo,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *Priest,* Pedro de Cordoba; *Modiste,* Leona Maricle; *Painter,* Fritz Leiber; *Cousin Pierre,* Skelton Knaggs; *Cousin Gabriel,* Fred Nurney; *Aunt Ernestine,* Gisella Werbiseck; *Little Louis,* Marvin Davis.

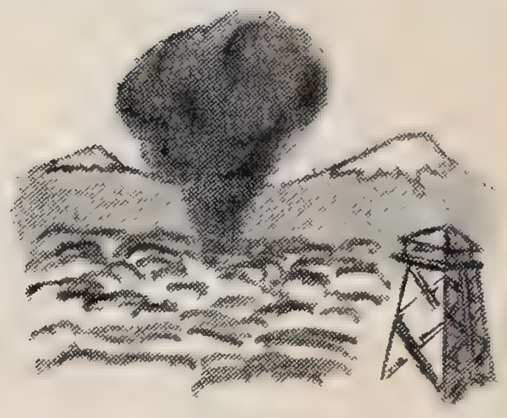
SEARCHING WIND, THE—Paramount: *Alexander Hazen,* Robert Young; *Cassie Bowman,* Sylvia Sidney; *Emily Hazen,* Ann Richards; *Moses Taney,* Dudley Digges; *Sam Hazen,* Douglas Dick; *Count Von Stammer,* Albert Basserman; *Perrone,* Dan Seymour; *James Sears,* Ian Wolfe; *Sophronia,* Marietta Canty.

STOLEN LIFE, A—Warners: *Kate Bosworth, Patricia Bosworth,* Bette Davis; *Bill Emerson,* Glenn Ford; *Karnok,* Dane Clark; *Eben Folger,* Walter Brennan; *Freddie Linley,* Charlie Ruggles; *Jack Talbot,* Bruce Bennett; *Deidre,* Peggy Knudsen; *Mrs. Johnson,* Esther Dale; *Lucy,* Joan Winfield; *Martha,* Clara Blandick.

STRANGER, THE—International: *Wilson,* Edward G. Robinson; *Mary Longstreet,* Loretta Young; *Charles Rankin,* Orson Welles; *Judge Longstreet,* Philip Merivale; *Noah Longstreet,* Richard Long; *Dr. Lawrence,* Byron Keith; *Meinike,* Konstantin Shayne; *Potter,* Billy House; *Sara,* Martha Wentworth; *Student,* Robert Raison; *Immigration Official,* Jerry De Castro; *Marvales,* Alfred Allcaro; *Senora Marvales,* Lillian Molieri; *Mrs. Lawrence,* Isabel O'Madigan; *Photographer,* John H. Brown; *Peabody,* Pietro Sesso; *Furman,* Johnny Sands; *Hollister,* Charles Wright; *Dr. Hibbard,* Victor Rodman; *Rector,* Rev. Neal Dodd; *French Diplomat,* Roland Varno; *English Diplomat,* Alexander Pollard.

TILL THE END OF TIME—RKO: *Pat Ruscombe,* Dorothy McGuire; *Cliff Harper,* Guy Madison; *William Tabeshaw,* Robert Mitchum; *Perry Kincheloe,* Bill Williams; *C. W. Harper,* Tom Tully; *Sgt. Gunny Watrous,* William Gargan; *Helen Ingersoll,* Jean Porter; *Tommy,* Johnny Sands; *Pinky,* Loren Tindall; *Amy Harper,* Ruth Nelson; *Scuffy,* Harry Von Zell.

Where There's SMOKE There's FIRE!



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Every year, over 200,000 fires burn and sear the forests of the United States. They leave desolation, ruin and death in their wake.

NINE out of every ten forest fires are man-caused. And most of these are due to plain everyday carelessness. So before you go on that picnic or hike in the woods

Remember These Rules:

1. HOLD your match till it's cold—then pinch it to make sure
2. CRUSH out your cigarette, your cigar, your pipe ashes
3. DROWN your campfire, then stir and drown again. If no water is available, cover with clean earth
4. IF YOU MUST USE FIRE: Ask if the law requires a permit; burn only on still evenings, have help handy; kill every spark

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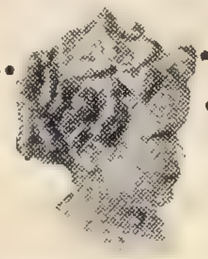

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Beauty Spots

Beauty-planner, Virginia Field, of "The Perfect Marriage"

By Mary Jane Fulton

A sunny beauty

Virginia Field, gray-eyed, golden-haired Paramount stunner, has a couple of tiny freckles on the end of her nose . . . "My husband says he loves them, because they make him smile," laughs Virginia, whose enthusiasm for life, love and the pursuit of happiness is infectious . . . As the sun is drying to her fair skin, she protects it with a creamy foundation. Other times she uses a thin foundation and a little cream rouge to avoid the "made up" look. She powders the studio way—rolling a powder-filled puff in a kneeding motion, then brushing most of the powder off for a smooth, mat finish . . . "The studios scream if we let our hair become sun streaked, dry and coarse looking. I protect mine with a head covering and keep the ends lubricated with brilliantine or a hair pomade. I brush it lots, too," she adds . . . Because her fair hair has a natural wave tendency, Virginia often moistens the ends with cologne or toilet water when in a hurry, then pin curls them. For the initial set after a shampoo, however, a wave set lotion is best . . . She advises little make-up and powder in bright sunlight, when perspiration is likely to cake it.

He loves her

Virginia was as thrilled as you would have been, when Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, presented perfume to her and her friends! She could hardly wait to tell her husband, Paul Douglas . . . After finishing "The Perfect Marriage," Virginia came to New York from Hollywood. Paul's lead in a hit play was separating them too long.

Something to cherish

Virginia aims to please Paul, who dislikes chipped nail polish. When hers starts to chip, off it comes, and on goes a fresh coat . . . Her Paul, she fondly believes, is like most "aware" men. If he disapproves of her appearance, he'll quickly say so. When he says, "Honey, you look nice," it's a compliment she cherishes.

See next page for Hollywood beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Call to Colors

Colors make heads turn, but sometimes away! Find your code color in the chart below, then check the cues that follow for harmony in hue

If you have:	Your Code Color is:	Your Star Prototype:
Blonde hair, fair skin	BB (Bright Blonde)	Betty Hutton
Off-blonde hair, fair to medium skin	MB (Midway Blonde)	Lizabeth Scott
Dark hair, dark skin	VB (Vivid Brunette)	Dorothy Lamour
Brown or black hair, light skin	FB (Fair Brunette)	Paulette Goddard
Red hair with light medium or ruddy skin	RR (Radiant Redhead)	Arleen Whelan

Now, having found your color code, check off and put into practice these cues:

Your Clothes Color:

B B Black, eggshell, warm gray, beige, warm brown, dark green, honey and navy.

M B Medium to dark green, medium blue to navy, black, light to medium gray, white, eggshell, warm brown and beige, gold.

V B White, yellow, gold, true red, green and true blue and all vivid shades. Light gray, London tan, navy.

F B White or gold, black, electric blue, cyclamen, warm gray, warm tans and browns, true blue and navy.

R R White, all greens and blues, light gray, true oxford gray, beige or black. Depending on hair and skin tones, you can wear light and medium shades of red. If the hair is reddish gold with a fair skin, violet or purple are effective.

Your Bugaboos:

B B Pure white—makes you look anemic.
Gold and yellow—detract from the beauty of hair and skin.
True red and vivid off red—make you look hard.
Pastels—make you look sickly.

M B Yellow—does not give enough contrast.
True red and vivid off-red shades—make you look like a lady who's been staying up too late nights.
Cyclamen and fuchsia—too bright for you.
Shades with too much orange—orange is a component of yellow and deals your beauty a death blow.

V B Black—unless your skin is very fair.
Browns and rusts—deaden your coloring.
Purples and maroons—give you a funereal air.

F B Yellow—unless your skin is a true olive.
Light gray—it gives you that mousey look.
Dark tans and browns—give you an "I don't matter" air.

R R Orange—the effect is disastrous.
Gold and yellow—very bad, unless your skin has not one whit of yellow in it.
Dark red—a stop signal to others—i.e., stop looking!

Your Make-Up:

B B Match skin with a light natural foundation; if you go but one shade darker than the skin the contrast is too obvious. Lipstick and rouge should be light red with underlying shade of orange.

M B Wear one shade darker than natural in the foundation. Strawberry lipstick and cheek rouge are effective—that is, a light true red with a slight blue tint.

V B If the skin is true olive, wear a copper-tone foundation. With a light olive skin, wear peach buff foundation. Lipstick and rouge should be a garnet shade.

F B Wear peach buff foundation. In lipstick and rouge, wear one shade deeper than medium with a slight blue cast.

R R With a light skin, wear foundation one shade darker than natural with a slight rose tint; lipsticks and cheek rouge should be light true red. With a medium skin, wear peach buff foundation and a bright pepper-red lipstick and rouge. With a ruddy skin, use peach buff foundation and true red lipsticks and rouge with a slight blue tone.

Beauty Workshop by

Betsy Sanford

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STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

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SUIT OF DARK GREEN LINEN, set off by gay calico headband and tied-on mitts! Note the new, round sleeve, the fitted midriff, the full dirndl skirt. Wonderful outfit for summer travelling! To protect it against perspiration stains, rely on Arrid, which stops perspiration more effectively than any other leading deodorant cream!

Midsummer Style Notes

Nothing so smart, for town wear, as a dark crepe dress or linen suit . . . with sharp accents of white or gay, contrasting color! But do be careful to guard against underarm perspiration stains. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is safe for skin, safe for clothes.

LITTLE DIRNDL DRESS of Navy Crepe, with big stitched cuffs and turtle neck collar of white piqué. Don't risk spoiling the crisp, cool look with underarm perspiration stains! Smart women use Arrid daily. Arrid stops perspiration better than any other leading deodorant cream!

New Improved Postwar ARRID

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

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Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

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★ All postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

P

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• *Insure* your glamour this summer—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash! Let the sun shine on your smooth, shimmering cap of gold ...and command admiration wherever you go.

Yes, this is the season to be *extra* particular about straw-like streaks or tell-tale darkness at the part...so be sure to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash *regularly*. Lighten arm and leg hair with Marchand's, too.

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Anne Baxter

starring in "SMOKY," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "YOU'LL LOVE YOUR CANARY AS I DO MINE . . . HE'S SO PERKY AND FULL OF FUN!"

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LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 6) ing, combined to make the best screen vaudeville show in town.

Your Reviewer Says: A rarity long needed.

✓✓ The Stranger (International)

NOT for the kids who would find this psychological mystery film a bit too heavy for their tastes. It's adult stuff and good, with Orson Welles doing a convincing job as an escaped Nazi biggie who, in the disguise of *Professor Charles Rankin,* is living in the little town of Harper, Connecticut, with the evident intention of starting another master race. Loretta Young is believable as the American girl who, as his bride, is slowly forced to realize that the man she loves is one of the breed that nurtured concentration camps. He is, in fact, a murderer who, on his wedding day, kills the Nazi who has been allowed to escape from prison so that the authorities can trace him to *Rankin.* Edward G. Robinson handles his role of Allied War Commissions investigator expertly and the supporting cast is good—especially Billy House, Martha Wentworth and newcomer Richard Long. This boy, as Loretta Young's brother, has tremendous appeal.

All in all, a tense, dramatic picture, with Billy House supplying the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Good mellow-drama.

✓ Do You Love Me (20th Century-Fox)

THE answer to "Do You Love Me" may be yes if you belong to the swooner sect. Against a background of a hot trumpet played by Harry James, the picture wends its way innocuously from a dignified little school of classical music to the Big City. Along with it goes Maureen O'Hara, dean of the school, who starts out in horn-rimmed glasses and ends up in some Technicolor outfits that would make Schiaparelli swoon.

The point on which the plot pivots—and a very fragile point it is—is the overnight metamorphosis of Miss O'Hara from a schoolmarm to a "tittivator." The credit for this must be charged up both to Harry James and Dick Haymes who, as a "groaner," gives the lady someone to listen to besides her bespectacled fiance.

Both Miss O'Hara and Dick Haymes do their best with what they have in hand; Harry James, as always, does the best with this type music; Reginald Gardiner gives a touch of finesse to lines that are the best in the picture.

The high-point—watch for Betty Grable in a surprise scene that is a "tittivator."

Your Reviewer Says: If you talk jitterbug, you'll like it.

✓ O.S.S. (Paramount)

ALAN Ladd's legion of fans will love him in this heroic role of a civilian hero in the war; a member of the Office Of Strategic Service who does much to prepare the way for ultimate victory in Europe.

Ladd and Geraldine Fitzgerald are part of a team, highly trained in America, sent to assist in the sabotage procedures before the Normandy Invasion.

There is excitement a-plenty in their missions and tragedy and disappointments in their path.

At best, the picture is only an average spy story but it gives Ladd a wide bert for the virile heroics for which he i famous. Miss Fitzgerald does her usual ac complished job, and the cast is immensel enhanced with straightforward perform ances by Patric Knowles, John Hoyt, Har old Vermilyea and Gloria Saunders.

Your Reviewer Says: Excitement on the hal shell.

✓ Avalanche (PRC)

IT'S murder in the snow drifts, this one with something new in mystery climaxes Bruce Cabot, a personable sleuth fron the Treasury Department, arrives at ski lodge to discover the gaps in the in come tax of a gambler. With him is Rosco Karns (and here the formula has *no* varied). No sooner do they arrive tha snow slides lock in the paying guests o the lodge. Then the murder begins.

Somehow the procedures should hav been more exciting but even as is the add up to good entertainment, thanks t mother nature in white velvet and creditable cast. Cabot, despite some adde poundage after his good war record i Italy, looks fine. Helen Mowery, Veda An Borg and Regina Wallace show to advan tage. And you'll love *Joe the Raven.*

Your Reviewer Says: Ski scare.

✓ The Searching Wind (Paramount)

THIS "Searching Wind" blows a mino gale down the corridors of prewar years rustling the history-book pages of event in Europe that led to World War II an comes up with one fact we all knew any way—that those in power compromised t no avail. Ponderously, it explains hov Robert Young as an American diploma shilly-shallied between diplomacy an truth, lost his love, Sylvia Sydney, be cause of it. The only lively moments ar provided by Dudley Digges as the grand father. Douglas Dick plays the son wit great sincerity but Ann Richards seem miscast as Young's frivolous wife. Th mounting is good, the direction commend able and Young's performance excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: There ought to be mor here to cheer.

Best Pictures of the Month

Anna and the King of Siam
Cluny Brown
A Stolen Life
Till the End of Time

Best Performances

Rex Harrison and Irene Dunne in "Anna and the King of Siam"

Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer in "Cluny Brown"

Bette Davis and Glenn Ford in "A Stolen Life"

Dorothy McGuire, Robert Mitchum and Guy Madison in "Till the End of Time"

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he dresses illustrated are typical Fashion rocks, designed by leading New York authoriies, and made by skilled Cincinnati craftsen. Prices range from $4.98 to $14.98.

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